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**THE  
CORRESPONDENCE OF  
HENRY CRABB ROBINSON  
WITH  
THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE  
VOL. I: 1808-1843**



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HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

*From the portrait (n d) in the Masquerier Album at  
Dr Williams's Library*

THE  
CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
*HENRY CRABB ROBINSON*  
WITH  
*THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE*  
(1808-1866)

THE GREATER PART NOW FOR THE FIRST  
TIME PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS IN  
DR. WILLIAMS'S LIBRARY, LONDON

Chronologically arranged and edited with  
Introduction, Notes and Index

by

*EDITH J. MORLEY*

IN TWO VOLUMES  
WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

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VOL. I. 1808-1843

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AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

1927

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## PREFATORY NOTE

THE Editor desires to express her indebtedness to Dr. Williams's Trustees for their permission to consult and to use freely the material to be found among Crabb Robinson's papers. She also wishes to state that they are in no way responsible for the selections chosen for publication.

A substantial subsidy for secretarial purposes from the Royal Society of Literature has facilitated the publication of these volumes. The Editor offers her grateful thanks to the Committee of the R.S.L. for their grant. She is also deeply indebted to her friend Mrs. McKillop who transcribed most of the letters, compiled the Index, and assisted her in various ways; and to Mr. F. Page of the O.U.P. for his help in the collation of proofs and MSS. It is difficult to say how much her work owes to their unstinted and generous assistance.

She wishes also to record her thanks to Mr. Gordon Wordsworth for allowing her to publish the new letters of the Wordsworth family, for his permission to reproduce the miniatures in his possession, and for his elucidation of sundry difficulties referred to him: to Sir Charles Firth for the unsolicited use of a letter of the poet, together with his annotations of the same (Appendix I): to Messrs. Dent for their permission to use the letter of Lamb (No. 18): and to Mrs. Clifford Bax for the extract from H. C. R.'s letter to Samuel Naylor jr. (No. 607).



## FOREWORD

THIS, the first instalment of Crabb Robinson's *Correspondence*, contains all the letters of the Wordsworth family, and all the references to them and their affairs which are to be found in the letters of Crabb Robinson and in those of his friends, in so far as these are preserved among his papers at Dr. Williams's Library, Gordon Square, London. Crabb Robinson was personally acquainted with Wordsworth from the year 1808 until the poet's death in 1850. From 1810 onwards the correspondence was regular, and, after the first few years, the letters between him and various members of the Wordsworth family were lengthy, as well as frequent. H. C. R. preserved nearly all the letters he received from these friends, and almost all of them are still extant. They are published here in full.

H. C. R.'s own letters were carefully returned to him : such portions of these are here included as elucidate passages in the Wordsworth letters or contain other matter interesting in connexion with the poet and his family. Similarly, any criticisms of Wordsworth's work, or references to it by H. C. R.'s other correspondents, are now published since they are valuable as contemporary estimates of the poet's achievement.

Many of the Wordsworth letters have already been published in the late Professor Knight's *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, 8 vols., 1907 (O.P.). Some of these are there incomplete, because Knight thought that 'purely personal or family matters, and trivial details must be left out'. I have not thought it expedient to make any such excisions since to do so, as he admits, necessitated the omission of 'very original and characteristic passages'. It appears to me that there is nothing in the correspondence that can in any way injure the reputation of the writers, and after so long an interval of time I prefer to give the letters exactly as I find them. It is true



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that at times there are, owing to bad writing, passages which are undecipherable or doubtful. Such instances are indicated when they occur. Apart from these, the transcripts which follow are as accurate as I can make them, even to the retention of unusual punctuation or absence of stops, the arbitrary use of capital letters, bad spelling, and the like. Letters, words, and phrases inserted by me are placed in square brackets. This edition also differs from the earlier one in that it contains the beginnings and conclusions of the letters and that these too are accurately transcribed from the originals. Professor Knight usually omits these, and when he inserts them, does not always give the original form.<sup>1</sup> Further, he states that 'All omissions from published letters are indicated in these volumes by points of elision, thus . . .'; this however is not always the case. Occasionally there is no indication of omissions in the printed text, and sometimes the 'points of elision' (often used, especially by Dorothy Wordsworth, instead of dashes or full stops) follow the MS. and do not signify omissions at all. Examples also occur, though infrequently, when the sense of a passage is altered by the insertion or omission of an important word or syllable.<sup>2</sup> When Professor Knight cannot read Wordsworth's manuscript, he sometimes makes wild guesses, which do not even remotely resemble what the poet wrote. Thus in vol. ii, No. 818, p. 104, Knight prints: 'I have not seen . . . any one new thing whatever except a bust of myself. Some kind person—which persons mostly unknown to me are—has been good enough to forward me this'. What Wordsworth wrote, runs as follows: 'I have not seen . . . any one new thing whatever except abuse of myself and sometimes praise, which persons mostly unknown to me are officious enough to forward'.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *D. Wordsworth to H. C. R., 23 May 1824* signs 'Yours truly'; Knight prints (vol. ii, p. 218) 'Yours affectionately'.

<sup>2</sup> e. g. *Quillman to H. C. R., 25 Aug. 1843* writes of Pope: 'His juvenile imitations with which I was unacquainted in my youth'. Knight prints 'acquainted' (vol. iii, p. 278).

<sup>3</sup> In Samuel Chew's *Byron in England*, on p. 122, there is the following foot-note which refers to a quotation in the text of the above 'emendation': 'The bust doubtless pleased him more than any other new thing he could have seen'. This is a striking instance of the way in which erroneous estimates of Wordsworth's character have been confirmed by Knight's inventions.

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Many other examples, almost as flagrant, might be cited. Knight is also in the habit of transposing paragraphs and words and altering tenses, either to improve the style, or for no obvious reason.

It has been necessary to call attention to these points, ungracious as it may seem to cavil at them, in order to emphasize the fact that when differences occur between the two editions, these are the result of my careful and repeated examination of the MSS. But in at least one respect Professor Knight's *Letters of the Wordsworth Family* is a more desirable possession than these volumes; he does not confine himself to a single collection or correspondent and therefore includes much that does not come into my purview. On the other hand, many of the Wordsworth family letters here published, especially those dated in and after 1837, occur neither in Knight nor in Sadler's edition of Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, and have therefore for the most part not hitherto appeared in print. I have indicated in the List of Letters those already published by Knight or by Sadler, but many, even of these, now appear in their complete form for the first time.

It is possible that the name of Henry Crabb Robinson is unfamiliar to some who may be attracted to these volumes by their interest in Wordsworth. I hope at some future date to deal with H. C. R.'s *Life and Times*. Meanwhile I must refer such readers to the Introduction to the little volume entitled *Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Lamb, Selections from Crabb Robinson*, edited by me for the Manchester University Press in 1922. Or better, they should consult Dr. Sadler's edition of the *Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence* (O.P.), and the admirable essay by Walter Bagehot in the third volume of his *Literary Studies*, and the *D. N. B.*

The next volume of H. C. R.'s correspondence (which is to be edited by Professor Robert Priebach of the University of London and Mr. F. Norman of the University of Reading), will contain the letters which deal with German literature received by him from his German friends and acquaintances.

Other volumes, edited by myself, will, I hope, ultimately contain all other letters and portions of letters which are interesting

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from the point of view of literary history. Much of the remaining correspondence can hardly be of interest to any one, including as it does invitations, business appointments, and the like. On the other hand, a large proportion which has no literary bearing is important or conceivably of interest to specialist investigators in other directions. I name only the letters dealing with the Clarkson-Wilberforce controversy and the abolition of slavery, or those which are concerned with the Dissenters' Chapel Act or University and Bedford Colleges, London, or the Flaxman Gallery or the Reform Bill or *The Times*. I have now finished a complete chronological List of all the letters and papers in the Crabb Robinson collection at Dr. Williams's Library. When the Index of Subjects and Persons, now in process of compilation, is also ready, I hope some means of publication may present itself. It should be a convenience to students to know exactly what is to be found among the many volumes (32 in all, each containing some 160 letters) and various bundles of correspondence which Crabb Robinson thought worthy of preservation after he had destroyed much that he considered no longer of interest. Perhaps few will desire to follow my example and wade through the whole mass of this material; but many may discover by reference to my List and Index that there are letters which it will serve their purpose to consult.

Crabb Robinson was shrewd as usual when he remarked that, while not everything in his Diary and among his papers was worth publication, he should think little of any person who found nothing in them that was of value. No doubt there is much in these volumes which he, with his scrupulous regard for the privacy of public men, would have withheld from print. I hope they include nothing which does not tend to increase the reader's affectionate respect for the Wordsworth family and their friends—and not least among them, for Crabb Robinson himself.

E. J. M.

THE UNIVERSITY, READING.  
May, 1927.

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## INTRODUCTION

### CRABB ROBINSON AND THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE

CRABB ROBINSON'S correspondence, published and unpublished, contains a tolerably adequate account of his long friendship with Wordsworth and his family, a friendship which began in 1808 and lasted long after the poet's death, being continued until the second and third generation. The earliest letter among H. C. R.'s *Remains* at Dr. Williams's Library which records their intercourse, is an invitation from Lamb to Robinson to meet Wordsworth for the first time at breakfast on 15 March 1808; the last which mentions it, dated less than a year before H. C. R.'s death, is that of John Forster, 26 March 1866, referring to Landor's satire on his greater contemporary. Between those years, and indeed long before 1808, Robinson was the admirer of Wordsworth, spreading the gospel of his achievement among the many unbelievers and the few who were able to appreciate it. One of the first to recognize his claims, Robinson never tired of the mission he had undertaken to prepare the way before the man whom he worshipped this side idolatry as much as any. Yet the worship was tempered always by critical appraisement so just and balanced that the poet himself was ready to submit to his friend's judgement of his work, and to discuss, even when he was not able to accept, the suggestions freely made for its arrangement or alteration.

Nor was the friendship between them by any means confined to literary matters. Robinson frequently stayed at Rydal Mount—so regularly in the winter, that Quillman was in the habit of saying 'No Crabb, no Christmas'; he helped the poet with his investments, he advised him about business matters, undertook negotiations with his publishers and procured him books and magazines—not many of the latter, since for obvious reasons they were unpopular in the Wordsworth household. Mrs. Wordsworth entrusted Robinson with sundry commissions; he bought her stationery; on at least one memorable occasion, which entailed lengthy directions and apologies, she

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asked him to get her candles and soap. After her husband's death, he remained her trusted friend, who was consulted about her attitude towards Wordsworth's French daughter and Monsieur Baudouin, and whose advice was asked and followed about the desirability of allowing her nephew to refer to the liaison in the authorized life of the poet. With Crabb Robinson she undertook in 1853 her last visit south to his and her old friend, Mrs. Clarkson, widow of the abolitionist; to him she continued to write until her eyesight failed, and, after she was blind, the correspondence was entrusted to various amanuenses—her granddaughter (Jane Kennedy), Mr. Carter, and others. Among these was Edward Quillinan, already a regular correspondent, whose letters were at least as much on his own behalf as on that of his parents-in-law or his wife.

One gets a good idea of Quillinan's personality and literary interests and occupations from his lengthy epistles to Crabb Robinson, and perhaps a new realization of the fact that the true impediment to his long delayed marriage with Dora was the poet's unreasonable desire to keep his daughter always by his side. His parental selfishness, if that be not too hard a word for his passionate absorption, must not however blind us to the father's adoration of this best loved child,<sup>1</sup> the story of whose delicacy, final illness, and death one cannot read unmoved. That last disaster, coming as it did so near the end of the poet's life, left him bruised and shaken but not permanently unmanned. Mrs. Wordsworth, spurred on by her desire to minister to him, was the first to recover her outward calm. She went about her household duties, exerting herself to be useful and cheerful to her husband and sons and grandchildren, 'and the exertion', so writes Quillinan, 'brings its own reward'. Wordsworth was pitifully stunned by the blow; at first he could settle to nothing; he could see no one, and could not bear to go to Loughrigg Holme, Quillinan's house. Constantly he gave way to bursts of grief, he spoke little, he was not seen to 'take up newspaper or book'. But only a month

<sup>1</sup> 'You have had full opportunities of seeing how completely Dora was the joy & sunshine of their lives.' *Mrs. Arnold to H. C. R.*, 1 June 1847. 'She was the apple of her father's eye' *H. C. R.*, 1853

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after Dora's death we hear that 'his poor Sister<sup>1</sup> now is his chief employment—attending on her both indoors & out of doors—in these sad offices he seems to find relief from a heavy burthen'.

Eight months later, the same writer, Miss Fenwick, says she feels 'as if I might hope our venerable friend may yet come out of the cloud which oppressed his spirit & again look lovingly & admiringly on the people & things that are around him'; by January 1849, H. C. R. 'left Rydal with the comfortable assurance that his grief is now softened down to an endurable sadness. He can master his sorrows in society & discourse on his favourite topics with his former energy.' On the same day, Quillman tells that he sat for an hour at Loughrigg 'in his most cheerful mood', talking about his grandchildren, and being led from that topic, back to his own boyhood.

It was characteristic that Wordsworth should find consolation in the 'domestic affections', for though, admittedly, he was not ready in his intercourse with children, and though he depended much on his wife and sister and daughter, it is quite untrue that he was either indifferent or self-absorbed in his dealings with them. Again and again in his letters we hear of his loving solicitude for the feelings as well as for the physical welfare of those around him, and among these the children and grandchildren always take a foremost place.<sup>2</sup> All through the long years of her invalidism, Dorothy too was the subject of his unremitting care<sup>3</sup>—but a care no less affectionate had been shown for her in the days of strength and comradeship, when, after as

<sup>1</sup> 'Poor Miss W. I thought sunk still deeper in insensibility By the bye Mrs W. says that almost the only enjoyment Mr W seems to feel is in his attendance on her—and that her death would be to him a sad calamity'''  
*H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick, 15 Dec 1848*

<sup>2</sup> 'Our House is enlivened by a charming little fellow my grandson.'  
*Wordsworth to H. C. R., July or Aug 1838.*

'My son John & his second Son Wm leave us tomorrow, The Boy is full as interesting as when you saw him. He charms us all by his sweet looks & ways, & his remarkable intelligence We shall be truly grieved to part with him' *Wordsworth to H. C. R., 4 Sept. 1840.*

'Our excellent friend was in his happiest vein of cheerfulness having left Mrs Quillman much better & brought back his three Grandsons who came here with him & Mrs Wordsworth.' *Mrs Fletcher to H. C. R., 4 July 1844.*

<sup>3</sup> 'Miss W was in a deplorable way for a day or two after her brother's departure: for he, you know, spoils her, poor thing . . .' *Quillman to H. C. R., 12 Aug. 1848.*



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before his marriage, she was his chosen companion and friend. Nor can one read either his own letters, or the varied accounts of his home and friends without a profound conviction that Mrs. Wordsworth remained for him to the end, as she had been from the beginning, 'a phantom of delight'<sup>1</sup> which never faded. Indeed, one cannot come into contact with Mary Wordsworth even indirectly, without feeling a genuine and loving admiration of her character and personality. Mrs. Basil Montagu, soon after Dora's death, wrote to Crabb Robinson: 'I have met with very few faultless people in my journey through life, but Mrs. Wordsworth always seemed to me faultless—and her daughter was worthy of her.' If this verdict is the result of friendly exaggeration, it is one nevertheless in which Wordsworth would have concurred. Nor, from James Dixon, the faithful servant, upwards, would there have been any dissentient in the family circle.

No one more profoundly appreciated her husband's genius and greatness as both poet and man than did Mrs. Wordsworth, but, as Miss Fenwick said, no domestic altar was set up in his household; family intercourse was unrestrained and there was liberty of speech and of action<sup>2</sup> No doubt Wordsworth made

<sup>1</sup> See *Sara Coleridge's letter to H. C. R.*, 29 June 1843. After commenting on Wordsworth's pictures of human sorrow and grief, she says: 'by far the greatest number of them relate to the loss of children, not to the heaviest loss of all. The cause of this is obvious. I often think with shuddering of Mr W's misery should he survive his wife.'

In 1853, H. C. R., writing about her in his *Reminiscences* of his first Christmas visit to Rydal in 1835, said 'Mrs Wordsworth was what I have ever known her & she will ever be, I have no doubt, while life remains, perfect of her kind. I did not know her when she was the "phantom of delight"'. But ever since I have known her she has been

"A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command".

Because she is so admirable a person, there is little to say of her in detail.

In 1856 Dean Plumptre gives H. C. R. his impression of her some three years before the end: 'Her old age is a very beautiful one—calm, cheerful, reverend, simple. Mrs. Arnold finds an evergrowing delight in going to sit with her, & looks up with quite a daughter's fondness.'

<sup>2</sup> *Mrs. Wordsworth to H. C. R.*, 5 Feb. 1844. 'The snow & wind in the night, & a sort of uncertainty about the weather daunted our Gentlemen on Wed. Morn'g & neither of them would venture to face the apprehension of a storm—therefore—I hope you admire Woman's resolution. When all had been prepared Dora came to me with "Mother let you & I go"—the bargain was struck. Your friend James, nothing loth, prepared himself to be our Charioteer & tho' "the Lord & Master" at first said "remember

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many claims upon his wife and sister ; the frequently recurring inflammation of the eyes<sup>1</sup> from which he suffered made the physical labour of writing down his poems almost unendurable and he used his pen for any purpose as little as might be—a fact for which his readers have cause to be grateful, since, though the handwriting of his willing secretaries is sometimes bad, his own is infinitely worse, and often even undecipherable.<sup>2</sup>

That the poet ever remotely approached the domestic tyrant<sup>3</sup> is disproved by abundant evidence and that he was loved as well as revered by his family and friends is established beyond dispute.<sup>4</sup> As Crabb Robinson discovered at their first meeting, one would 'have a bad opinion of that person's discernment who should be long in his company without contracting a high respect, if not a love for him. Moral purity & dignity of sentiment are the characteristics of his mind & muse.' His wife spent forty-seven years in his company, and it is clear from everything we know about them both that the mutual love was equalled only by the mutual respect.<sup>5</sup>

you go against my consent", He afterwards gave us in charge to James to return or not, as our way was found to be practicable or otherwise, & we consented to this arrangement'

<sup>1</sup> See Knight, i 159, No lxxix, *W W to De Quincey, 6 March 1801* where he complains also of muscular weakness in the hand 'I have a derangement which makes writing painful to me unpleasant feelings which I have connected with the act of holding a pen.'

<sup>2</sup> It may be mere fancy, but I incline to the opinion that he was unable to cut his quills properly, and that only H C R succeeded in doing so to his satisfaction. It seems, at any rate, that Wordsworth writes less badly when his friend has prepared him a fresh supply of pens Cf. *W W to H. C. R., July or Aug 1838*. 'What an abominable pen' I have tried 50 times to mend it & only made it worse & worse.'

<sup>3</sup> See *H Martineau's letter to H C R, 8 Feb 1846*. 'You know W's worldly affairs are most comfortable in his old age His wife is perfectly charming & the very angel he should have to tend him. His life is a most serene & happy one on the whole & while all goes on methodically he is happy & cheery & courteous & benevolent; so that one could almost worship him. But to secure this everybody must be punctual, the fire must be bright & all go orderly as his angel takes care that everything shall as far as depends on her.'

<sup>4</sup> Cf. what *H. C. R* writes in his letter to Wordsworth, 1 Mar. 1840. 'I have for some years been aware of a part of your character which I was at first ignorant of. Rogers a few mornings ago took up your Dedication to Jones to read to me—"What a pity it would have been had this been left out" he said. "Every man who reads this must love W. more & more.—Few know how he loves his friends".'

<sup>5</sup> See Wordsworth's letter to his wife, 7 April 1843.

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One of the pleasantest impressions left by the letters is of the home life<sup>1</sup> at Rydal Mount and the warm friendships with all sorts and conditions of people in the neighbourhood.<sup>2</sup> In holiday time, there were the Arnolds at Fox How, with whom intercourse was very lively, from 1882, the year of their arrival, onwards. They walked and talked and disputed and played whist together. Wordsworth and Doctor Arnold did not see eye to eye either on religious or political questions. The poet was 'on doctrinal points forced to oppose though he was warmly attached to him'.<sup>3</sup> But Robinson rejoiced that neither accompanied 'Gladstone in his Anglo-papistical pretensions. Indeed, of the two, the Doctor is the less of a Churchman.' Robinson occasionally dined alone with the Arnolds 'when we can riot unrestrained in Whig politics'<sup>4</sup> (which were not popular at Rydal Mount) ' & he talk freely on Church Reform'.

In some respects Arnold and Robinson were strongly

<sup>1</sup> Cf Wordsworth's letter to John Kenyon on 9 Sept 1831 [Knight, *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, III, p 454, DXXXVI]. 'The summer . . . has been with us . . . brilliant also for its unexampled gaiety in regattas, balls, déjeuners, picnics by the lakeside, on the islands, and on the mountain tops, fireworks by night, dancing on the greensward by day . . . In the room where I am now dictating we had, three days ago, a dance . . . and tomorrow in the same room we are to muster for a venison feast'

<sup>2</sup> 'On Wednesday Mr & Mrs Wordsworth were out almost all day making a round of calls on their neighbours, in the phaeton' *Quillinan to H C R*, 14 Aug 1849.

<sup>3</sup> See Wordsworth's letter to H C R., 14 July 1844 'His benevolence was so earnest, his life so industrious, his affections, domestic & social so intense, his faith so warm & firm, & his endeavour to regulate his life by it so constant, that his example cannot but be beneficial, even in quarters where his opinions may be most disliked'

<sup>4</sup> 'How many topics of the day are excluded at the Mount' The Maynooth & Irish Colleges Bills The Dissenters Chapels Act—The American Questions—Slavery, Texas & Repudiation Tho H [Martineau]'s American Zeal has greatly subsided.' *H C R. to Miss Fenwick*, 17 July 1845.

'Here in this house—There is nothing but pure piety generous philanthropy. The best proofs my hosts give of their liberality is their tolerance of me. I conceal nothing but I abstain from strong language. The restraint I feel is sometimes unpleasant & now & then I break out.' *H. C. R. to T. R.*, 17 Jan. 1847.

'All this house [Rydal Mount] is animated by high church and tory feelings—And though I force them to tolerate my heresies by a half-grave and half-serious assertion yet the perpetual effort to preserve my independence it [*sic*] becomes at times wearisome And I find it a relief to join with Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletcher or Miss Martineau etc' *H. C R to T. R.*, 28-9 Dec 1848

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opposed—especially with regard to the desirability of complete religious freedom at the newly founded University of London. Dr. Arnold retired from his examinership and from his seat upon the Senate, because Jews were to be admitted members of the University and he could support no educational system that was not based upon Christianity, ‘an act’, Robinson thought, ‘which brought more reproach on him than any other’. But Robinson’s tolerance was sufficiently wide to embrace so sane and honest a man as Arnold, widely as their opinions might differ. Both, at any rate, agreed that charity is the beginning of wisdom. In some other respects they were also not unlike. Thus Robinson writes: ‘He was a delightful man to walk with, & especially in a mountainous country. He was physically strong, had excellent spirits, & was joyous & boyish in his intercourse with his children & his pupils.’

Besides the Doctor, the other inmates of Fox How were on terms of intimacy with the Wordsworth family. Mrs. Arnold, most hospitable of women, delighted even in her old age in gathering large parties about her, and there was constant intercourse between the two houses. That Matthew Arnold was influenced by the older poet, his work bears sufficient witness, and the other sons and daughters were also frequent visitors. One son, Lieutenant William Delafield Arnold, was later on, by Robinson’s recommendation, to become tutor to Lady Byron’s grandson; Miss Arnold read German poetry with H. C. R., the old friend of her childhood; the last words in his *Diary*, written only five days before his death, refer to Matthew’s recently published *Essays on Criticism*. So that Robinson too was a friend of the family, as indeed he became a friend of all the Wordsworth circle<sup>1</sup>—of Mr. Harden, ‘that good old man with the sunny face’ as the poet called him, to whom Robinson read Carlyle aloud; of Mrs. Fletcher, ‘the fine old lady at Grasmere’, with whom he talked ‘on topics not gladly listened to at Rydal Mount’; of her daughter, Mrs. Davy,

<sup>1</sup> ‘It might make you vain to tell you how many persons, whom you can hardly think much of, in this country (I mean our neighbours *not* Rydalites) seem to think much of you, & look to your Christmas visit as one of the best Godsendings Christmas affords.—We are often asked “how is Mr Crabb Robinson? Where is Mr Robinson?”’ *Quellman to H. C. R., 1 June 1843*

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sister-in-law of Sir Humphry ; of Strickland Cookson, who was ultimately to be his executor, as well as Wordsworth's ; of Mr. Carr, a retired surgeon, 'a very sensible man, whose company I like', and above all of Miss Fenwick, who deserves a paragraph to herself.

For some reason or other, Wordsworth's latest biographer<sup>1</sup> appears rather to undervalue this tried friend of the poet, and to suggest that her attitude to him was too much that of a devoted worshipper. There is no evidence in the correspondence or in any of H. C. R.'s papers which bears out this point of view. In 1855, in the *Reminiscences*, there is the following account of his first introduction to her. She is, he writes, 'an excellent lady. She is of a good family in Cumberland,<sup>2</sup> & devotes her affluence to acts of charity & beneficence. She is warmly attached to the Wordsworths, & esteemed by them as their very dearest friend. Her character is essentially religious & liberal. She occupied a house at Ambleside, & Wordsworth, Dr Arnold, & many others made this house a frequent end of a walk. I found her enjoying good books & clever people of various kinds. . . . Wordsworth talks well with her, & she understands him.' Quillinan is loud in her praises. In 1843, he tells H. C. R., 'Miss Fenwick is more than a favourite with them, [Mr & Mrs Wordsworth], & I do not think they can now live in perfect ease without her.'<sup>3</sup> No wonder. She is a trump. There is more solid sense in union with genuine goodness in her than goes to the composition of any hundred and fifty good sensible persons of everyday occurrence.' In another letter

<sup>1</sup> Cf Harper, *Life of Wordsworth*, II, p 408

<sup>2</sup> Miss Fenwick was of Northumberland, not Cumberland extraction. Vide H Taylor, *Autobiography*, Ch 3 (Note kindly supplied by Mr. Gordon Wordsworth)

<sup>3</sup> 'Miss Fenwick is such a blessing to that dear old couple, that I really believe that neither the poet nor his wife, happy as they are in each other, is ever quite happy without her, that is for any prolonged absence from her . . . for never was such an admirable woman.' Quillinan to H C. R., 1 June 1843

'He goes every day to Miss Fenwick, (he always needs some such daily object she is the worthiest possible,) gives her a smacking kiss, & sits down before her fire to open his mind' H Martineau to H C R., 8 Feb 1846.

'I went to see Miss Fenwick, Wordsworth's most intimate friend—A lady universally beloved with perfect liberality. She has been always especially kind & confidential with me.' H. C R to T. R., 9-10 June 1848.

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he speaks of her as 'serene & heavenly-minded'. She outlived the poet by several years and her letters at the time of his death, affectionate as they are, show no lack of restraint or good sense. H. C. R. was of opinion (29 Aug. 1850) that her presence at Rydal must greatly have strengthened Mrs. Wordsworth.<sup>1</sup>

In 1853 it was Mrs. Wordsworth's turn to comfort her friend in what was to prove the final illness, and she spent a month with her at Henry Taylor's at Mortlake before going on to Mrs. Clarkson at Playford Hall. It was, however, not until December 1856, that Lord Monteagle announced Miss Fenwick's death—in words which corroborate other accounts of her. Her passing 'was calm & resigned as all her life had been. She has left few larger & nobler hearts on the face of this world of ours.'<sup>2</sup>

Not the least pleasing pictures of life at Rydal Mount are those Mrs. Wordsworth gives of Miss Fenwick's treats to the village children. One of the most celebrated of these was in honour of the poet's 73rd birthday, and the glimpse of the family party 'in Mr North's field' watching the 120 or 130 school children (all girls, for the boys are too boisterous)' [*Quillman to H. C. R.*, 19 Apr. 1843] enjoying their tea and games reveals the poet in a fresh light.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Miss Fenwick's presence has been a great consolation to her. She is a woman of remarkable intelligence & benignity combined. It is the combination of these qualities which renders her so interesting a person—& this interest is enhanced not weakened by great bodily infirmity. She is scarcely able to move. But her mind is admirably qualified to render her a counsellor & friend to all in trouble' *H. C. R. to T. R.*, 17 Aug. 1850.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Sara Coleridge's description of her, addressed to Aubrey de Vere in 1846: 'I took great delight in Miss Fenwick & in her conversation. . . Her mind is such a noble compound of heart & intelligence, of spiritual feeling & the most perfect feminineness. She is intellectual, but—what is a great excellence—never talks for effect, *never keeps possession of the floor*, as clever women are so apt to do. She converses for the interchange of thought & feeling, no matter *how*, so she gets at your mind & lets you into hers. A more generous & a tenderer heart I never knew.' *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge edited by her Daughter*, 1873, vol. II, p. 63.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. too, the birthday party of 1844: 'How I wish you could be here to see so many proud faces as will present themselves from behind the terrace wall, which is to be the Tea-table—each with their cup (these they are to bring) a pretty sight will it be to the Spectators in the Garden below if the weather favors as this bright day promises, & scarcely less interesting will be the glad countenances of the Masters & Mistresses—and here & there a parent—and above all that of the loving pleasure-giving Donoress of the treat & poor Sister if able to get out.' *Mrs. Wordsworth to H. C. R.*, 7 April 1844.

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In another way, equally unexpected is it to find him complaining in August 1845, when he was 75 years old, that, he had not been well lately because 'I overlaboured & overheated myself with my axe & saw, & caught cold in the evening'. Even in old age, Wordsworth was evidently no poetic recluse, who shut himself up apart from the ordinary affairs of men. On the contrary, until the end, he obtained his knowledge of human passions, hopes, sorrows and consolation as he obtained his knowledge of the life of Nature—not by solitary brooding but by active participation. Everything in the letters tends to show this vital interest in 'the common things that round us lie'.

An old servant of the household hits off delightfully in a single phrase the family acquiescence in Wordsworth's outdoor habits.<sup>1</sup> One of the numerous tourists who visited the Mount desired to see the poet's study. The cook maid opened a door. 'This is Master's library', she said, 'He *studres* in the fields!' (H. C. R.'s *Diary*, 7 Jan. 1846).

In his later years when fame at last had come to him, Wordsworth suffered like other great men from his admirers.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'I have been dining at Rydal after walking about a considerable part of the morning through the waters & the mists with the Bard who seems to defy all weather, & who called this a beautiful, soft solemn day, & so it was; though somewhat insiduously soft, for a mackintosh was hardly proof against its insinuation' *Quillman to H C R*, 9 Dec 1843.

<sup>2</sup> 'Mr and Mrs W will be uneasy till they go. . . Mr W to get out of the way of the influx of summer "lakers" . . .' *Quillman to H C R*, 1 June 1843.

'We have, thro the season been beset by strangers—among those we liked best was the Poet Bryant he was an agreeable modest person & my husband enjoyed his society.' *Mrs Wordsworth to H C R*, 16 Sept 1845.

'At this time of year, leisure hours, & indeed all hours of the day are there necessarily divided among strangers who coming from a distance with introductions must be received, or strangers who happen to be visitors of "friends who live within an easy walk"—& I think such perpetual interruptions, which would drive some men mad, are rarely disagreeable to Mr Wordsworth; & in my opinion all these callers do him good, by taking him out of himself . . . You are not to infer from what I have said that there is any unusual bustle of pilgrims to the Poet's house this year as compared with former years, except the last' [the year of Dora's death] *Quillman to H C R*, 23 July 1845.

'Yesterday as I happened to be on the Terrace at Rydal Mount, no less than 50, or 60 (I counted 48 & then left off) cheap-trainers invaded the poet's premises at once. They walked about all over the terrace & garden without leave asked, but did no harm. . . one young lady rang the bell,

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Quillinan tells how the poet was pursued by autograph-hunters, and how, even before the hated railway had made his home easily accessible to trippers, the summer months brought many visitors to his door. Sometimes these were vulgarly intrusive and swarmed uninvited over his grounds, but one is glad to know that in the year of Dora's death they had the good feeling to desist from such impertinence.

As a rule Wordsworth was gracious to those who came armed with introductions. The first time H. C. R. visited him, he brought with him the young Italian, Torlonia, with his tutor Mr. Walter, and all three were most hospitably received. This was typical of the poet's usual practice and, for the most part, his kindness was repaid by gratifying recognition of his powers and, what pleased him even better, of his beloved lake and mountains. Occasionally, however, he suffered from indiscretion, or worse, on the part of his self-invited guests. H. C. R.'s American fellow-traveller, Richmond, was a case in point. They had met and spent much time together in Italy in 1829-31, during Robinson's long sojourn there after his retirement from the Bar, and at first it seemed as if the younger man would prove a valuable friend. On his return to the States, Richmond was ordained minister of the Episcopal Church, and for some time Robinson appears to have encouraged a rather over-copious correspondence. Then Richmond developed a craze or a mild form of insanity which made him a nuisance<sup>1</sup> and, at times, a serious expense and embarrassment to his English friend. He wished to be consecrated bishop in order to convert the Turks to Christianity and he desired to achieve his episcopal ambition in England. H. C. R. ended by dreading and avoiding his visits—not, apparently, with the desired result. After a period of comparative estrangement, Richmond refunded the money he had borrowed and at any rate managed to suppress, if he did not altogether conceal, his

asked for me, & begged me to give her an autograph of Mr W I had none "Where could she get one?" I did not know—Her pretty face looked as sad as if she had lost a lover' *Quillinan to H C R*, 12 Aug 1848.

<sup>1</sup> 'You ought to preserve Mr R[ichmond]'s letter I think—by way of keeping a sort of episcopal thorn in your side, as a substitute for a hair-shirt.' *Quillinan to H C R*, 1 Sept 1843



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object in revisiting Great Britain. At this stage, in 1850, he asked for and obtained an introduction to Wordsworth, modestly taking this first to Quillinan, since he felt unable to storm the Mount unaccompanied. (See Q.'s letter, 2 Jan. 1850). The American made a good impression on the Wordsworths who, not unnaturally, were amused by his opinion 'that there were five English Poets, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton & Wordsworth, & that there was also a 6th, Martin Farquhar Tupper, the proverbial Philosopher'. Possibly that astounding remark was not so surprising in 1850 as it would be to-day. Quillinan seems to consider it at any rate arguable. He says, 'There are, in my opinion, many scores of English poets far superior to him. But, chacun à son gout.' (Cf. too his letter of 16 Feb. 1850.)

Some three weeks after Richmond's visit, Wordsworth received a letter from Mr. George Nottage of the City of London Institution, who recounted the use made of the poet's confidences. Richmond, 'in the course of a very rambling & disjointed address . . . proceeded to report the remarks on various subjects & characters which it appeared you were kind & condescending enough to make to him. Some of these remarks related to living characters & were conveyed with all the little particulars of circumstances & manner, especially so in the instance of Lord Jeffrey, whom he informed us, you in a passion denounced as a coxcomb & a puppy. I humbly conceive that such a retailing in public of conversations held in private must be highly displeasing to you.'

Mr. Nottage was not mistaken in this opinion. The very next day, 18 Jan. 1850, W. Wordsworth junr. appeals to H. C. R. 'to find this *refined American Divine*' and 'endeavour to make him aware of his most *blackguard conduct* and that my Father is *much disgusted* at so great a breach of domestic confidence'.

On 20 January, Quillinan is 'not in the least surprised at anything of that sort from any of our transatlantic cousins. If nothing but Lord Jeffrey had been mentioned, I should, without at all justifying the act, only say it served him right. A man who ed. in his old age, but the other day as it were, reprint & attempt in a note to vindicate the meanness of his

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Review of "The Excursion" is not entitled to any tender consideration from Wordsworth, nor from any of his genuine admirers.'

Another of H. C. R.'s friends who made the acquaintance of the Wordsworths, but one of a very different stamp, was Harriet Martineau. A prolific and successful writer, Miss Martineau was esteemed by a large public, and though she survives chiefly as the author of children's books such as *Feats on the Fjord* and *The Crofton Boys*, in her own day her *Life in the Sick Room*, (praised by Wordsworth 'with more unreserve—I may say, with more earnestness—than is usual with him', *Quillman to H. C. R.*, 9 Dec. 1843,) *Household Education*, and the account of her travels in Egypt were better known. Miss Martineau was for four and a half years a confirmed invalid, bedridden<sup>1</sup> for months at a time, deaf and wholly incapacitated. Then, suddenly, she was miraculously cured by 'animal magnetism', from which time onwards, she preached and taught her faith in mesmerism, in her enthusiasm showing considerably less than her usual common sense, and liable to be deceived by rather obvious impostors. Her recovery was, however, a fact, and she was able to resume a very strenuous life, doing hard physical and mental work 'and setting an example of activity to her neighbours' (*H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick*, 15 Jan. 1849). Wordsworth had no sympathy with her 'mesmeric craze' and not much more with her other enthusiasms, social, political, and economic.<sup>2</sup> In spite of this they became friends<sup>3</sup> after her

<sup>1</sup> *H. C. R. to T. R.*, 7 July 1842. 'She [Harriet Martineau] has now been for three years confined to her room suffering from a mortal disease from which she never can recover, but the progress of which may be retarded many years, or may carry her off rapidly.'

*H. Martineau to H. C. R.*, 6 Oct. 1844. 'Every bodily function is healthy, & it is now a case of mere infirmity, itself likely, we think, to give way. I have walked above two miles in one day. . . . I have no *weakness* on resuming a natural mode of life . . . In nerve and activity I was well at once.'

*H. Martineau to H. C. R.*, 12 Dec. 1844. 'I am strong enough for anything . . . you never saw me anything like so well as I am now. I seem never to have had a taste of perfect health before. My good doctor "took leave of the case" last Friday.'

<sup>2</sup> *Wordsworth to H. C. R.*, 2 Feb. 1845. 'I hardly think it safe for any one's Wits to be possessed in the manner this extraordinary person is by one subject be it what it may.'

<sup>3</sup> *H. C. R. to T. R.*, 20 Dec. 1845. 'Harriet is perfectly happy in her

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removal to Ambleside in 1844, and they saw a good deal of each other. By June 1845 (see letter of 24 June), she had been accepted as a member of the Wordsworth circle; had been invited to a large gathering in their hayfield, and was talking familiarly of Miss Fenwick and the Arnolds. In August of the same year, Wordsworth tells H. C. R., 'She has had with her 4 Aunts & 9 Cousins & innumerable acquaintances occasionally, so that it has been utterly impossible for us to have more than two or three interviews with her . . . her quickness of mind in leaping to conclusions, in conjunction with her imperfect hearing has much to do in misleading her, & make her in many respects even a dangerous companion'. By November her new house is 'soaring to the skies, as truly, are her spirits—she is the gayest of the gay, & perfectly well' [Mrs. W.]. Miss Martineau's quickness 'in leaping to conclusions', combined with her predisposition to admire Wordsworth, soon led her to a just estimate of his character and opinions, whatever may have been his attitude to her. In February, 1846, she writes to H. C. R.: 'But as you can well conceive, *he* can lose himself completely in any interesting subject of thought so as to forget his griefs. His mind is always completely full of the thing that is in it!' [Compare Wordsworth's criticism of her, quoted above.] 'And there he was on Wednesday his face all gloom & tears at two o'clock from the tidings of his brother's death received an hour before. And lo! at three he was all animation discussing the rationale of my extraordinary discourses [in the Mesmeric state]—his mind so wholly occupied that he was quite happy for the time. . . . His mind must always have been

Mesmeric experience & good friends with even those who have no faith in her powers of healing diseases . . . tho' on this point her best friends think she is under the influence of a Monomania, she has conciliated general regard.'

*H. M. to H. C. R., 8 Feb. 1846.* 'He [Wordsworth] does me the honour (to my amazement & *his* honour) to be fond of me. but I see less of them than I shall do when I get to the Knoll I do not ask him to come so far as my lodgings & so only meet him in company or when I call at the Mount & then only *hear* him when he talks expressly to me. So I miss a good deal. I feel a growing love & tenderness for him but cannot yet thoroughly connect—compact incorporate him with his works. Cannot yet feel him to be so great as they. But I shall ere long if we live & he talks of coming to my cottage.'

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essentially liberal, but now it is more obviously & charmingly so than I understand it used to appear. The mildness of age has succeeded to what used to be thought a rather harsh particularity of opinion & manners. His conversation can never be anticipated. Sometimes he flows on in the utmost grandeur, that even you can imagine, leaving a strong impression of inspiration. At other times we blush & are annoyed at the extremity of bad taste with which he pertinaciously dwells on the most vexatious & vulgar trifles. The first mood is all informed & actuated by knowledge of man: the other, a ludicrous proof of his want of knowledge of men.' She makes another shrewd comment about Wordsworth's behaviour towards those whom he did not suffer gladly. 'The Wordsworths are quite well: & he very amiable except (*entre nous*) when the Archb. of Dublin [Whateley] is present—whom he despises.<sup>1</sup> It is a pity they shd ever meet. Their minds have no point of contact. Wordsworth's is not always accessible, either, & Whateley's apparently never so. How *bewitching* Wordsworth is *when* he is so! And he very often—usually—appears happy & gay' (21 May 1846).

There are sundry references in the correspondence to Miss Martineau's multifarious activities, to her house-building at Ambleside, her travels, lectures, and writing. She 'has her poultry yard, her piggery & her cow-shed. And Mrs W. declares she is a model in her household economy—making her servants happy & setting an example of activity to her neighbours,' says H. C. R. Quillinan thinks her 'energies are amazing', and as we read Robinson's account of her doings, we concur in this opinion. Writing on the last day of December 1847, he tells his brother that she 'exhibits enviable strength of will. She rises at six, walks out by moon-light, bathes & has finished breakfast at 1/2 p. 7. And then works at her book till 2!!!!'. Yet 'she finds time for much social service in various ways, & gives evening lectures once or twice a week on political & household economy etc etc to the labouring classes'. No wonder Mrs. Wordsworth calls her 'the briskest & most active Person in the vale'. It is pleasant, notwithstanding her

<sup>1</sup> But cf. Wordsworth's letter to H. C. R. on the previous day.

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various talents and virtues, to learn that her manner is 'so pleasing & so friendly that if I [Quillinan] disliked some portions of her writing ten times more than I do, I could not help liking her'.<sup>1</sup>

Most of Harriet's own letters to H. C. R. do not belong to this volume of his correspondence. Those of 8 Feb. 1845 and 8 June 1848 are very fair specimens of her colloquial style and wide interests,<sup>2</sup> while the announcement of 'the death of our old friend Wordsworth' is just what it should be, and a good instance of her sympathetic thoughtfulness for other people.

The letters here published include references to many friends who are not actually represented in the correspondence. Of these the most important in their connexion with Wordsworth are Coleridge and Southey. Sara Coleridge (Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge), perhaps the most gifted of all the poet's children, and certainly the one who best combined genius with steadiness of purpose, wrote pretty frequently to H. C. R. especially while she was engaged in editing her father's works (1843-52), and attempting to clear his character from the accusations often made against him.<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Wordsworth was of opinion that the latter task was futile and wished her to desist from her efforts. 'I do wish poor dear indefatigable Sara would let her

<sup>1</sup> 'The fact is that H. Martineau with all her mistakes is one of the purest & most high minded persons I ever knew. In spite of her speculative errors a most Christian-hearted creature. This to yourself—It might excite the ire of E. Q.' *H. C. R. to Mrs. Wordsworth, 14 Dec. 1843.*

<sup>2</sup> H. Martineau's views on the publication of private letters (*H. M. to H. C. R., 27 April and 20 July 1843*) may be compared with those of the Wordsworths on the same subject (*30 June 1838, 30 Sept. 1848*). See too *H. C. R. to Mrs. Fenwick, 17 July 1845*. 'She [H. M.] mentions with satisfaction one Subject on which she & the Laureat & the late facetious Canon [Sydney Smith] perfectly agree. And that is about letters. It is well there is one subject on which at Rydal Mount everyone may expatiate with warmth and without danger.'

<sup>3</sup> 'She has edited & added to the new edition of the *Aids to Reflection*. She has too correct an understanding not to be aware of the intellectual vagaries of her father. . . ' *H. C. R. to T. R., 2 Dec. 1843.*

'It is a point with me not only to recover all my Father's writings, but also to make it more & more clearly appear that he was not the *idle man* that he has been represented by enemies, or other persons who, for some cause or other, partly misunderstood him.' *Sara Coleridge to H. C. R., 28 March 1846.*

'And the book that is now interesting me is Mrs Coleridge's new edition of her father's *Biographia Literaria*. It has many additions & is well worth reading. . . ' *H. C. R. to T. R., 11 June 1847.*

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Father's character rest. Surely that great spirit has left sufficient to gratify the craving for literary fame in any one, without that dear Creature worrying her brain in her endeavour to increase, or justify it—which with all her pains she will never accomplish' (24 Feb. 1849). But Sara Coleridge was impelled to continue her task by reverence for her husband, as well as by filial piety. Mr. H. N. Coleridge was the poet's literary executor, but he died, leaving his work unfinished. Sara took up the task to which the last years of her life—she died in 1852—were dedicated, though she, too, was destined to leave it uncompleted. Her work as editor was, as far as it went, admirably carried out, and her notes, critical analyses, and prefaces, suffice to establish her own powers. But, wrote Aubrey de Vere, 'in the daughter, as in the father, the real marvel was neither the accumulated knowledge nor the literary power. It was the Spiritual mind. . . . Of her some one said, "Her father had looked down into her eyes, & left in them the light of his own". Her great characteristic was the radiant spirituality of her intellectual & imaginative being.'<sup>1</sup> Something of this quality may be deduced from her letters to Crabb Robinson, who well knew how to appreciate it. Sara continued to be intimate with the Wordsworths all her life, and she remained a warm admirer of the poet to whom, her daughter tells us, in matters of the intellect and imagination she owed most. 'In his noble poetry she took an ever increasing delight' (op. cit., vol. 1, p. 30). But we see from Sara's letter to H. O. R., 7 Jan. 1851, that she did not appreciate the later as much as the earlier poems: 'Edith reads aloud . . . Wordsworth in the old 4 vol. edition, in order that I may not hear any of the newer productions, which I do not *love* (to say nought of approve & admire) as I do their predecessors. The Duddon sonnets we have just gone through & I admired them more than ever.'

The pictures of the Wordsworth circle would remain very incomplete were we not to catch at least a glimpse of Sara Coleridge, her brothers, and her illustrious father. Most of their letters to Crabb Robinson must necessarily find place in another volume, in which S. T. Coleridge is not a subordinate but the central figure. Crabb Robinson is right. 'Whoever admires

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, vol. i, p. 49.

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one, admires both. [Yet] . . . Coler[idge] & Wordsw[orth] ought never to have been coupled in a class as Lake-poets. They are great poets of a very distinct & even opposite character' (18 June 1847). Almost exactly five years after penning these words (7 May 1852), he was writing to the same correspondent, his brother Thomas: 'On this day died Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, aged 49. An excellent woman whom I highly esteemed. She was the poet's only daughter & the larger portion of his spirit descended on her . . .' Perhaps it is further to indicate her likeness to her father that H. C. R. adds: 'She borrowed of me in her last illness a large-print edition of Shakespeare. She had no scruple of conscience on that point. . . .'

The letters in this volume contain sundry references to Hartley Coleridge, to whom Wordsworth was consistently kind, but with whom Crabb Robinson had little sympathy and from whose verse he expected little. He was however agreeably surprised to find he had misjudged the achievements of one whose unsteadiness and lack of self-control appeared incompatible with poetic success. 'Mr Derwent Coleridge fancies that he has found among Hartley's papers materials for a Vol. of prose & a second Vol. of verse. But Derwent apparently fosters a diseased impression of the extent of Hartley's poetical & philosophising powers. But this, I am told, is a family weakness' (H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick, 15 Jan. 1844). Three days earlier, he had written to his brother Thomas: 'You express a wish that I should bring with me hereafter the Vol. that may be published of Hartley Coleridge's Remains. Tho' I knew him & therefore *might* feel some curiosity about his writings I doubt whether I should ever do more than cast a hasty glance over such a volume & I am very sure it would not contain anything to interest you. Poor Hartley ruined his intellects by a life of intense sottishness. Men like Porson have been addicted to the same vice, but it never in them took away the power of exercising great powers of intellect. But it did in Hartley.' When the book appeared, no preconceived theory could prevent Robinson recognizing its merits, but he never had much sympathy with its author. 'Hartley Coleridge's posthumous poems,' so he tells his brother on 15 March 1851,

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' have been just published. They are beautiful beyond my imaginings.' Then he adds with justifiable satisfaction: ' There is a Memoir in which is an anecdote copied from my Journal of 1811.<sup>1</sup> The anecdote reads well and people may say—If H. C. R.'s journals contain many such, they deserve to be examined. This is what my Reminiscences are doing.' But for all his admiration of the poems, H. C. R. did not change the opinion he had expressed a few days before Hartley's death: ' Derwent is a man of very inferior natural capacity to Hartley, but then he turns his faculties to account. . . . Sarah Coleridge, the daughter, has as much industry as Derwent & as much genius as Hartley ' (4-5 Jan. 1849). Probably this judgement fairly expresses the relative merits of the three.

The references to the Southeys contained in the letters of the Wordsworth circle are of a different kind. Very few of them refer to Southey's writings. They relate chiefly to the decay of his physical powers, his unfortunate second marriage with Miss Catherine Bowles, and his subsequent illness and death.

In spite of his long intimacy with Southey, Wordsworth was not invited by the widow to his funeral. However he was present, together with his son John, and grandson, William—' three generations of Wordsworths ', as Quillinan writes to H. C. R. (5 Apr. 1843). On 7 July of the same year, Quillinan gives an account of the sale of Southey's property and mentions that at Miss Fenwick's request, he there bought an interesting portrait of Chatterton for her.

Among the partisans of the second Mrs. Southey was Walter Savage Landor, who figures frequently either directly or indirectly in the letters in these volumes of H. C. R.'s correspondence. Wordsworth and Landor had interchanged several letters about their respective writings between 1821 and 1894,<sup>2</sup> but they did not meet until 1892, when Wordsworth in describing him to H. C. R. said ' He appears to be a most warm-hearted man, his conversation very animated, & he has the heartiest & happiest laugh I ever heard from a man of his years ' (21 July). Wordsworth did not approve of Landor's use of Latin

<sup>1</sup> See Sadler's third edition, 1872, of H. C. R.'s *Diary*, vol. 1, pp. 177-8

<sup>2</sup> See Knight's *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, vol. 11.



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'for works of taste & imagination', but goes so far as to say to him [3 Sept. 1821]<sup>1</sup> 'It could not but be grateful to me to be praised by a poet who has written verses of which I would rather have been the author than of any produced in our time'. Unfortunately no similar public expression of admiration was printed by Wordsworth, and, if Quillman and H. C. R. may be believed, this omission was resented by the irascible Landor.<sup>2</sup> In 1836 he sent H. C. R. *An Attack on Satirists and Admonition to Detractors*. H. C. R., in his (unpublished) Diary<sup>3</sup> of 8 Dec. in that year describes this as in the main 'an attack on Blackwood and other satirists. But the detractor admonished is Wordsworth, And L. here echoes the now stale reproaches on W. as an envious & selfish poet. He introduces W. as pres[en]t at the representation of *Ion*,<sup>4</sup> when while everyone else was affected,

Amid the mighty storm that swell'd around,  
Wordsworth was calm, & bravely stood his ground'

'I thought it right', adds H. C. R., 'to remonstrate with Landor', and the remonstrance was so effectual that it 'compelled L. to destroy his publication'. The letter was certainly emphatic:

'Beautiful as many parts of this little poem are, I must say that it has given me pain. I hope I shall not be found to have relied too much on your unvaried kindness to me in stating why. . . Among my obligations to Wordsworth is this, that I owe to him the honour of your acquaintance. Since then I have had the pleasure of enjoying the company of both of you together, when I remarked nothing but cordiality between you, & now I receive from you a very bitter attack, not upon his writings, but upon his personal character—a portion of the material being drawn, unless I deceive myself,

<sup>1</sup> Knight, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 154

<sup>2</sup> 'You ask also which of Wordsworth's poems refers to W. S. Landor. Answer—No one. Landor's reproach of W. is that he did not acknowledge where he ought his obligations to him, Landor.' *H. C. R. to T. R.*, 26-27 March 1847.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. xvi, p. 204

<sup>4</sup> Wordsworth, Landor, H. C. R., and others together attended the first performance of Talfourd's *Ion* and went afterwards to the supper given by the author to celebrate his success. H. C. R., writing in 1853, says there was on that occasion no sign of 'ill will nor want of cordiality among the literary candidates for praise'.

## CRABB ROBINSON AND THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE

from opinions uttered by him in the freedom of unpremeditated conversation in my presence. Wordsworth is admonished as a detractor, because he does not appreciate other poets as they deserve. . . . I do not think there is any unworthy vanity, or envy in Wordsworth towards his contemporaries. . . . I do not believe I ever heard him speak against any one (except Goethe) whom I have not heard you attack in much more vehement language.'

H. C. R. further alludes to Landor's accusation of plagiarism against Wordsworth. Landor had implied that Wordsworth borrowed from *Gebir* the famous image of the sea-shell which he uses near the end of Book IV of *The Excursion* :

I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth lipp'd shell :  
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul  
Listen'd intensely ; and his countenance soon  
Brighten'd with joy , for murmurings from within  
Were heard,—sonorous cadences ! whereby  
To his belief, the monitor express'd  
Mysterious union with his native sea.  
Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of faith, and there are times  
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things ,  
Of ebb and flow and ever-during power  
And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation

The passage in *Gebir* is as follows :

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
Within, . . . . .  
Shake one and it awakens, then apply  
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

The resemblance between the two similes is undoubted, but Wordsworth's 'serious application' of the image differentiates it entirely from that of Landor. Wordsworth 'admitted no

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obligation for it to Landor's *Gebir*. From his childhood the shell was familiar to him ; and the children of his native place always spoke of the humming sound as indicating the sea ' (*Journal of the Italian Tour with Wordsworth*)—as children everywhere still do at the present day. H. C. R. points out, moreover, that the passage in *The Excursion* was written 'some twelve or fifteen years ago ; & you, with a full knowledge, I presume, of the wrong, consented to overlook it & to associate with him [Wordsworth] on terms of apparent cordiality. But with your feeling, I would either not have met him, or I would have told him what I thought.' H. C. R. apparently resented the attack much more than its subject. 'The Satire seemed to give Wordsworth little annoyance'—perhaps because use had made him immune to suffering from such a cause.

As late as 1848, Quillinan, after some further provocation at the time of Southey's death and Wordsworth's acceptance of the Laureateship, was still harping on the same theme, and in April of that year he published in *Blackwood*,<sup>1</sup> a *Dialogue between Landor and the Editor*, consisting 'of extracts (pithily selected I think) from L.'s several volumes of Im[aginar]y Con[versation]s, North drawing out his opinions, in banter & opposition : & L. denouncing all the principal poets, orators, historians & dramatic writers of antiquity, the principal poets & prose writers of Italy, & France & England, the leading statesmen of modern times, all kings, all peers, all baronets & the nations of Italy, France & England. in his peculiar manner & in his very words as published in his various works. Then N. questions him about his supprest pamphlet & reads to him the choicest passages, especially against Blackwood. . . . The five shillings<sup>2</sup> for Southey's poetry & the stolen sea-shell are discussed in a way very satisfactory to Miss F[enwick]. & Dora. . . . It concludes with L's eulogistic *Ode to Wordsworth* : (which he seems to have forgotten)'. . . (*Quillinan to H. C. R.*,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix II

<sup>2</sup> Wordsworth was represented in Landor's satire as saying he would not give five shillings for all that Southey had ever written. But Wordsworth warmly repudiated such an attitude on his part and, according to H. C. R., had himself persuaded Southey to bring out a complete edition of his poems in 1836.

#### CRABB ROBINSON AND THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE

7 Feb. 1843). Landor did not retaliate on Quillinan except by a pun on his 'Quill-inanities'—and this, according to the victim [1 June 1843 to H. C. R.], was not original.

By 1847, H. C. R. seems to have been reconciled to Landor. On 20 March (*vide* a letter to his brother) he called on ' & had a cordial reception from the wilful man of genius. His mind is as strong as ever. And his laugh deserves to be echoed eternally in Wordsworth's verse as Joanna's will be . . .' The last mention of him in this part of the correspondence, again in a letter to T. R., occurs on 3 Oct. 1851, when H. C. R. writes from Bath: 'I have this morning been calling on Walter Savage Landor who lives here. And he was very friendly. He, you may recollect, broke with me on account of my exposing his attacks on Wordsworth, but that is forgotten now. He is a man of marvellous genius & a beautiful writer, but of equal absurdity.'

There seems no doubt that Landor's attack on Wordsworth was without foundation. It is however interesting to collect what the correspondence reveals of his actual criticisms on contemporaries. In the first place we may note that Wordsworth read very little and that his failure to mention particular books or writers may often be due to this cause. Thus Miss Fenwick tells H. C. R. [29 Jan. 1845]: 'the Poet hardly deserves a book—he so seldom reads one', while Wordsworth himself writes to him [20 May 1846]: 'Persons we see few except our old Neighbours & new books none': in another letter (23 Jan. 1840) he mentions that at Rydal Mount they have neither eyes nor ears nor voices to spare for reading aloud. Yet there are inevitably some references in his letters to his contemporaries, and these as a rule, show the critical acumen we should expect. We have already noted his opinion about Landor himself and about one of H. Martineau's works. We learn from H. C. R. (19 Jan. 1839) that Wordsworth was intolerant of Carlyle's innovations in style and therefore would not read his *French Revolution*. Mrs. H. N. Coleridge was of opinion, probably with justice, that Wordsworth could not adequately esteem Carlyle because he 'never in his life appreciated any genius in which that [i. e. humour] is a large element.

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Hence his disregard for Jane Austen's novels, which my Father & Uncle so admired' [28 March 1847]. Mrs. Browning<sup>1</sup> pleased Wordsworth much by her power and knowledge in her volume of poems; Tennyson<sup>2</sup> 'is decidedly the first of our living poets, & I hope will live to give the world still better things.' The old poet goes on to express pleasure at Tennyson's profound 'gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent' [the following phrases are significant], 'though persuaded that he is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts, viz. the spirituality with which I have endeavoured to invest the material Universe, & the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances'.

Much earlier, in 1805, Wordsworth, in acknowledging the receipt of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, tells Scott that 'High as our expectations were, I have the pleasure to say that the poem has surpassed them much. . . . The book is throughout interesting & entertaining, & the picture of manners as lively as possible.'<sup>3</sup> We know, however, that Wordsworth considered Blake to have 'the elements of poetry a thousand times more than either Byron or Scott, but Scott he thinks superior to Campbell. . . . R[oger]s has an effeminate mind, but he has not the obscure writing of C[ampbell]'. (H. C. R.'s *Diary*, 24 May 1812.)

These quotations, and many more might be cited, though most of these do not occur in the letters in this volume, do not bear out Quillman's opinion that 'It was too much W.'s habit to be censorious of rival celebrities of his own day & too little his practice to give cordial praise to any of his literary contemporaries, even to those of earlier date. This is a great defect in him, & abates his greatness. . . . Many a time have I felt indignant that that which I admired in him, poetical genius, he was not pleased that I should admire in others. . . . For all my heresies of admiration, Mr Wordsworth wd sometimes tell me that I had "a Catholic taste"' (*Quillman to H. C. R.*, 15 May 1851). It is however true that Wordsworth invariably de-

<sup>1</sup> Knight, op cit., iii 169, 17 Aug. 1838.

<sup>2</sup> Op. cit., iii 319-20, 1 July 1845.

<sup>3</sup> Op. cit., i. 182-3.

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preciated Goethe, largely, as Quillinan surmises in this same letter, because 'he knew little of German' and never 'read any of his works attentively or with a disposition to be pleased in an English version'. Wordsworth's antipathy cannot fairly be ascribed to jealousy of a 'rival celebrity': it was due to his dislike of Goethe's morals and principles, which he regarded as dangerous.

In some respects, H. C. R.'s catholicity of taste and his judgment are more trustworthy than those of Wordsworth—at any rate when applied to contemporary writers. Again and again one is amazed at Robinson's shrewd criticisms and ready recognition of new men, whose position was still to be made. And sometimes, e. g. in the case of Wordsworth himself, or of Keats or of Macaulay, to name only three writers of very various degrees and types of genius, Robinson's opinion is far closer to that now generally accepted than most of the criticism expressed by their other contemporaries. His account of his own literary experiences in his letter to Quillinan, *30 Aug. 1843*, is extremely illuminating: 'Pope is or rather *was* as great a favourite with me as any one English poet. Perhaps I once knew more of him than of any other English classic. Referring to an early period of my life, before I had heard of the Lyrical ballads, which caused a little revolution in my taste for poetry, there were 4 poems which I used to read incessantly. I cannot say which I then read the oftenest or loved the most. They are of a very different kind & I mention them to shew that my taste was *wide*. They were—The Rape of the Lock, Comus, The Castle of Indolence & the Traveller.—Next to these were all the Ethic Epistles of Pope. And with respect to all those they were so familiar to me that I never for years looked into them. I seemed to know them by heart.' Similarly no reference to his greatness could blind Robinson to what he considered limitations in Wordsworth's outlook or achievements, nor could change his opinion about Goethe. On hearing a false report of the latter's death in 1881, he wrote in his diary: 'It has been my rare good fortune to have seen a large proportion of the greatest minds of our age, in the fields of poetry & speculative philosophy, such as Wordsworth, Coleridge,

## INTRODUCTION

Schiller, Tieck, but none that I have ever known came near him'. Yet he says in a letter: 'I owe much of the happiness of my life to the effect produced on me first by his [Wordsworth's] works & then by his friendship',<sup>1</sup> and again <sup>2</sup> [to James Mottram, 12 Sept. 1857]:

'A poem is worth nothing that is not a companion for years, & this is what distinguishes Wordsworth from the herd of poets. He *lasts*. I love him more than I did fifty years ago. You will see few men advanced in life who will say the same of Lord Byron, even though they once loved him, that is as I did Wordsworth, from the beginning. . . . In my youth, I fell in with those of his works then just published, & became a passionate lover. I knew many by heart & on my journeys was always repeating or reading them. I made many converts. Wordsworth had to create his public. He formed the taste of the age in a great measure. Even Byron, who affected to ridicule him, (and Wordsworth laid himself open to ridicule) nevertheless studied & imitated him. . . . The cause of the opposition, & the pretext for the satire, lies in the *simple style*, on which every abuse was lavished. Wordsworth was of opinion that posterity will value most those lyrical ballads which were most laughed at. He may be partial in this opinion; certainly they are the most *characteristic*'

The criticism, implied and explicit, in the above passage is typical of Robinson's attitude to Wordsworth, and indeed to all the great men with whom he came into personal contact. Just because he kept his head and maintained his intellectual independence, his opinions are worth hearing. Doubtless for the same reason, among others, his friendship was valued by so many of the most distinguished of his contemporaries. Not every 'dictator of letters' could tolerate a Boswell, and one may surmise that part of the pleasure Wordsworth derived from Robinson's company was that they had 'no want of topics to dispute upon' (*H. C. R. to T. R., 29 Dec. 1842*). Yet H. C. R. constantly lamented his lost opportunities, e. g. he wrote to his brother, 28 May 1842:

'One may be often in the company of very great men without bringing away anything which the commonest people might not have furnished—And when you complain of my not being *so copious*

<sup>1</sup> Sadler, II 365, n.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 362.

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as I ought on such occasions you only remind me of what I am already sufficiently aware, & that is that I want in an eminent degree the Boswell faculty. With his excellent memory & tact, had I early in life set about following his example, beyond all doubt I might have supplied a few Volumes superior in Value to his Johnson, though they would not have been so popular. Certainly *all the names* recorded are not so important as Goethe, Schiller, Herder & Wieland, the Duchesses Amalie & Louise of Weimar, Tieck—As Mad. de Staël, La Fayette, Abbé Gregoire, Ben. Constant, As Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Mrs Barbauld, Clarkson, etc. etc. For I could add a great number of minor stars. And yet what has come of all this ? Nothing.'

But is this ' Nothing ' the right answer to H. C. R.'s question ? We doubt it. It is true that he did not possess ' the Boswell faculty '. In its stead he had been granted gifts, less valuable certainly, but nevertheless very precious to himself and to posterity. As Professor De Morgan points out in the admirable character sketch which concludes Sadler's edition of the *Diary*, H. C. R. possessed ' a wide range of sympathies, & sympathies which were instantaneously awake when occasion arose. . . . This easily excited interest led to that feeling of communion which draws out others.' One has only to read the letters addressed to him, to discover that the charm of his companionship was sufficiently great to bridge over physical separations. The correspondence shows the writers setting down their thoughts and feelings in unrestrained freedom of intercourse. Boswell's most subtle questions never more completely achieved his purpose of making his hero talk, than did H. C. R.'s genuine sympathetic participation in everything which interested his correspondents.



## LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

N.B.—The following abbreviations are used · K = has appeared, often incomplete, in Knight's *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*; S = ditto in Sadler's edition of the *Diary*, H. C. R. = Crabb Robinson; T. R. his brother Thomas; W. W. the poet; M. W. his wife; and D. W. his sister Dorothy. Other names are written in full.

1.	Mrs Clarkson . . .	to	Rev. R. E. Garnham [part]	12 Feb 1801
2.	H. C. R. . . .	to	T R [part]	6 June 1802
3.	H. C. R. . . .	to	Miss Hays [part]	25 June 1802
4.	T. R. . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	8 July 1802
5.	H. C. R. . . .	to	T R [part]	25 July 1802
6.	T. R. . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	4 Oct. 1802
7.	H. C. R. . . .	to	T R. [part]	17 Oct. 1802
8.	H. C. R. . . .	to	J T. Rutt [part]	7 May 1803
9.	T. R. . . .	to	H C R. [part]	8 Sept. 1803
10.	T. R. . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	8 Nov. 1803
11.	H. C. R. . . .	to	Mrs Clarkson [part]	Dec. 1804
12.	H. C. R. . . .	to	T R. [part]	12 Feb 1808
13.	Charles Lamb . . .	to	H. C. R.	12 Mar 1808
14.	H C R. . . .	to	T R [part]	? Mar. 1808
15.	Mrs Clarkson . . .	to	H. C R [part]	28 Mar. 1808
16.	Mrs Clarkson . . .	to	T R.	? 1808
17.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to	H. C. R [part]	15 May 1809
18.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to	H. C. R [part]	4 July 1809
19.	Anthony Robinson . . .	to	H. C R [PS omitted]	10 Oct 1809
20.	Thomas Quayle . . .	to	H C R	1 Feb 1810
21.	[K] [S] D W. . . .	to	H C R	6 Nov. 1810
22.	[S] H C R. . . .	to	D W	23 Dec 1810
23.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to	H. C. R [part]	15 May 1811
24.	H. C. R . . .	to	Mrs Clarkson [part]	29 Nov 1811
25.	Mrs Clarkson . . .	to	H. C. R [part]	7 Dec. 1811
26.	Mrs Clarkson . . .	to	H. C R [part]	22 Apr 1812
27.	W W. . . .	to	H C R.	15 May 1812
28.	H C R . . .	to	T R. [part]	20 May 1812
29.	Mrs Clarkson . . .	to	H. C. R [part]	29 May 1812
30.	Mrs Clarkson . . .	to	H. C. R	10 Mar. 1813
31.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to	H. C. R.	23 Mar 1813
32.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to	H. C R.	29 Mar 1813
33.	Mrs Clarkson . . .	to	H. C R. [part]	6 June 1813
34.	H. C. R. . . .	to	T. R. [part]	29 Nov 1814
35.	W. W. . . .	to	Mrs. Clarkson [extracts]	? 1814
36.	[S] W. J. Fox . . .	to	H. C. R.	6 Feb 1815
37.	Christopher Wordsworth, sen. . . .	to	H C R	10 Mar. 1815
38.	[K] W. W. . . .	to	H C R.	2 Aug. 1816
39.	W. W. . . .	to	Rev. Wm Carr	23 Sept. 1816
40.	H. C. R. . . .	to	T. R. [part]	29 Sept 1816
41.	[S] H. C. R. . . .	to	W. W. [part]	[Oct. ?] 1816
42.	[K] W. W. . . .	to	H. C. R.	24 June 1817
43.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to	H. C R [part]	15 Jan 1818
44.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to	H C R. [part]	3 Jan. 1820

# LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

45.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	6 Aug. 1820
46.	[S] [K] W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	23 Jan. 1821
47.	[K] W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	13 Mar. 1821
48.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	31 Mar. 1821
49.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	6 July 1821
50.	[K] W. W.	.	.	to	Sir Walter Scott	23 Aug. 1821
51.	W. W.	.	.	to	F. Chantrey	? Oct. 1821
52.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	31 Oct. 1821
53.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	19 Nov. 1821
54.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	24 Nov. 1821
55.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	3 Dec. 1821
56.	[S] H. C. R.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	25 Feb. 1822
57.	[K] [S] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	3 Mar. 1822
58.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	21 Apr. 1822
59.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	6 Dec. 1822
60.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	21 Dec. 1822
61.	R. Southey	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	22 Feb. 1823
62.	T. Monkhouse	.	.	to	Miss Horrocks [part]	22 Apr. 1823
63.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	17 Jan. 1824
64.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	23 May 1824
65.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	Dec. 1824
66.	D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	13 Dec. 1824
67.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	13 Dec. 1824
68.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	12 Apr. 1825
69.	[S] H. C. R.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	7 June 1825
70.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	2 July 1825
71.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	8 Nov. 1825
72.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	26 Nov. 1825
73.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	6 Jan. 1826
74.	[S] H. C. R.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	20 Feb. 1826
75.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	25 Feb. 1826
76.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	28 Mar. 1826
77.	[K] W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	6 Apr. 1826
78.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	W. W. [part]	22 Apr. 1826
79.	[K] W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	27 Apr. 1826
80.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	W. W.	22 May 1826
81.	[K] W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	? May 1826
82.	[K] W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	? Aug. 1826
83.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	18 Dec. 1826
84.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	6 Jan. 1827
85.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	W. W.	26 Jan. 1827
86.	[K] W. W. and D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	29 Jan. 1827
87.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	13 Feb. 1827
88.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	18 Feb. 1827
89.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	21 May 1827
90.	Supposed Extract from the				<i>Diary</i> of H. C. R.	5 Oct. 1827
91.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	3 Dec. 1827
92.	W. J. Walter	.	.	to	H. C. R.	3 May 1828
93.	W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	16 June 1828
94.	Quillinan	.	.	to	H. C. R.	23 June 1828
95.	W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	6 Aug. 1828
96.	C. Aders	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	? Aug. 1828
97.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	W. W. [part]	17 Nov. 1828
98.	[K] W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	28 Nov. 1828
99.	[K] D. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	30 Nov. 1828

# LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

100.	W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	— 1828
	[Taken from Catalogue of Mr. G. D. Smith, 48 Wall Street, New York, April 1910. <sup>1</sup> ]		
101.	H. C. R. . . . .	to W. W. [part]	31 Dec. 1828
102.	[K] W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	27 Jan. 1829
103.	H. C. R. . . . .	to D. W.	17 Feb. 1829
104.	H. C. R. . . . .	to W. W. [part]	22 Apr. 1829
105.	E. H. Barker . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	26 Apr. 1829
106.	[K] [S] W. W. . . .	to H. C. R.	26 Apr. 1829
107.	[K] D. W. . . . .	to H. C. R. [incomplete]	? Apr. 1829
108.	[K] D. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	? 2 May 1829
109.	D. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	2 May 1829
110.	[K] W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	18 May 1829
111.	[K] D. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	22 Apr. 1830
112.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	25 Sept. 1830
113.	Mrs. Aders . . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	14 Dec. 1830
114.	W. S. Landor . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	20 Oct. 1831
115.	H. C. R. . . . .	to D. W. [part]	27 Oct. 1831
116.	W. S. Landor . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	6 Nov. 1831
117.	[K] [S] D. W. . . .	to H. C. R.	1 Dec. 1831
118.	H. C. R. . . . .	to D. W. [part]	6 Mar. 1832
119.	Miss Frances C. Mac-		
	kenzie . . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	24 Apr. 1832
120.	[S] H. C. R. . . . .	to W. W. [part]	13 July 1832
121.	[K] W. W. <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	to H. C. R.	21 July 1832
122.	[K] [S] W. W. . . .	to H. C. R.	5 Feb. 1833
123.	H. C. R. . . . .	to W. W. [part]	28 Apr. 1833
124.	[K] W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R. [incomplete]	5 May 1833
125.	[K] W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	18 or 28 May 1833
		[P M. illegible]	
126.	W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	4 June 1833
127.	[K] W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	5 June 1833
128.	M. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	3 July 1833
129.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	4 July 1833
130.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	23 July 1833
131.	W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R. [fragment]	29 July 1833
132.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	6 Oct. 1833
133.	H. C. R. . . . .	to J. Masquerier [part]	19 Oct. 1833
134.	Mrs. Clarkson . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	23 Oct. 1833
135.	H. C. R. . . . .	to D. W. [part]	16 & 24 Oct. 1833
136.	H. C. R. . . . .	to W. W. [part]	3 Nov. 1833
137.	[K] W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	15 Nov. 1833
138.	[K] M. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	23 Nov. 1833
139.	W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	1 Dec. 1833
140.	W. S. Landor . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	Dec. 1833
141.	H. C. R. . . . .	to J. Masquerier [part]	? Jan. 1834
142.	W. S. Landor . . . .	to H. C. R.	? Feb. 1834
143.	[K] W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	3 Apr. 1834
144.	H. C. R. . . . .	to W. S. Landor [part]	30 Apr. 1834
145.	H. C. R. . . . .	to W. W. [part]	4 June 1834
146.	[K] W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	10 June 1834
147.	[K] { Dora Wordsworth and D. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	24 July 1834

<sup>1</sup> [The original is not in the collection at Dr. Williams's Library and has therefore not been verified]

# LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

148.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W [part]	18 Nov. 1834
149.	[K] W. W., M. W., and D. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	21 Nov. 1834
150.	Receipt, P. Courtenay	.	to	H. C. R.	3 Dec. 1834
151.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W [part]	5 Dec. 1834
152.	[K] [S] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	Spring 1835
153.	[S] H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	4 May 1835
154.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	15 May 1835
155.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	? May 1835
156.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	24 June 1835
157.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	6 July 1835
158.	[S] H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	31 July 1835
159.	M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	? Nov. 1835
160.	H. C. R.	.	to	M. W. [part]	22 Nov. 1835
161.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	23 Nov. 1835
162.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	25 Nov. 1835
163.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	8 Dec. 1835
164.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	16 Dec. 1835
165.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	7 Jan. 1836
166.	[K] M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	20 Feb. 1836
167.	H. C. R.	.	to	M. W. [part]	8 Mar. 1836
168.	W. W. PS. from M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	16 Mar. 1836
169.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	26 Mar. 1836
170.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	? April 1836
171.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	22 Apr. 1836
172.	[K] W. W., PS. from Dora W.	.	to	H. C. R.	27 Apr. 1836
173.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	4 May 1836
174.	[S] H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	8 May 1836
175.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	24 June 1836
176.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	29 June 1836
177.	[K] M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	4 July 1836
178.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	11 July 1836
179.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	17 July 1836
180.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	? Aug. 1836
181.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	12 Sept. 1836
182.	M. W.	.	to	H. C. R. [incomplete]	28 Sept. 1836
183.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R., Epigram	n.d. 1836
184.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	6 Oct. 1836
185.	H. C. R.	.	to	M. W. [part]	27 Oct. 1836
186.	[K] M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	1 Nov. 1836
187.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. S. Landon	7 Dec. 1836
188.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. S. Landon	17 Dec. 1836
189.	[K] M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	19 Dec. 1836
190.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	28 Jan. 1837
191.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	3 Feb. 1837
192.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	11 Feb. 1837
193.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	? Feb. 1837
194.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	20 Feb. 1837
195.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W.	24 Feb. 1837
196.	Dora Wordsworth : PS. from W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	27 Feb. 1837
197.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	2 Mar. 1837
198.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	5 June 1837

# LIST OF LETTERS ETC

199.	[K] W. W. <sup>1</sup>	.	to	M. W.	17 July 1837
200.	M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	? Aug. 1837
201.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	5 Sept. 1837
202.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	? Sept. 1837
203.	[S] H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	11 Dec. 1837
204.	[K] [S] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	15 Dec. 1837
205.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	9 Jan. 1838
206.	M. W. for W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	? Feb. 1838
207.	H. C. R.	.	to	M. W. [part]	12 Mar. 1838
208.	M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	16 Mar. 1838
209.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	4 May 1838
210.	[S] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	9 May 1838
211.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W.	11 May 1838
212.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	18-24 June 1838
213.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	28 July 1838
214.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	? July 1838
215.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	July or Aug. 1838
216.	M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	19 Aug. 1838
217.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	25 Aug. 1838
218.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	? Aug. 1840 <sup>2</sup>
219.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	8 Oct. 1838
220.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	? Dec. 1838
221.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	22 Dec. 1838
222.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	19 Jan. 1839
223.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	19 Feb. 1839
224.	Barron Field	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	1 Mar. 1839
225.	H. C. R.	.	to	Dora Wordsworth [part]	? Mar. 1839
226.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	10 Apr. 1839
227.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	[r 30 Apr.] 1839
228.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	22 June 1839
229.	W. W.'s version of a sonnet by Michael Angelo	.			22 June 1839
230.	W. W. Further corrections to the version of Michael Angelo's sonnet	.			
231.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	5 July 1839
232.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	7 July 1839
233.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	10 July 1839
234.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	12 Aug. 1839
235.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	4 Dec. 1839
236.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	7 Dec. 1839
237.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	23 Jan. 1840
238.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	26 Feb. 1840
239.	Miss S. Burney	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	26 Feb. 1840
240.	[K] W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	10 Mar. 1840
241.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	16 Mar. 1840
242.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W.	19 Mar. 1840
243.	H. C. R.	.	to	W. W. [part]	? Apr. 1840
244.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	3 June 1840
245.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	8 June 1840
246.	W. and M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	19 June 1840
247.	W. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	24 June 1840
248.	Mrs. Anne Montagu	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	5 July 1840

<sup>1</sup> [The original is not in the collection at Dr. Williams's Library and has therefore not been verified. Taken from Knight, vol. III, p. 137.]

<sup>2</sup> See note 3, p. 371.

# LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

249.	[K] W. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	? July 1849
250.	W. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	4 Sept. 1840
251.	W. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R. [?]	27 Oct. 1840
252.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	W. W. [part]	? Dec. 1840
253.	W. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	17 Dec. 1840
254.	H. Martineau	.	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	8 Jan. 1841
255.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	12 Jan. 1841
256.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	J. Masquerier [part]	18 Jan. 1841
257.	W. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	28 Jan. 1841
258.	Dora Wordsworth	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	2 Feb. 1841
259.	Dora Wordsworth	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	? Feb. 1841
260.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	25 Feb. 1841
261.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	17 Apr. 1841
262.	W. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	18 Apr. 1841
263.	M. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	9 May 1841
264.	Dora Quillinan [Wordsworth]	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	19 May 1841
265.	M. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	22 May 1841
266.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	24 May 1841
267.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	29 May 1841
268.	M. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	31 May 1841
269.	Dora Quillinan	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	21 June 1841
270.	M. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	28 June 1841
271.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	12 July 1841
272.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	21 July 1841
273.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	28 July 1841
274.	Valentine Le Grice	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	14 Aug. 1841
275.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	D. W. [part]	11 Oct. 1841
276.	M. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	14 Oct. 1841
277.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	28 Oct. 1841
278.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	29 Oct. 1841
279.	W. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	? Oct. 1841
280.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	29 Nov. 1841
281.	W. W.	.	.	.	to	H. C. R. [incomplete]	? Nov. 1841
282.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	W. W. [part]	15 Dec. 1841
283.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	J. Masquerier [part]	5 Jan. 1842
284.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	6 Jan. 1842
285.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	19 Jan. 1842
286.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	W. W. [part]	22 Jan. 1842
287.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	W. W. [part]	8 Feb. 1842
288.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	21 Feb. 1842
289.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	D. Quillinan [part]	7 Mar. 1842
290.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	7 Mar. 1842
291.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	10 Mar. 1842
292.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	13 Mar. 1842
293.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	15 Mar. 1842
294.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	22, 23 Apr. 1842
295.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	12 May 1842
296.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	21 May 1842
297.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	28 May 1842
298.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	? May 1842
299.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	W. W.	3 June 1842
300.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	? June 1842
301.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	2 July 1842
302.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	21 July 1842
303.	H. C. R.	.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	6 Aug. 1842

# LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

304.	J. Jaffray	.	.	to H. C. R. [part]	18 Aug. 1842
305.	H. C. R.	.	.	to M. W. [part]	27 Aug. 1842
306.	H. C. R.	.	.	to W. W. [part]	19 Oct. 1842
307.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	22 Oct. 1842
308.	Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R.	28 Nov. 1842
309.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	3 Dec. 1842
310.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	29 Dec. 1842
311.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	12 Jan. 1843
312.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	to H. C. R. [part]	12 Jan. 1843
313.	H. C. R.	.	.	to W. W. and M. W. [part]	17 Jan. 1843
314.	Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R.	7 Feb. 1843
315.	Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R.	15 Feb. 1843
316.	H. C. R.	.	.	to M. W. [part]	16 Feb. 1843
317.	Miss Fenwick	.	.	to H. C. R. [part]	9 Mar. 1843
318.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	29 Mar. 1843
319.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	1 Apr. 1843
320.	H. C. R.	.	.	to Quillinan	3 Apr. 1843
321.	Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R. [part]	5 Apr. 1843
322.	W. W.	.	.	to M. W.	? 1843
323.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	7 Apr. 1843
324.	H. C. R.	.	.	to Quillinan [part]	7 Apr. 1843
325.	Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R.	9 Apr. 1843
326.	H. C. R.	.	.	to M. W.	10 Apr. 1843
327.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	to H. C. R. [part]	13 Apr. 1843
328.	Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R. [part]	19 Apr. 1843
329.	Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R.	12 May 1843
330.	Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R.	1 June 1843
331.	Sara Coleridge	.	.	to H. C. R. [part]	29 June 1843
332.	Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R. [part]	7 July 1843
333.	H. C. R.	.	.	to M. W. [part]	19 July 1843
334.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	21-2 July 1843
335.	[K] Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R.	23 July 1843
336.	[K] Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R.	25 Aug. 1843
337.	H. C. R.	.	.	to Quillinan [part]	30 Aug. 1843
338.	Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R.	1 Sept. 1843
339.	H. C. R.	.	.	to Quillinan [part]	4 Sept. 1843
340.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	29 [sic] Sept. 1843
341.	H. C. R.	.	.	to M. W. [part]	8 Sept. 1843
342.	H. C. R.	.	.	to W. W. and M. W. [part]	15 Sept. 1843
343.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	23 Sept. 1843
344.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	28 Sept. 1843
345.	H. C. R.	.	.	to M. W. [part]	24 Oct. 1843
346.	H. C. R.	.	.	to M. W. [part]	6 Nov. 1843
347.	H. C. R.	.	.	to M. W. [part]	4 Dec. 1843
348.	[K] Quillinan	.	.	to H. C. R.	9 Dec. 1843
349.	H. C. R.	.	.	to M. W. [part]	16 Dec. 1843
350.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. and Hab R. [part]	26 Dec. 1843
351.	H. C. R.	.	.	to T. R. [part]	28 Dec. 1843
352.	H. C. R.	.	.	to W. W. [part]	n.d. [1843]
353.	H. C. R.	.	.	to M. W. [part]	27 Jan. 1844
354.	T. R.	.	.	to H. C. R. [part]	2 Feb. 1844
355.	M. W.	.	.	to H. C. R.	5 Feb. 1844
356.	M. W.	.	.	to H. C. R.	6 Feb. 1844
357.	H. C. R.	.	.	to M. W. [part]	11 Feb. 1844
358.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	.	to H. C. R. [part]	21 Feb. 1844

# LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

359.	[K] Quillinan . . .	to H. C. R.	19 Mar. 1844
360.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	6 Apr. 1844
361.	Miss Fenwick . . .	to H. C. R.	7 Apr. 1844
362.	M. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	7 Apr. 1844
363.	Quillinan . . . .	to H. C. R.	4 May 1844
364.	H. C. R. . . . .	to Quillinan	11 May 1844
365.	Quillinan . . . .	to H. C. R.	15 May 1844
366.	Quillinan . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	28 May 1844
367.	Barron Field . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	8 June 1844
368.	Mrs. Fletcher . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	4 July 1844
369.	M. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	9 July 1844
370.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	13 July 1844
371.	[K] W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	14 July 1844
372.	[S] H. C. R. . . .	to W. W. [part]	24 July 1844
373.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	12-13 Sept. 1844
374.	H. C. R. . . . .	to M. W. [part]	18 Sept. 1844
375.	M. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	23 Sept. 1844
376.	W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	29 Sept. 1844
377.	Mrs. Arnold . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	11 Oct. 1844
378.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	19 Oct. 1844
379.	Barron Field . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	21 Oct. 1844
380.	M. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	4 Nov. 1844
381.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	18 Nov. 1844
382.	Mrs. Arnold . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	27 Nov. 1844
383.	H. C. R. . . . .	to M. W. [part]	30 Nov. 1844
384.	W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	8 Dec. 1844
385.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	27 Dec. 1844
386.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	2 Jan. 1845
387.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	8 Jan. 1845
388.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	16 Jan. 1845
389.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	21 Jan. 1845
390.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	24 Jan. 1845
391.	H. C. R. . . . .	to M. W. [part]	27 Jan. 1845
392.	H. C. R. . . . .	to Miss Fenwick [part]	27 Jan. 1845
393.	Miss Fenwick . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	29 Jan. 1845
394.	W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	2 Feb. 1845
395.	H. C. R. . . . .	to M. W. [part]	11 Feb. 1845
396.	Barron Field . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	16 Feb. 1845
397.	Quillinan . . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	23 Mar. 1845
398.	Quillinan . . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	4 Apr. 1845
399.	Quillinan . . . . .	to H. C. R. [incomplete]	7 Apr. 1845
400.	Quillinan . . . . .	to H. C. R.	8 Apr. 1845
401.	Quillinan . . . . .	to H. C. R.	18 Apr. 1845
402.	Quillinan . . . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	21 Apr. 1845
403.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	5 May 1845
404.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	24 May 1845
405.	W. W. and M. W. .	to H. C. R.	21 June 1845
406.	H. Martineau . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	24 June 1845
407.	Miss Fenwick . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	1 July 1845
408.	H. C. R. . . . .	to T. R. [part]	2 July 1845
409.	H. C. R. . . . .	to Miss Fenwick [part]	17 July 1845
410.	W. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	7 Aug. 1845
411.	M. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	7 Aug. 1845
412.	H. C. R. . . . .	to M. W. [part]	9 Sept. 1845
413.	M. W. . . . .	to H. C. R.	16 Sept. 1845



# LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

414.	M. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	7 Nov. 1846
416.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	11 Nov. 1845
416.	Barron Field	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	13 Nov. 1845
417.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	8 Dec. 1845
418.	M. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	8 Dec. 1845
419.	M. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	9 Dec. 1845
420.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	11 Dec. 1845
421.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	13 Dec. 1845
422.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	20 Dec. 1845
423.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	25 Dec. 1845
424.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	2 Jan. 1846
425.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	8 Jan. 1846
426.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	16 Jan. 1846
427.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	20 Jan. 1846
428.	W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	2 Feb. 1846
429.	H. Martineau	.	.	to	H. C. R. [extract copied by H. C. R.]	8 Feb. 1846
430.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	24 Feb. 1846
431.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	5 May 1846
432.	W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	20 May 1846
433.	H. Martineau	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	21 May 1846
434.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	2 June 1846
435.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	11 June 1846
436.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	16 June 1846
437.	W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	22 June 1846
438.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	27 June 1846
439.	Sara Coleridge	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	27 June 1846
440.	Quillman	.	.	to	H. C. R.	30 July 1846
441.	Quillman	.	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	17 Aug. 1846
442.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	22 Aug. 1846
443.	Quillman	.	.	to	H. C. R.	30 Aug. 1846
444.	Dora Quillman	.	.	to	H. C. R. [incomplete]	21 Sept. 1846
445.	W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	16 Nov. 1846
446.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	27 Nov. 1846
447.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W. [part]	19 Dec. 1846
448.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	17 Jan. 1847
449.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	4-5 Feb. 1847
450.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	9 Mar. 1847
451.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	20 Mar. 1847
452.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	26-27 Mar. 1847
453.	F. W. Robertson	.	.	to	H. C. R.	28 Mar. 1847
454.	Sara Coleridge	.	.	to	H. C. R.	28 Mar. 1847
455.	W. W.	.	.	to	H. C. R.	2 Apr. 1847
456.	Quillman	.	.	to	H. C. R.	30 Apr. 1847
457.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	? Apr. 1847
458.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	1 May 1847
459.	Quillman	.	.	to	H. C. R.	19 May 1847
460.	Quillman	.	.	to	H. C. R.	24 May 1847
461.	Mrs Arnold	.	.	to	H. C. R.	1 June 1847
462.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	M. W.	4 June 1847
463.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	11 June 1847
464.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	18 June 1847
465.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	23 June 1847
466.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	25 June 1847
467.	H. C. R.	.	.	to	T. R. [part]	3 July 1847

# LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

468.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R.	9 July 1847
469.	Miss Fenwick	.	to	H. C. R.	12 Aug. 1847
470.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	9-10 Sept. 1847
471.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	1 Oct. 1847
472.	Mrs. Montagu	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	10 Dec. 1847
473.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	23 Dec. 1847
474.	H. C. R.	.	to	Miss Fenwick	24 Dec. 1847
475.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	31 Dec. 1847
476.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	7 Jan. 1848
477.	H. C. R.	.	to	Miss Fenwick	10 Jan. 1848
478.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	14-15 Jan. 1848
479.	[S] H. C. R.	.	to	M. W. [part]	15 Jan. 1848
480.	Miss Fenwick	.	to	H. C. R.	17 Jan. 1848
481.	H. C. R.	.	to	Miss Fenwick [part]	24 Jan. 1848
482.	W. Wyon, R.A	.	to	H. C. R.	28 Jan. 1848
483.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	1 Feb. 1848
484.	H. C. R.	.	to	Miss Fenwick [part]	3 Feb. 1848
485.	Miss Fenwick	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	5 Feb. 1848
486.	H. C. R	.	to	M. W. [part]	7 Mar. 1848
487.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	15 Apr. 1848
488.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	6 June 1848
489.	M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	7 June 1848
490.	H. Martineau	.	to	H. C. R.	8 June 1848
491.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	9-10 June 1848
492.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	23 July 1848
493.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	27 July 1848
494.	[S] Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	12 Aug. 1848
495.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	2 Oct. 1848
496.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	13 Nov. 1848
497.	Mrs. Clarkson	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	21 Nov. 1848
498.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	28-29 Dec. 1848
499.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	4-5 Jan. 1849
500.	[K] [S] Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R.	12 Jan. 1849
501.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	12 Jan. 1849
502.	H. C. R.	.	to	Miss Fenwick [part]	15 Jan. 1849
503.	M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	24 Feb. 1849
504.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	6 Mar. 1849
505.	M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	28 Mar. 1849
506.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	8-9 June 1849
507.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	16 June 1849
508.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	20 June 1849
509.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	21 June 1849
510.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	27 June 1849
511.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	9 July 1849
512.	M. W.	.	to	H. C. R.	22 July 1849
513.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R.	17 Aug. 1849
514.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	15 Sept. 1849
515.	[K] [S] Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R. [part]	14 Oct. 1849
516.	[K] Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R.	22 Oct. 1849
517.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	3 Nov. 1849
518.	[K] Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R.	12 Nov. 1849
519.	H. C. R.	.	to	T. R. [part]	1 Dec. 1849
520.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R.	16 Dec. 1849
521.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R.	18 Dec. 1849
522.	Quillinan	.	to	H. C. R.	25 Dec. 1849

# LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

523.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	2 Jan. 1850
524.	George Nottage . . . . .	to	W. W.	17 Jan. 1850
525.	William Wordsworth [son] . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	18 Jan. 1850
526.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	20 Jan. 1850
527.	Christopher Wordsworth, jun. . . . .	to	H. C. R.	24 Jan. 1850
528.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	26 Jan. 1850
529.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	2 Feb. 1850
530.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	16 Feb. 1850
531.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	1 Mar. 1850
532.	John Miller . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	5 Mar. 1850
533.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. Paynter [part]	1 Apr. 1850
534.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	23 Apr. 1850
535.	H. Martineau . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	23 Apr. 1850
536.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	30 Apr. 1850
537.	Wordsworth's Notes about the preparation of his Life. Dated 16 Nov. 1847			
538.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	3-4 May 1850
539.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	11 May 1850
540.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [fragment]	11 May 1850
541.	J. W. Hare . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	13 May 1850
542.	Mrs. Clarkson . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	13 May 1850
543.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [fragment]	15 May 1850
544.	[S] H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	18 May 1850
545.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	Miss Fenwick [part]	20 May 1850
546.	J. Kenyon . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	20 May 1850
547.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [incomplete]	21 May 1850
548.	Miss Fenwick . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	22 May 1850
549.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	23 May 1850
550.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	23 May 1850
551.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	24 May 1850
552.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	25 May 1850
553.	Miss Gillies . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	29 May 1850
554.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	31 May 1850
555.	Voigt . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	13 June 1850
556.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	22 June 1850
557.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	30 June 1850
558.	H. Martineau . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	6 July 1850
559.	J. K. Miller . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	8 July 1850
560.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	22 July 1850
561.	Dr. Brabant . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	10 Aug. 1850
562.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	17 Aug. 1850
563.	J. K. Miller . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	27 28 Aug. 1850
564.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	29 Aug. 1850
565.	W. S. Cookson . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	31 Aug. 1850
566.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	2 Sept. 1850
567.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	20 Sept. 1850
568.	Christopher Wordsworth, jun. . . . .	to	H. C. R.	21 Oct. 1850
569.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	25 Oct. 1850
570.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	2 Nov. 1850
571.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	5 Nov. 1850
572.	H. C. R. . . . .	to	T. R. [part]	9 Nov. 1850
573.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	12 Nov. 1850
574.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	17 Nov. 1850
575.	Quillinan . . . . .	to	H. C. R. [part]	24 Nov. 1850
576.	[S] M W . . . . .	to	H. C. R.	30 Dec. 1850

# LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

577.	Sara Coleridge . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	7 Jan. 1851
578.	[S] Quillinan . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	11 Jan. 1851
579.	Miss Fenwick . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	14 Jan. 1851
580.	Quillinan . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	16 Jan. 1851
581.	Quillinan [verses on his wife] . . .	to H. C. R.	2 Feb. 1851
582.	[S] Quillinan . . .	to H. C. R.	3 Feb. 1851
583.	Dr. Davy . . .	to H. C. R.	8 Feb. 1851
584.	Quillinan . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	14 Mar. 1851
585.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	22 Mar. 1851
586.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	6 Apr. 1851
587.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	11 Apr. 1851
588.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	18 Apr. 1851
589.	Quillinan . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	28 Apr. 1851
590.	Quillinan . . .	to H. C. R.	15 May 1851
591.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	16 May 1851
592.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	9 July 1851
593.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	12 July 1851
594.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	13 Sept. 1851
595.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	22 Sept. 1851
596.	W. Boxall . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	24 Sept. 1851
597.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	25-26 Sept. 1851
598.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	3 Oct. 1851
599.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	28 Nov. 1851
600.	Sara Coleridge . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	4 Feb. 1852
601.	Sara Coleridge . . .	to H. C. R.	11 Feb. 1852
602.	Sara Coleridge . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	16 Feb. 1852
603.	Sara Coleridge . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	? 1852
604.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	21 Feb. 1852
605.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	4 Mar. 1852
606.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	19 Mar. 1852
607.	H. C. R. . . .	to S. Naylor J <sup>r</sup> . [part]	'8 Sept. 1852
608.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	9 Sept. 1852
609.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	17 Sept. 1852
610.	M. W. . . .	to H. C. R.	8 Jan. 1853
611.	Lady Cranworth . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	23 Mar. 1853
612.	Lady Richardson . . .	to H. C. R.	20 Apr. 1853
613.	Benson Harrison . . .	to H. C. R.	30 June 1853
614.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	(1) 25 Sept. 1853
615.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	(2) 25 Sept. 1853
616.	Jane S. Wordsworth . . .	to H. C. R.	30 Sept. 1853
617.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	1 Oct. 1853
618.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	12 Nov. 1853
619.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	19 Nov. 1853
620.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	20 Dec. 1853
621.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. and Sarah Robinson [part]	24 Dec. 1853
622.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. and Sarah Robinson [part]	10 Mar. 1854
623.	H. C. R. . . .	to T. R. [part]	24 Mar. 1854
624.	H. C. R. . . .	to Sarah Robinson [part]	5 Apr. 1854
625.	M. W. . . .	to H. C. R.	23 May 1854
626.	Henry Reed . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	16 June 1854
627.	Mrs. Clarkson . . .	to H. C. R. [part]	30 June 1854
628.	Miss Fenwick . . .	to H. C. R.	28 July 1854

# LIST OF LETTERS ETC.

629.	M. W.	to H. C. R.	? July 1854
630.	Mrs. Derwent Coleridge	to H. C. R. [part]	27 Oct. 1854
631.	M. W.	to H. C. R.	26 Dec. 1854
632.	M. W.	to Miss Fenwick [?]	23 Jan. 1855
633.	Lieut. Arnold	to H. C. R. [part]	? Jan. 1855
634.	Derwent Coleridge	to H. C. R. [part]	? Apr. 1855
635.	M. W.	to H. C. R.	9 Aug. 1855
636.	Mrs. Hutchinson	to H. C. R.	25 Jan. 1856
637.	Mrs. Dickinson	to H. C. R. [part]	31 Jan. 1856
638.	M. W. [by Mr. Carter]	to H. C. R.	14 Feb. 1856
639.	M. W. and William Wordsworth	to H. C. R.	17 Feb. 1856
640.	Mrs. Fletcher	to H. C. R. [part]	28 Apr. 1856
641.	M. W. [by Mr. Carter]	to H. C. R.	27 May 1856
642.	E. H. Plumptre	to H. C. R. [part]	29 July 1856
643.	M. W. [by Mrs. Kennedy (Jane Wordsworth)]	to H. C. R.	28 Aug. 1856
644.	Elizabeth Hutchinson	to H. C. R.	1 Nov. 1856
645.	M. W. [by Mrs. Hutchinson]	to H. C. R.	4 Nov. 1856
646.	Lord Monteaagle	to H. C. R.	? Dec. 1856
647.	M. W. [by Mr. Carter]	to H. C. R.	2 Mar. 1857
648.	J. Brown	to H. C. R. [part]	2 Sept 1857
649.	[S] <sup>1</sup> H. C. R.	to J. Mottram, jun	12 Sept 1857
650.	M. W. [by Mr. Carter]	to H. C. R.	5 Oct 1857
651.	Derwent Coleridge	to H. C. R. [part]	28 Nov. 1857
652.	William Wordsworth [grandson]	to H. C. R.	? Jan. 1858
653.	William Wordsworth [grandson]	to H. C. R.	7 Jan. 1859
654.	John Wordsworth [son]	to H. C. R.	15 Jan. 1859
655.	Mrs. Wordsworth [Obituary notice by Harriet Martineau, from the <i>Daily News</i> ] <sup>2</sup>		? Jan. 1859
656.	J. J. Tayler	to H. C. R.	25 July 1859
657.	List of Wordsworth's Poems recommended by H. C. R. for beginners		17 May 1861
658.	William Wordsworth [grandson]	to H. C. R. [part]	? June 1861
659.	William Wordsworth [grandson]	to H. C. R. [part]	23 May 1862
660.	Mrs. Davy	to H. C. R.	26 Jan. 1863
661.	Mrs. Davy	to H. C. R. [part]	6 Feb. 1863
662.	James Richmond	to H. C. R. [part]	5 Mar. 1863
663.	[S] James Dixon	to H. C. R.	? Nov. 1863
664.	William Wordsworth [son]	to H. C. R. [part]	24 Aug. 1865
665.	John Forster	to H. C. R.	26 Mar. 1866
666.	Sir Walter Scott	to W. W.	n.d. ? Apr 1815
667.	W. W.	to H. C. R. [fragment]	n.d.
668.	W. W. [autographs]	to H. C. R. [fragment]	6 Apr. ?
669.	W. W. [autographs]	to his Tailor [fragment]	n.d.
670.	W. W. Autograph draft of <i>Lines to the Moon</i>		1835
671.	W. W. [autograph]. Two cards with inscription		n.d.

<sup>1</sup> This letter is reprinted from S; the original is not forthcoming.

<sup>2</sup> This notice was kindly supplied by Mr Gordon Wordsworth.

1800-1803<sup>1</sup>  
No 23

1. Mrs. Clarkson<sup>2</sup> to Rev. R. E. Garnham<sup>3</sup>

Easemere Hill.

Feb: 12. 1801

p. 2, line 11. . . . I think I told you in my last that I expected Wordsworth & his Sister to visit us. well—they have been here & staid more than three weeks & have left us with a very favourable opinion of them—You must buy W—— two volumes of Lyrical Ballads & tell me what you think of them. We have not got them yet. I am fully convinced that Wordsworth's Genius is equal to the Production of something very great, & I have no doubt but he will produce '*something that Posterity will not willingly let die*', if he lives ten or twenty years longer.—I was very much affected by '*the Brothers*' when I saw it in manuscript—pray tell me how it affects you, & any body else whom you may happen to converse with who has read it—I want to ascertain how much of the feeling w<sup>h</sup> it excited in me, was occasion'd by the Knowledge I have of the country & the manners of the Inhabitants—The Brothers, Lucy Gray, poor Susan, Timothy & the Poem where Bewick is praised are all that I have seen of the second Volume—Lucy Gray is I think immutable.

As you don't read the Papers perhaps you have miss'd a good

<sup>1</sup> The numbers in the left corner of the letters refer to the volumes or bundles of H. C. R.'s correspondence &c. in Dr Williams's Library. Notes or portions of notes in inverted commas are taken from H. C. R.'s *Diary or Reminiscences*

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Clarkson (Catherine Buck), wife of the abolitionist, was a boyhood acquaintance and lifelong friend of H. C. R. to whom she became a kind of elder sister. She 'was the most eloquent woman I have ever known, with the exception of Madame de Stael. She had a quick apprehension of every kind of beauty, and made her own whatever she learned. She introduced me to Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth &c.' She died in 1856 at the age of 84.

<sup>3</sup> Garnham 'was a fellow of Trinity College, Camb., a man of learning & attainments—Of singular habits—A bitter talker and very free thinker on all matters of speculation'. H. C. R. became acquainted with him in 1795 through Catherine Buck (Mrs. Clarkson). A large collection of Garnham's MSS. came into the possession of T. R., his last surviving executor, and thus, through H. C. R., to Dr. Williams's Library.

## FEBRUARY 1801

laugh by not seeing the advertisement of a Satire against M<sup>r</sup> Lewis the author of the 'Monk' & 'Tales of Wonder' the Satire is call'd 'More Wonders' and has the following motto from Shakspeares Mackbeth The Time has been—that when the brains were out the Man would die—& there an End— . . .

*Bundle 3a.*  
[*Letters from Germany*]  
No 23

2. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

frankfurt aM

June 6<sup>th</sup> 1802

p. 1, *line* 21. . . . Will you excuse this constant beating on the old Topick [i. e. himself].—I hope you will—It is the *proper* subject of Letter writing And if I write about *Myself*—It is only because you give me no Means of writing abo<sup>t</sup> *you* by saying nothing of *yourself*. . . . It is not that you do not write about the Incidents w<sup>ch</sup> take place, but that you never open your heart on those intimate topicks perhaps more of feeling than understand<sup>t</sup>—in which the *person* appears. . . . It arises from your striving perpetually to give me *material* information, to amuse me—Were you to sit down & write from your heart rather than your head, Would you obey the deeply profound Hint of one of the most original & philosophical Poets in the English Language

‘ Nor less I deem that there are powers  
Which of themselves our Minds impress  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
*In a wise passiveness* ! ! !  
Think you mid all this mighty sum  
Of Things for ever speaking  
That nothing of itself will come  
But we must still be seeking ’ ?

You wo<sup>d</sup> write more happily more easily & better—

p. 3, *line* 21. . . . But I must observe that when you state ‘ inversion and transposition w<sup>ch</sup> wo<sup>d</sup> be improper in prose ’ as essential in Verse—you seem to have adopted a Notion w<sup>ch</sup> has perhaps more injured real poetry than any other popular Error. Verse is distinguished from Prose only in the Sound There are a N<sup>o</sup> of Rules (not Laws) in relation to the Rythmus

—*Cesura* &c which *Artists* understand, which the *Sensible* feel acutely<sup>1</sup> and the observing of wch is the secret Cause of the magical effect of Verse. The vulgar Idea that a<sup>1</sup> set of unusual words in an [un]usual position makes poetic Style is the Cause that so many stiff cold senseless fatiguing Verses are published<sup>1</sup>, When the Thoughts are sterling, the Representation truly poetic & the words in melodious rythmus We have poetry. Examine all the noble passages of Shakespear Milton, Spencer &c. You will find them in a nat<sup>l</sup> Order, & in themselves natural—A few days since I received 'Wordsworths lyrical ballads' these Ideas are there more in detail stated tho with no great beauty or detail—I am at present in danger of becoming unjust to English Literature being absorbed in the beauties of the German. These exquisite Volumes were enough to bring me back to justice. There are a few ballads—The Thorn—The Idiot Boy, Goody Blake & Harry Gill, &c wch will rank with the 1<sup>st</sup> rate compositions in the Language—I have already quoted 8 Lines (not very happily in relation to my subject) wch have a profundity of thought And a felicity of Expression truly admirable quite in Schiller's style. Wordsworth has the Art—the characteristick Art of Genius—of doing much with simple means. His repetition of simple phrases, and his dwelling on simple but touching Incidents, his Skill in drawing the deepest moral, and tenderest interest out of trifles evince a great Master, a Talent truly Shakespearean, for instance in Goody Blake—

' And fiercely by the Arm he took her,  
And by the Arm he held her fast.  
And fiercely by the Arm he shook her,  
And cried I've caught you then at last '

how cunning this delay ! this dwelling on so slight a Circumstance.

' Sad case it was, as you may think,  
for very cold to go to bed  
And then for cold not sleep a wink '

How 'prosaic' all vulgar every day Expressions—true and therefore doubly powerful—doubly poetic in their effect. The

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn by seal.



following Stanza 'Oh joy for her' is exquisite as well as the whole a most pathetically poetical display of poverty—Wordsworth is equally happy in his expression of moral Sentiment<sup>1</sup>

'O reader had you in your Mind,  
Such Stores as silent thought can bring  
O gentle reader you would find  
a tale in every thing.  
What more I have to say is short  
I hope youll kindly take it  
It is no tale but sho<sup>d</sup> you think  
Perhaps a tale youll make it'

There is in my Mind more Genius & Merit in such Reflections and such Descriptions unostentatious & simple as they are; than in many an admired Ode. I wo<sup>d</sup> rather have written the Thorn than all the tinsel gawdy Lines of Darwin's botanic garden. The one is an artificial Versifier the other is a feeler and a painter of feelings—But all the pieces have not this superior Merit The female Vagrant &c are cold & trite—Wordsworth's excellence appears greatest where he is most original. . .

p. 4, line 14. . . I had a few days since the pleasure of conversing with ff. Schlegel one of the first living Poets & a great Aesthetiker he is the Bro<sup>r</sup> of the translator of Shakespear. He seemed much pleased with one or two pieces by Wordsworth. We talked of our English poets. He holds Spencer to be the greatest in respect to the melody of Verse. When I read him, says he, I can hardly think it is a northern Language much less english. He holds his Pastorals to be his best work. . .

Bundle 6.  
XIII c

### 3. H. C. R. to Miss Hays<sup>1</sup>

June 25, 1802.

[from Grimma].

p. 4, line 18. . . Reading as I do here only the Masterpieces of German Literary [*sic*] I am in danger of becoming unjust to our native Works. I lately received Wordsworths lyrical

<sup>1</sup> Mary Hays 'a very zealous and moral reformer, a friend of Mary Wollstonecraft, and author of a novel called *Memoirs of Emma Courtney*'. 'She professed Mary Wollstonecraft's opinions with more zeal than

JUNE 1802

Ballads 2 vols—Genius is not dead nor asleep He is an origin<sup>1</sup>  
& true poet but I find the 2<sup>nd</sup> Vol hardly equal to the first. . .

1800-1803  
No. 49.

4. T. R. to H. C. R.

Bury St. Edm<sup>as</sup>.

8th July 1802.

p. 2, four lines from end. . . I have read but little but I wish when I have time to get more into the perusal of works of imagination than has hitherto been my practice—but the attempt I fear will be irksome.—I have no doubt but that I wrote a great deal of nonsense concerning your verses—you seem to have made me say that the essence of *poetry* consisted in transposition &c but when I made this remark I was speaking of *verse making* as I have always supposed there may be good verses where there is no poetry—I may however entertain some wrong notions on this subject, and what you have said has tended to rectify my ideas.—But give me leave to ask—*if verse may be written in as simple an order as prose in what does it's difference from it consist?* I refer to *verse mechanically* totally independant of the *ideas*—I am capable of perceiving that there is great beauty in the simple lines of Wordsworth, and I *feel* that such verse is very different from prose. . .

Bundle 3a  
[Letters from Germany]  
No. 25.

5. H. C. R. to T. R.

Frankfurt.

25<sup>th</sup> July 1802.

p. 4, line 23. . . Wordsworth's Ballads have infinite Metrical beauty, Gray too understood the Secret of Verse making—As a Poet I look on him now as of very inferior Merit, he is not the Tithe of Collins whose poems I lately read as if I had never read them before—His Odes are wonderfully great & beautiful but I consider Wordsworth as our first living Poet, he will

discretion This brought her into disrepute among the rigid, and her character suffered—but most undeservedly. Whatever her principles may have been, her conduct was perfectly correct. My acquaintance with her continued till her death.' See the recently published *Love Letters of Mary Hays*, ed by A F. Wedd, 1925.

JULY 1802

certainly attain very great eminence. I have been read<sup>d</sup> again The farmer's boy it is a very superior performance But I saw in a Newspaper lately a Suffolk ballad by Bloomfield, describ<sup>d</sup> the going of an old couple to a fair—probably Bury fair—but the thing did not please me at all, . . . I suspect Bloomfield has confound<sup>d</sup> *meanness* with *lowliness*—Reflect on this most important distinction. This is a nice Matter hard to distinguish in Words but the feelings are still very distinct I do not give you this as a Judgem<sup>t</sup> only as my personal subjective Sentiment—*Poverty as such* & the Want of the Conveniences of Life are no subj<sup>s</sup> for the poet. He must thro' & in spite of poverty let us see the *Man*. *Human*<sup>s</sup> is that wch interests us in all descrip<sup>s</sup> And Low life is generally more fit than high life for poetical description because we there see human nature in its greater purity. Perhaps y<sup>e</sup> will find this inconsist<sup>t</sup> with my praise of Wordsworth's descrip<sup>a</sup> of the poverty of Goody Blake—I answer that this Masterly description is properly speaking not a purely poetical but a rhetorical descrip<sup>a</sup> Poetry as such sho<sup>d</sup> awaken no passion, that is the business of rhetoric. This is a maxim of the German Critics . . . I wish you wo<sup>d</sup> read the Lyrical Ballads & point out the favorite pieces I will do the same and I have no doubt we shall find a wonderful Coincidence. . . .

1800-1803  
No. 54.

6. T. R. to H. C. R.

Bury St Edm<sup>s</sup>  
4<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1802.

p. 2, line 5. . . . I certainly asked you a very simple question, but I am not sorry for it. Your definition of verse appears very satisfactory to me. There is great refinement and niceness of disti[n]ction in what you say concerning Bloomfield's ballad ; but in spite of your remarks, I feel pleased with the poem—and there is no arguing about tastes—the effect of poetry is produced on my mind by reading this tale for it excited a lively and pleasing image in my mind ; and this circumstance almost disposes me to doubt the orthodoxy of your position—' that *poverty as such* & the *want of the conveniences* of life are no

subjects for the poet' would not such a canon as this exclude Otway's celebrated discription of a Witch—what more disgusting idea of *meanness* can be conceived than that of a 'wrinkled hag with age grown double' yet who will dare to say that this discription is not executed in the true spirit of poetry.—Does Shakespear disgust when Edgar describes the character he means to assume 'I'll grime my face with filth—blanket my loins &c' or when he says—'Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the wall-newt and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallads, swallows the old rat & the ditch dog; that *drinks the green mantle of the standing pool*; &c &c—You were aware that Goody Blake might be brought as an instance against you, and which you therefore attempt to get over by calling it a *rhetorical* discription—and you go on to say 'that poetry as such should awaken no passion that is the business of rhetoric' here I am lost and must stand still 'till I have your comment—but indeed it is rather unfair to write what you at the same time declare I shall not *understand*.— . . .

*Bundle 3a.*  
[*Letters from Germany*] 7. H. C. R. to T. R.  
No 27.

Jena.

17<sup>th</sup> Octr 1802.

p. 2, line 53. . . . I hope therefore it will no longer seem so very mystic & unintelligible that rhetoric & poetry are essentially distinct the Orator has a particular obj<sup>t</sup> he will rouse a certain feeling And uses Beauty (& poetry as a certain expression of beauty) only as means to attain his end—The Poet will excite the Sense of Beauty—The Subj<sup>t</sup> he chooses is mere accident if he co<sup>d</sup> do with<sup>t</sup> it he wo<sup>d</sup> have no subj<sup>t</sup> at all—he is cold & has no obj<sup>t</sup> at all but to give pure pleasure the interference of other motives however noble & valuable themselves destroy the poetic purity hence didactic poems where the poet will teach—poems in praise of liberty works of morality & piety are all critically subj<sup>t</sup> to this fault Hence say the critics the poet ought not to be in earnest he must *play* with his subj<sup>t</sup> And be himself *cold* tho' thro' his Art he makes his readers warm—I think you

will allow these views of the subject to be both original & ingenious I hold them to be true beyond dispute paradoxical as it sounds a poem ought not to interest The genuine Poet scorns to press the *curios*<sup>s</sup> of the Reader into his Service.

Yet I admit that it is only *choice* minds (of which I am *not* one) who are capable of such enjoy<sup>t</sup>—The majority of mankind love poetry as handmaid not as mistress—The wholesome truths of Popes didactic rhymes delight a hundred to one, who can honestly relish Collins Even Wordsworth is not free from *material* tendency in his pieces You must not suppose that a material tendency is in itself a fault—it is only so when it predominates in the work; one must by the poetic art be cheated into the purposed sentim<sup>t</sup>. A few Examples How beautiful is Wordsworth's ' 'Tis said that some have died for love ' V2 p 76 The gen<sup>l</sup> Truth that he who is wretched is agonised by every ob<sup>t</sup> & fancies it is the parlā<sup>r</sup> obj<sup>t</sup> before him wch causes his misery is here illust<sup>d</sup> most beautifully for the obj<sup>s</sup> select<sup>d</sup> are in themselves of the highest beauty & the heartrend<sup>s</sup> view of human misery is concealed under exquisite images it is the smoke mount<sup>s</sup> into the Sky—it is the dying murmur of the leaves the song of the thrush And the ' Eglantine whose arch so proudly towers ' It is the stretching & bending the rising & descend<sup>s</sup> of this arch a series of delightful pictures which awaken his misery—This piece alone wo<sup>d</sup> fix the reput<sup>n</sup> of Wordsworth as an excellent poet He is in the secret As all poets in all Ages have been, perhaps unconsciously & thro' the mere instinct of genius; And this & other secrets of Art are now developed by the German Philosophers— . . .

1804  
No. 28.

### 8. H. C. R. to J. T. Rutt<sup>1</sup>

Jena 7<sup>th</sup> May 1803.

p. 3, line 28. . . . In respect to poetry I am further persuaded that there prevails a most false and pernicious error, that is, that poetical language must be a something very different from

<sup>1</sup> John Towill Rutt, whose acquaintance H. C. R. made in 1796 became a life-long friend 'to whom I feel considerable obligation'. He was a Unitarian, and 'a man of too much literary taste, public spirit, and religious zeal to be able to devote his best energies to business'. He 'was

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prose that all common & simple words must be avoided—this notion is the most baneful possible & has generated the [?]un]inspired mass of Rhymes which we find perpetually without Thought or Design, or distinct image—Wordsworth's preface to the 1st Vol of the lyrical Ballads contains very excellent remarks on this point this falsely imagined poetical language has been mistaken for poetry itself—The Germans have also poets of this description. But its great poet is like Shakespear always simple & unaffected—the tawdry trash of the Della Crusca School<sup>1</sup> & the false glitter of Darwin & his admirers are incompatible with true poetry. . . .

1800-1803  
No. 100

9. T. R. to H. C. R.

Bury St Edm<sup>as</sup>.  
8<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 1803.

p. 9, line 30. [Mrs. Clarkson's visit to Bury]. . . . It is extraordinary that to the best of my recollection she has made no enquiry after you. This may have been the effect of accident, and I ought to observe that I have never stayed with her but a short time at any one visit. That she should have cast off her coat of opinions will not strike you as at all wonderful—An intimacy with the Poet Wordsworth has I am told made her a very pretty enthusiast. She is become a religionist and a believer. Her faith receives little or no aid from written revelation—but God has spoken to her heart in a most sublime & mystical manner. In short she is of a species of Quaker—a great admirer of the conduct and sentiments of Mad<sup>m</sup> Guyon. . . . I ought to add that a great deal of my information respecting Mrs. C, I have received through a confidential channel, and I therefore do not wish you hereafter to take any notice of it ; and it is highly probable that it is a state of things which will remain but a short time in her mind.—. . .

the friend & biographer of Gilbert Wakefield and of Priestley', the editor of the latter's complete works, and 'an original member of the Society of the Friends of the People'—Rutt's eldest daughter married Talfourd.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Merry was the chief of this group of English poetasters, who lived in Florence about the year 1785 and wrote amorous verses to each other. They were satirized by Gifford in the *Baviad* and the *Maeviad*.

NOVEMBER 1803

1800-1803  
No. 107.

10. T. R. to H. C. R.

Bury St. Edm<sup>ds</sup>.  
8<sup>th</sup> November 1808.

[On H. C. R.'s new German philosophical ideas, especially as related to revelation and 'mystical dogmas'.]

p. 2, line 44. . . . From the cast of M<sup>rs</sup> C's mind I was not surprised as I know she is often a mere copyist, and takes up opinion[s] in a very hasty manner before she can have properly digested them and inconsistencies are to be expected from her—but I must confess I should have thought better things of you. Knowing her superficial manner and how susceptible she is of new impressions—I easily accounted for the change in *her* mind by supposing that some favourite genius—a Coleridge or a Wordsworth—had presented her with some theory neatly and poetically dressed up—and which she immediately received.—. . .

1804  
No. 75.

11. H. C. R. to Mrs. Clarkson

Jena.  
December 1804.

p. 3, line 5. . . . This is the watchword of *my* Philosophy. (If I m[a]y arrogate to myself this Appellation) All the Errors we daily see arise from a *partial* culture of one of these energies Sentiment & Understand<sup>g</sup> hence we see so many clear-headed, cold hearted persons whom we respect without loving—People who as Wordsworth happily says would 'peep & botanise, upon their Mother's Grave' On the other hand pious Souls who have no other fault than that to all purposes of life they are useless—mere cumberers of the Earth. . . .

[There ensues in the correspondence an interval of more than three years during which H. C. R. was acting as the first foreign correspondent to *The Times* on the Continent, especially in the Spanish Peninsula.]

1805-1808  
No. 119.

12. H. C. R. to T. R.

12<sup>th</sup> February 1808.

p. 4, line 8. . . . You are And I rejoice at it a convert to Wordsworth's poetry I would observe that the polit<sup>l</sup> sentiment

## FEBRUARY 1808

of his Sonnets appears to me to be the best men can nourish at this moment. The quintessence of which is compressed in a line

‘ Oh grief that earth’s best hopes still rest on thee ’ . . .

1806-1808  
No. 122.

### 13. C. Lamb<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

Dear Sir,

[12<sup>th</sup> March 1808.]

Wordsworth breakfasts with me on Tuesday morning next, he goes to Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson the next day, and will be glad to meet you before he goes.—Can you come to us before nine or at nine that morning?—I am afraid, *W* is so engaged with Coleridge who is ill, we cannot have him in an evening. If I do not hear from you, I will expect you to breakfast on Tuesday—

Yours truly

C. Lamb.

Saturday 12 mar 1808.

Address : [Reverse], Mr. H. Robinson, Mr Collier’s, 56 Hatton Garden.

1805-1808  
No. 123.

### 14. H. C. R. to T. R.

[March 1808.]

*p. 1, line 8 from end.* . . . I have this last week enjoyed a very great pleasure of which I am able to give you but a very faint idea. On Saturday I was invited to dine with Mr C. Aikin & found there Southey. he has a most interesting figure a very romantic countenance & an air of more elegance & tenderness than strength. Our conversation was political and it did my heart good to find him the *eloquent* supporter of my favorite opinions. He argued ag<sup>t</sup> Dr Aikin<sup>2</sup> & Mr Barbauld and these were overpowered by him. he spoke of Mr Roscoe<sup>3</sup> almost in the words of my letter and declared himself

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R. was first introduced to Lamb by Mrs. Clarkson in 1806

<sup>2</sup> Charles Aikin was Mrs. Barbauld’s nephew, the ‘little Charles’ of her *Early Lessons*. He became distinguished both in science and medicine.

<sup>3</sup> H. C. R. in a letter to *The Times*, Feb. 15, 1808, deprecated the strong attacks on the Government made on the score of the Danish Expedition. A pamphlet by William Roscoe, a Whig M.P. for Liverpool, one of the strongest of these opponents, is the principal object of H. C. R.’s criticism. Roscoe was a man of varied talents and interests. He is perhaps best remembered as a supporter of the anti-slave trade agitation and by his *Lives of Lorenzo di Medici* and of *Leo X*.



unqualifiedly for the war. Coleridge & himself, he said, are directly opposed in Politicks *He deems the last Administration* so feeble & impotent that he can't conceive of worse—except the present. Coleridge maintains the present Ministry<sup>1</sup> to be such corrupt and ignorant knaves that it is impossible there should be worse—except indeed the last. On poetry we talked likewise. I bolted *my* critical philosophy & was defend<sup>d</sup> by S. throughout—I praised Wordsworth's Sonnets & preface. In this S. joined he said the Sonnets contain the profoundest political wisdom & the preface he terms the quintessence of the philosophy of poetry—When we parted, he said if I came to the North he would introduce me to Wordsworth.

However this pleasure was near at hand for I breakfasted with Wordsworth at Charles Lamb's on Tuesday And walked with him to M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson afterwards who was at Hatcham house. W. begged me to come for him yesterday. I accordingly dined at Mr Hardcastles & W. & I returned together. We had therefore two long têtes a têtes. I feel obliged to M<sup>rs</sup> C. for she must have spoken of me very kindly W. gave me his hand with cordiahty on meeting he was confidential with me, has promised to call on me & made advances which were, from my high opinion of him, certainly very flattering. My Esteem for W's *mind* his philosophic & poetic view of things is confirmed & strengthened by these interviews And I rejoice that you are so far initiated into a sense of his poetry that you can sympathise with my pleasure—Wordsworth is most opposite to Southey in his appearance. he is a sloven & his manners are not prepossing [*sic*] his features are large & course [*sic*]; his voice is not attractive his manners tho' not arrogant yet indicate a sense of his own worth he is not attentive to others and speaks with decision his own opinion. He does not spare those he opposes he has no respect for great names And avows his contempt for popular persons as well as favorite books which must often give offence. Yet with all this, I sho<sup>d</sup> have a bad opinion of that person's discernm<sup>t</sup> who sho<sup>d</sup> be long in his company with<sup>t</sup> contract<sup>s</sup> an high respect, if not a love for

<sup>1</sup> The duke of Portland became Prime Minister in 1807 and remained in office until his death in 1809, when he was succeeded by Perceval.

him. Moral purity & dignity & elevation of Sentim<sup>t</sup> are the characteristics of his mind & muse

As we were tête à tête I was gratified at being able to turn the conversation to *his* poetry He expatiated with warmth on them And spoke of them with that unaffected zeal which pleased me, tho' the customs of life do not authorise it he explained some of the most exceptionable & I was flattered to find his own opinion of them so correspond<sup>t</sup> with my own. The Sonnet which he is most anxious to have popular because he says, were it generally admired it would evince an elevation of mind an[d] a strength & purity which [*etc*] fancy which we have not yet witnessed. It is the admirable 'Two voices are there' you will recollect this was my favorite he explained the Beggars as I understood it; It is a poetical exhibition of the power of physical beauty & the charm of health & vigour in childhood even in a state of the greatest moral depravity

'Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned' v. 2 p 109 displays, he says, more than other of his poems a profound knowledge of Womans heart—he could feel no respect for the Mother who could read it with<sup>t</sup> emotion & admiration—Wordsworth quotes his own Verses with pleasure And seems to attach to the approbation of them a greater connection with moral worth which others may deem the effect of vanity—I think myself there is a danger of his not allowing enough for the influence of conventional & habitual taste in making those dislike his Poems as Poems whose sensibility is yet awake to the moral truths & sentiments they teach & exhibit He also speaks with a contempt of others which I think very censurable He asserts for instance that M<sup>rs</sup> B[arbauld] has a bad heart; that her writings are absolutely insignificant, her poems are mere trash and specimens of every fault may be selected from them He quoted, to satirise, a Stanza you & I have certainly admired—

But thou o Nymph retired & coy !  
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy  
To tell thy tender tale ?  
The lowliest children of the ground  
Moss-rose & Violet, blossom round  
And lily of the vale ——

MARCH 1808

here, he says, there is no genuine feeling or truth. Why is the hamlet *brown*? Because Collins in a description of exquisite beauty describing the introduction of Evening says 'And hamlets brown & dim discovered Spires' Mrs B. therefore sets down brown hamlets with<sup>t</sup> either propriety or feeling—And who are the lowliest children of the ground . . . ? Moss-rose—a Shrub!

Of Rogers, of course, he speaks with great contempt.—

Wordsworth has thoughts of writing an Essay on the causes of the pleasure of bad poetry.—I wish he would do this I have no doubt he would illustrate your feelings very much to your satisfaction and make you well pleased with yourself for not loving some of these bad poems—Or explain very intelligibly why you had admired others of them—I must put an end to this immethodical narrativ[e].

I earnestly beg you to study W. I am convinced you would

[The letter ends here, in the middle of the sentence: dated March 1808 on reverse—in T. R.'s hand.]

*Address*: Mr Thos. Robinson, Bury St. Edmunds.  
*No Post Mark.*

1805-1808  
No. 124.

15. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[Endorsed Mar. 28. 1808.]

p. 1, *last line*. . . I am glad that Wordsworth has so favourable an opinion of you. I wish that you could be with him for a little time. It would do you a world of good. . . .

[Endorsed 1808<sup>1</sup>.]

1805-1808  
No. 160

16. *Mrs. Clarkson to T. R.*

Dear Sir!

As you expressed a wish to see Mr Wordsworths Pamphlet I have made haste to read it in order to send it you. It was given into my hands with these words 'It is not english there is no english feeling in it'. I fear this is true but it would have

<sup>1</sup> This must be a mistake for 1809.—Cf. the date, 15 May, 1809, of the next letter, which states that the pamphlet is not yet printed.

MAY 1809

been english 150 years ago & I trust that it will yet be english. At least I desire to be cut off from all hopes of posterity rather than that any descendant of mine should not reverence the sentiments contained in that book or want courage to act up to them

Sincerely your's  
C. C

Monday.

As soon as you have read the book I should be glad if you would return it as I shall feel it a duty to circulate it.

*Endorsed*: 1808. Mrs Clarkson to T. Robinson on Wordsworth's Convention of Cintra.

1809-1817  
No. 4

17. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[May 15. 1809.]

p. 2, line 29. . . . I think I told you that Wordsworth had written a pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra. The last account I heard of it was that the compositor had been drunk ever since Easter Week & they were waiting for his getting sober in order to print the last two or three sheets. I hope to greet the 'Friend' very soon. I sent your name as a subscriber a little while ago. . . .

1809-1817  
No. 9.

18. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[July 4<sup>th</sup> 1809]

p. 2, line 5. . . . I need not tell you that I have read Wordsworth's pamphlet with very great delight though what is merely argumentative on the bare facts any body might have said & though there is nothing in it positively new to me. Yet there are passages that roused me like a sudden blast from a trumpet. 'How long' exclaimed my soul 'have I been sleeping in the dust' & immediately took wing & soared aloft. Yet it is melancholy to think how few will read that book with other than feelings of contempt. . . .

OCTOBER 1809

1809-1817  
No. 15.

19. *Anthony Robinson*<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

[10 Oct. 1809.

Princes' Place Cable St. London]

Dear Sir

In the number of the various advantages I have derived from your friendship, I must place your recommendation of Mr Wordsworth's pol<sup>1</sup> work. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of immediately expressing to you the very high gratification I have received from the perusal of it. Yet this gratification is not without alloy. As a composition it is unique. Its 'careless inimitable beauties' are so spread over the whole surface of the work, that they appear to be scarcely capable of selection. Here is field enough, indeed, for minute criticism; but I should dislike the man, who should employ himself in it. In true poetical inspiration, & the bursting language of passion, he is infinitely above Burke; but I never expect to see his book in such public demand as either Burke's or Paine's. The crisis at which these men wrote, excited to their works an attention, which no other time would have given them with the Milhon. Burke wrote to men trembling for their property, their families, their firesides; Paine to men hungry, factious, and ready for any mischief. All men have appetites; few have passions. Burke met the demands of the appetites of the wealthy, Paine flattered those of the poor & discontented. Wordsworth meets the appetites of neither; the man of passion (one of ten thousand) of high moral enthusiasm, is the only man who will relish his work, & indeed to him, it will be the Bible of his Life. He will have but few admirers, but those will salute him with ardent & eternal admiration.

I say, however, that my gratification has not been without alloy. This has arisen from my fear that the character of nations will not bear out his principles; yet it is pity that the

<sup>1</sup> A namesake and life-long friend, but not a relative of H. C. R. They met first at a debating society and H. C. R. says 'As I scarcely ever knew Anthony Robinson's equal in colloquial eloquence in acuteness and skill, and promptitude in debate, so I never knew his superior in candour and sincerity.' He was deeply interested in social and religious questions and 'a steady & active supporter of civil and religious liberty'. He died in 1827 and H. C. R. wrote his obituary notice in the *Monthly Repository*.

cold hand of Philosophy should touch a limb of his glowing, bounding, mature moral & intellectual Man! If I understand Mr Wordsworth fully, his principles are, that Man is *necessarily* that moral being which he loves, & that his moral being, is the guarantee of his freedom in his social character. What says the history of the Nations? Where shall we find that freedom of which this morality is the parent & guardian. That there is evidence of the existence of this morality of which Mr W. is the advocate & High Priest, every where, & in some degree, I admit; but not in a degree adequate to the production of the vast effects which he contemplates. His system (for he has a System) has a foundation in nature, & is the loveliest system that ever was held up to the view of man; but indeed, indeed, he ascribes a power to his principles which they have not exerted. For years I have puzzled myself with, what appeared to me, not to be accounted for from the Philosophy of Hobbes. And that is the sense of obligation that we feel to do right, even to our own injury, yea, even admitting that injury *certain*. Hobbes & Priestly laugh & say, there is no such obligation—I can only answer that I *feel* it. I will suppose a case. I must suffer death, or ten thousand others must suffer death. Then let death be my lot. This is my decision & all the world would say it was right. But says Priestly, you will hereafter be recompensed. I answer without hesitation, that if I am sure that I shall not be recompensed—it is my duty to suffer. I feel it, it is impossible to alter my conviction in this respect by any change of supposition about recompense. I cannot account for this by any Philosophy but that of Wordsworth. With him I resolve it into an instinct, or something of kindred derivation. Smith's Sympathy will not account for it, for if no other breast sh<sup>d</sup> ever know my determination, yet I could not determine otherwise. Whence this *love* of justice—this *determination* to justice? Wordsworth is right (you know he does not discuss any thing of this kind philosophically) Man is necessarily a moral being—but the moral image may be so melted down, as to loose its projection, & man become a mere brute—& a mere brute he is, the instant he ceases to be moral.

OCTOBER 1809

Of the friend I do not think highly. Wordsworth has a pregnant mind, pouring forth matter even too copious for expression, Coleridge, is a thing of shreds & patches, & I see clearly enough why his reputation is bottomed on his *conversation*. He can dash out a striking sentence, & is not without point; but he has no bottom spring with in him. He should never write. The enemies of Job, were good conversers—he wished them to write a Book!

Let me hear from you. When you return let me often see you. I can let you have a bed at any time when the children are at school.

Dear Sir,

Your obliged & sincere friend & S<sup>r</sup>

A. Robinson.

Prince's Place.

Cable St.

London 10 Oct 1809.

. . . . .  
[PS. omitted]

Address · Henry Crabb Robinson, Esq., Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

Endorsed: Oct. 10—1809. [illegible word] Mr A Robinson, Wordsworths pamphlet.

1809-1817  
No. 206.

20. *Thomas Quayle*<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

Feb 1<sup>st</sup> 1810.

I have perused your Pamphlet,<sup>2</sup> my dr Sir with all the attention w<sup>ch</sup> it deserves, & requires. The disgraceful subj<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> afforded it Birth, is put in some Points of View in w<sup>ch</sup> I had not before considered it:—& I conceive with great Skill & Clearness, its ruinous effects too clearly proved. I see not the slightest cause to dissent from any of Mr W's Statem<sup>ts</sup> or Inferences; except that I think he takes the Spanish Enthusiasm at too high a Pitch,—much higher than his own Data

<sup>1</sup> 'In this year [1795] I first saw *Thomas Quayle* a Gentleman of very superior learning & colloquial talents. For years I knew him only as a Library acquaintance. He became afterwards an intimate associate. He died in very advanced age in 1845.' His son, William Quayle, was also H. C. R.'s friend.

<sup>2</sup> *The Convention of Cintra.*

warrant :—And that in gen<sup>l</sup> he estimates the moral motives w<sup>ch</sup> impell Man; in these degenerate Days, too highly—You will consider however, that whilst I write this I am reading Arndt.—By the bye they are both a little Enthusiasts :—Who eod have looked for such a Man as Wordsworth's examining, apparently seriously, whether the Vox populi, as to the Cintra Conv<sup>n</sup>, came from God, or the Devil? p 109—I cannot say I have 'an Ear for profitable Communion'; on the contrary [I] must turn from such Balderdash with great Disgust.—If there ever was a Notion to w<sup>ch</sup> the Terms, blasphemous & absurd, can be applied, it is to this Eastern Notion of the Omnipotence & Omnipresence & Continual agency of the Devil.

The matter is excellently good of this Pamphlet. I dare say Mr W. is a Man of keen understanding, constantly exercised, & well informed.—Undoubtedly a Man of amiable Heart & pure Intentions. But as to the Dress in w<sup>ch</sup> these Thoughts are clothed, I think it I confess, most slovenly—Nay I dont know that I ever read a worse writer than Mr W. ;—that is, to my Taste, & in my poor opinion. Many Many Sentences, containing a clutter of Metaphors, of Half pages respectively ; Nay one, at pp 133. 4 & 5, w<sup>ch</sup> encroaches on 3 pages—with his hereins, & whereins ; ones in the plural, & that happy word disannul—we all know what 'to annul', means—To disannul, reminds me of the Quack Dr<sup>s</sup> advertized *Antifebrifuge* Not only Mr W: might write better than he does, but almost any man can correct his loose & inelegant Style—For Instance, the last Sentence p 153.—w<sup>ch</sup> the Slightest Trouble in transposing wo<sup>d</sup> convert into Harmony, from being as it is, what the French call 'louche'.—I don't know who may be the Author's Model :—His Style resembles the worst of Burke's,—But I do not expect that he himself will be a Model to any body else

Pray remember me kindly to Mr & Mrs R. and believe me dear Sir

Very truly yours.

Bartonmere 1<sup>st</sup> Feb. '10.

Tho: Quayle.

Address : H— Robinson, Esq.

Endorsed :

1<sup>st</sup> Feb. 1810. Mr Quayle on Wordsworths Pamphlet very



FEBRUARY 1810

scornful The writer a Scholar & a man of reputed talent—  
belonging to the new school both in politics & religion. he was  
prejudiced ag<sup>t</sup> Wordsworth's poetry

I have preserved it as a specimen of the Times.

His grandchildren are all partisans of the ~~liberal~~ religion  
party—The Jones's belong to *Maurice's* Sect Sept 1864. H. C.  
Robinson.

1808-1817  
No. 32

21. D. W.<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

Grasmere near Kendal.

November 6<sup>th</sup> 1810.

My dear Sir,

I am very proud of a commission which my Brother has  
given me as it affords me an opportunity of expressing the  
pleasure with which I think of you and of our long journey  
side by side in the pleasant sunshine, our splendid entrance  
into the great city & our rambles together in the crowded  
streets<sup>2</sup>. I assure you I am not ungrateful for even the least  
of your kind attentions, and shall be happy in return to be your  
guide amongst these mountains, where, if you bring a mind  
free from care, I can promise you rich store of noble enjoyment.  
My Brother and Sister too will be exceedingly happy to see you ;  
and if you will tell him stories from Spain of enthusiasm,  
patriotism, & detestation of the Usurper my Brother will be  
a ready listener & in presence of these grand Works of Nature  
you may feed each other's lofty hopes. We are waiting with  
the utmost anxiety for the Issue of that Battle which you  
arranged so nicely by Charles Lamb's fireside. My Brother  
goes to seek the newspapers whenever it is possible to get a sight  
of one, and he is almost out of patience that the tidings are  
delayed so long.

<sup>1</sup> D. W.'s punctuation is erratic. In her case '...' are not marks of  
elision but indicate simply a dash or full stop. In these volumes the letters  
of the Wordsworth family are published intact.

<sup>2</sup> H. C. R. accompanied Dorothy from the Clarksons' house to London.  
'This improved my acquaintance with the W. family. Miss W. without  
her brother's genius & productive power had all his tastes & feelings &  
he was in his youth & in middle age as warmly attached to her as later  
in life he became attached to his daughter, no one rivalling them in his  
affections but his admirable wife.'

# NOVEMBER 1810

We had this morning a letter from Mrs Montagu with alarming accounts of the state of the King's health. We are loyal subjects, wishing him a long life, and, if he die at this time, shall sincerely grieve for his death. No doubt you have heard that our Friend Coleridge accompanied the Montagus to London, & possibly you may even have seen him. They and I were travelling at the same time ; but we took different Roads ; otherwise we might have had a mortifying glimpse of each other's faces, or a three minutes' Talk at some Inn ; for on your side of Manchester the people are never more than three minutes in changing horses for the Mail. I am much afraid that Miss Lamb is very poorly.—I have had a letter from Charles, written in miserably bad spirits. I had thoughtlessly (and you cannot imagine how bitterly I reproach myself for it) I had thoughtlessly requested her to execute some commissions for me ; and her Brother writes to beg that I will hold her excused from every office of that sort at present, she being utterly unable to support herself under any fatigue either of body or mind—Why had not I the sense to perceive this truth in its full extent ? I have caused them great pain by forcing them to a refusal, and myself many inward pangs. I feel as if I *ought* to have perceived that everything out of the common course of her own daily life caused excitement and agitation equally injurious to her—Charles speaks of the necessity of absolute quiet and at the same time of being obliged sometimes to have company that they would be better without. Surely in such a case as theirs it would be right to select whom they will admit, admit those only when they are likely to be bettered by society ; and to exclude *all* others ! They be [torn by seal] one true Friend who would not take it the more kindly of them to be so treated. Pray, as you most likely see *Charles* at least from time to time, tell me how they are going on. There is nobody in the world out of our own house for whom I am more deeply interested. . . . You will, I know, be happy to hear that our little ones are all going on well—the little delicate Catharine, the only one for whom we had any serious alarm gains ground daily ; yet it will be long before she can be, or have the appearance of, a stout Child. There

# NOVEMBER 1810

was great joy in the house at my return, which each shewed in a different way. They are sweet wild Creatures, & I think you would love them all.—John is thoughtful with *his* wildness, Dorothy alive, active, & quick, Thomas innocent and simple as a new-born Babe. John had no feeling but of bursting joy when he saw me. Dorothy's first question was, 'Where is my Doll?' We had delightful weather when I first got home; but on the fourth morning Dorothy roused me from my sleep with, 'It is time to get up, Aunt, it is a *blasty* morning, it *does* blast so' and the next morning—Not more encouraging to me,—she says, 'It is a *hawly* morning it hails so hard!' . . . You must know our house stands on a hill, exposed to all *hails* and *blasts*, & the cold seemed to cut me through and through. I did really think, with the good people of Bury who used to try to persuade me that we must be starved to death in the North among these mountains, that it really would be so in my case, & that Grasmere was colder than any place in the world—but it is time to deliver my Brother's message. Can you procure any Spanish, Portuguese or French papers for Mr Southey? He writes the historical part of the Edinburgh Annual Register & they would be of great use to him. Pray let us know if you can, & how they may be sent and upon what terms. My Brother begs to be most kindly remembered to you. Pray make my respectful compliments to Mrs Collier and believe me, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend

D Wordsworth

My Brother is much interested about Madame La Vachi<sup>1</sup> you know who I mean—the Spanish Lady, but the above letters may make a word as like any other person's name as her's—are you likely to have a journey into Spain?

*Address* : Henry Robinson, Esq<sup>re</sup>, at — Collyer's Esqre, Hatton Garden, London.

*Post Marks* : (1) Keswick, 298. (2) E, 12 Nov<sup>r</sup>, 1810.

*Endorsed* : Nov<sup>r</sup> 6, 1810, Miss Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Madame Lavaggi, whom H. C. R. had met in Spain in 1808, when she showed him much kindness. Later, he tells us, he 'was able to return

1809-1817  
No. 36.

22. H. C. R. to D. W.

23<sup>d</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 1810.  
56 Hatton Garden

My dear Madam,

I have no apology to offer for my silence, And must appeal to your good nature for forgiveness, with this short & sincere declaration that while I have apparently neglected you, I have been entertaining no other feeling towards you than high esteem, And that, the business part of your letter having been superseded, I deferred writing till I could dwell on the only topic on which I (with no affected humility,) thought you would listen to me with interest.

You may have heard through Mr Southey that I have been in correspondence with him concerning the means of procuring intelligence from Spain. I have [gre]at<sup>1</sup> hopes that I have opened one or two important channels to him. Soon after I wrote to him I went into the country whence I returned three days ago; And I postponed answering your acceptable and obliging letter till I could speak to you concerning our common friends the Lambs.

Mary, I am glad to say, is just now very comfortable; But I hear she has been in a feeble & tottering condition. She has put herself under Dr Tuthill who has prescribed water to her. Charles, in consequence, resolved to accomodate [*sic*] himself to her, And since Lord Mayor's day has abstained from all other liquor as w[ell]<sup>1</sup> as from smoaking. We shall all rejoice indeed if this experiment succeeds.

Who knows but this promising resolution may have been strengthened by the presence of Coleridge? I have spent several Evenings with your friend. I say a great deal when I declare that he has not sunken below my expectations, for they were

these civilities by substantial services'—He helped her husband, the Treasurer of Galicia, to get his state papers and accounts safely to England before the battle of Corunna and subsequently secured a passage for both M and M<sup>me</sup> Lavaggi. However the lady did not come to London until 1810, just at the time of D. W.'s departure. Of M<sup>me</sup> Lavaggi, H. C. R. writes :—'She is the one Spaniard of whom I think with special respect and kindness.'

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.

never raised so before by the fame of any man. He appears to be quite well, And if the admiration he excites in me be mingled with any sentiments of compassion this latter feeling proceeds rather from what I have heard about than seen in him. He has more eloquence than any man I ever saw, except perhaps Curran the Irish orator, who possesses the only excellence in a very high degree which Coleridge wants to be a perfect *parlor-orator* viz ; short sentences. Coleridge cannot converse he addresses him to his hearers. At the same time he is a much better listener than I expected—

Your & your brother's kind invitation to the Lakes is most welcome. Be assured I want no further inducement to come among you. If I do not embrace the offer, the fault will be not in me but in my situation. I wish for no journey so much except indeed another voyage to Spain. My admiration, my love & anxious cares continue to be fixed on that country, And I have no doubt that if my hopes are not so lofty as those your brother nourishes, it is only because I am myself not so lofty : But I am appalled by a variety of distressing symptoms. Why is Romana<sup>1</sup> out of Spain with Lord Wellington ? And why do the Spanish people, & even my heroic [?] <sup>2</sup> and La Vaggi seem inclined to let the fate of their country await the issue of the [cam]paign <sup>2</sup> in Portugal ? All that I fear we can expect from the British government is that it will occupy a large French army be [*sic* by ?] stationing at the extremity of the Peninsula a military force compelling the enemy to concentrate himself in opposition Not a Spaniard should be found in such a defensive body ; and the Spanish people should consider it as the test of their capacity of resisting the enemy, whether they are or not able to prevent the arrival of succours to the

<sup>1</sup> ' On the 20<sup>th</sup> [October, 1808.] . . I witnessed a procession from the coast to the Town Hall, [Corunna] of which the two leading figures were the Spanish General Romana and the English Minister, M<sup>r</sup> Frere. Few incidents in the great war against Napoleon can be referred to as rivalling in romantic interest the escape of the Spanish soldiers under General Romana from the North of Germany ; but on beholding the hero, my enthusiasm subsided. Romana looked, in my eyes, like a Spanish barber I was therefore less surprised and vexed than others were when, in the course of events, he showed himself to be an ordinary character, having no just sense of what the times and the situation required from the Spanish nation.'

<sup>2</sup> Paper torn.

enemy at this extremity. If they can not they must I fear be considered in a military sense as a vanquished people. That a nation may remain for ages unconquered in the affections & yet politically & nationally enslaved we know from the history of Ireland. Sure the disproportion between the British & the Irish is not so great as that between modern France with her vassal states & Spain : Still the conflict will be tremendous And to a certain extent it must be a war of extermination

25<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup>

I have kept back my letter that I may inclose it under a frank to M<sup>r</sup> Southey. Coleridge spent an afternoon with us on Sunday. He was delightful. C. Lamb was unwell & could not join us. His change of habit tho' it on the whole improves his health, yet when he is ill or low spirited leaves him without a remedy or relief. M. Lamb desired me to say she is very much better

This mor[n]<sup>s</sup> . . I had a letter from <sup>1</sup>]Arndt.<sup>2</sup> He has ventured to return into Ger[many]<sup>1</sup> & is at present a pr[ofessor in S]<sup>1</sup>wedish Pomerania. I must translate you a sentence [or t]<sup>1</sup>wo from this prophet of [the]<sup>1</sup> Spanish Revolution. 'Your letter transported me once more into Spain. O the glorious nation! Must then all submit to the infernal spirit that is poured over the age? How piously, how fervently have I prayed for Spain; And she is still a consolation in a feeble age. Saragossa stands still by Numantia, Moore by Nelson, & Palafox<sup>3</sup>—whom shall we liken to the glorious man?' He speaks with bitterness of the German nation & especially it's princes and concludes

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.

<sup>2</sup> 'Among the good and great men who rendered service to the cause of national independence first & of civil liberty afterwards, *Moritz Arndt*, proscribed by Buonaparte for the one service & by the restored government of Prussia for his supposed democracy, after the expulsion of the French. For many years he was in obscurity, allowed to receive the pay of a *professor* at Bonn but prohibited teaching. After many years of this forced silence, in his old age the proscription was removed, & in the late [written in 1849] unfortunately abortive attempts to found a free constitution by means of a free legislative body at Frankfurth, *Arndt* was there a deputy. There however, tho' he suffered so unjustly as a suspected democrat, he became a supporter of order. . . . He at this time [1811] despairing of the cause of liberty, wrote to me for English books which I procured for him. His study then was Old English ballads.'

<sup>3</sup> The defender of Saragossa in 1809.

DECEMBER 1810

a short note of exclamations by praying for Alt-England  
'Other nations may in her still behold an image of a people  
& laws And other ages may bring other men '.

My letter to Arndt was sent a year ago with a parcel containing your brother's poems to a lady. I hope he has seen them. With what rapture would he not peruse the pamphlet could it be sent him.

I have not the assurance to ask you ever to write to me again, but it would give me great pleasure indeed to hear from you. To Mr Wordsworth my very best remembrances. We want unprophaned & unprostituted words to express the kind of feeling I entertain towards him—

Believe me with high esteem & sincere regard

Your friend  
H. C. Robinson

[P.S.] I received lately a very affectionate letter from Mrs Clarkson. She wrote too in good spirits then, but I have no very recent intelligence from Bury.

Mrs Collier desires her Compl<sup>ts</sup>

P.S. I was interested by your account of the Children & their reception of you but it is not only mountain-children that make verbs I heard an Essex child of 7 say lately in delight at a fierce torrent of rain 'how it is storming'. The same boy had just before said 'I love to see it roaring & pouring'—It is a most remarkable boy I own who said these things. I have more than once remarked the elements of poetic sense in him.

Address: Miss Wordsworth, Grasmere, near Kendal, Westmoreland.

Endorsed: Dec 28<sup>th</sup> 1810, H. C. R. to Miss Wordsw.

1809-1817  
No. 42.

23. Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.

[May 15. 1811]

p. 1, line 9. . . I hear that C.[oleridge] has at last begun to do something—that is, he is driven to it—What a humiliation I feel it to be glad that he has engaged to write for the Courner! I do not know how far you are in his confidence but he is apt to make any one who listens to him the confidant of his gloomy

O: 12704

[ 66 ]

MAY 1811

fancies or wild dreams of injuries—his best friends are not exempted from his accusations upon these occasions—let me caution you therefore against believing any thing to the prejudice of W. W. I mean with regard to his conduct as a friend to C.<sup>1</sup> It has been affectionate & forbearing throughout. When you see him (C), I wish you would remember me very kindly to him. I should be sorry that he thought that I harboured any unkind feelings on account of his neglect of our correspondence—it would make him either drive me wholly out of his thoughts or fancy that I too was become an enemy. I have not yet seen any thing in the *Courier* which seemed to come from him. . . .

1809-1817  
No 63.

24. *H. C. R. to Mrs. Clarkson*

56 Hatton Garden.

29 Novr 1811.

p. 2, *line* 10. . . . he [Coleridge] begged me the other day to remember him most affectionately to you he has been about writing to you these several months; and he added he wanted to see me before my journey that I might have delivered a verbal explanation concerning his affair with Wordsworth. This was the sole allusion he ever made to the affair; Of course I did not question him further . .

1809-1817  
No. 64.

25. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[P.M. Dec 7. 1811.]

p. 3, P.S., *line* 3. . . . I have many reasons for wishing that C[oleridge]. would write to me. Tell him from me that whether he write little or much I should be glad to hear from him. Don't tell him that you mentioned what he said respecting W.—I would rather avoid that subject if I could. It is possible that there might be something stern in W—s manner but he has done so much for C— born so much from him that C. ought to forget it. . . .

<sup>1</sup> For full details of the misunderstanding between Wordsworth and Coleridge, and of the part played by H. C. R. in their reconciliation, see the volume, *Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, &c.*, pp. 146 to 159, Manchester University Press, 1922.



APRIL 1812

1809-1817  
No. 76.

26. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

Bury.

Wednesday April 22. 1812.

My dear friend.

I would have thanked you sooner for your kindness in attending to my commissions but I wished first to have some communication with my friends at Grasmere before I took upon myself to deny that which I was sure was a *lie* if not in the letter in the spirit—My letter did not reach Grasmere till Wordsworth had left it but both Miss Wordsworth & Miss Hutchinson declared in the most positive terms their certainty that W. never used the expression attributed to him at Longman's table—I trust that Wordsworth will insist upon an explanation. I know so well the power of Coleridge's presence & the effect of his eloquence that something ought to be done by W— to counteract them.—It appears now that C— has been living for the last month at an Inn at Penrth—The Morgans had written to Keswick to enquire after him—The Bookseller had written to him urging him to come up with the *friend*—His picture was wanted for the exhibition in short there was a complete hue & cry after him. Not a soul knew what had become of him—At last Southey wrote to Mr Harrison of Penrth & was informed that he was there—So there is an end of the *Friend* & the articles for the *Eclectic Review* & most likely of his Lectures also—Will Wordsworth's unkindness serve this turn I wonder? Heaven forgive my hard-heartedness but I think he had better follow poor Jebb Loffts example & put a pistol to his brains—Now I have written the sentence I turn sick at the thought—If you hear any more of the stories about W. & C. I wish you would express your belief that Wordsworth never could have used the vulgar expressions attributed to him. I suppose W. is in Town by this Time—...

*Address:* To H. C. Robinson, Esq<sup>r</sup>., 56 Hatton Garden,  
London.

*Endorsed:* 22 April 1812. Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson, Jeb Loffts' death,  
Coleridge.

MAY 1812

1809-1817  
No. 786.

27. W. W. to H. C. R.

[15th May 1812.]

My dear Sir,

I am just reminded by Lady Beaumont, of an engagement made almost on my first coming here for Sunday next. It is to meet a party of my friends on that day to dinner. This unfortunately I had forgotten, Make the best excuse you can for me to your kind Host and Hostess,—I find that I must provide myself with a regular card to minute down my engagements, or I shall be getting daily into scrapes of this kind. I am very sorry for this ; my inexperience in this sort of life is all the excuse I have to offer, with the expression of my regret at not being able to fulfill an engagement from which I expected so much pleasure.

if you can say anything better for me, do. Most truly yours [*sic*]. I have never been well since I met your City Politicians. Yet I am content to pay this price for the knowledge of so pleasing a Woman as Mrs Charles Aikin ; being quite an Enthusiast when I find a Woman whose countenance and man[n]er are what a Woman's o[u]ght to be.

Most truly yours

Friday Morning

W. Wordsworth.

Grosvenor Square.

*Post Mark* : 12 [?2] o'Clock. 15 My. 1812. A.M.

*Address* : Henry Robinson, Esqr, Hatton Garden, No 56.

*Endorsed* : 15<sup>th</sup> May 1812. Note W: Wordsworth Autograph.

1809-1817  
No. 79.

28. H. C. R. to T. R.

20th May 1812.

p. 2, *line* 1 . . . You have I suppose heard from Mrs Clarkson that Wordsworth is in town. His being here has contributed too much to distract my mind from what [ought] to be its' sole object of pursuit ; but to shun such a man as W. or neglect to seize every occasion of being in his company is beyond my power. I have likewise had an occasion to see him in an

interesting situation. I found that he & C. had no common friend to interfere & by merely being the bearer of civil messages & explanatory letters heal the breach wh. has subsisted between them. And I therefore undertook the task And I rejoice to say with success. But do not speak of it I wrote an account of the negotiation to Mrs Clarkson, because she was privy to the rupture, & was entitled to know the event, but I do not for obvious reasons mention my concern in the reconciliation. That two *such men* as W. & C. (One I believe the greatest man now living in this Country And the other a man of astonishing genius & talents tho' not harmoniously blended as in his happier friend to form a great & good man) sho<sup>d</sup> have their relation towards each other affected by anything such a being as I could do seems strange and I do not wish to have the thought excited certainly not by my own uncalled for mention of the transaction There is no affected humility in this remark W. without saying a complimentary thing to me has done what has really flattered me, has offered to go & visit any one of my friends to whom I wish to introduce him. . . .

I took W. to see M<sup>rs</sup> C. Aikin he was pleased with her—very much pleased—but there were present young Roscoe from Liverpool & some other common place Democrats—And the Evening was uncomfortable On Sunday I am to go with him to Hampstead & dine with an interesting acquaintance whom I believe you have never seen, a M<sup>r</sup> Hamond<sup>1</sup>—Miss Joanna Bailey is to meet us— .

1809-1817  
No 80

29. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[May 29 1812.]

My dear friend !

I am very much obliged to you for your letter. I shall not revert to the main subject of it further than to say that I am pleased that W. & C. are likely to come together. For

<sup>1</sup> A friend introduced to H C R by the Aikins Hamond committed suicide on New Year's Day, 1820, leaving H. C R 'hundreds of quarto pages . . . all full of himself and of his judgement respecting his friends' These papers are now in Dr. Williams's Library, as well as various letters to him from Southey, Maria Edgeworth &c. See Appendix I

MAY 1812

my own part the whole affair must be the cause of lasting regret to me—but that signifies nothing.—I knew before that C. was worthless as a friend—but nothing would have made me believe that he, who knew W. so thoroughly—& who must know himself—could have acted as he has by W— . . .

1809-1817  
No. 33b.

30. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[*Endorsed*: 10<sup>th</sup> March 1813.]

My dear friend !

I wished much when you were here to have told you what I thought of C— but you seem to me to be afraid of being drawn into any unpleasant embassy—You need not however fear me. I should certainly not employ you on any message merely personal to C. & myself. But I have received a letter from Grasmere which has disturbed me more than I can express. C— as I told you wrote to them several times after the death of little Tom<sup>1</sup> & said that he w<sup>d</sup> go down to them were it not that he thought he ought to wait the fate of his Tragedy<sup>2</sup> but he w<sup>d</sup> certainly go if it were successful. W<sup>m</sup> & Dorothy have both written to him to say that nothing w<sup>d</sup> do W— so much good as his company & conversation—He has taken no notice whatever of these letters—He sent a Copy of the Play to Southey—none to them—& they have heard by a letter from Mr Morgan to Southey or Mr<sup>s</sup> C— that C. is going out of Town to the sea-side!!! Imagine them in the depths of sorrow receiving this cutting intelligence—I sent him a note yesterday telling him that I was going out of Town on Saturday that I wished particularly to see him & begging him either to come here today or to fix a time—or that I w<sup>d</sup> go to Berners Street. I sent the note by the footman but he was out & w<sup>d</sup> not be in till five o'clock—It is now past three o'clock & I have heard nothing from him. My sister cannot go with me to Berners Street tomorrow—and I am earnestly exhorted from Grasmere to go & see him. Now could you without much inconvenience spare time to go with me to Berners Street if I were to call on you in Hatton Garden. If I find him at home I shall easily make my way

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth's son.

<sup>2</sup> *Remorse*.

MARCH 1813

back & at all events I w<sup>d</sup> not take up much of your Time but I feel an invincible dislike to introduce myself to the Morgans—Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth—& C. if he love any body but himself he shews it by tormenting them—For my part I grow callous—yet in the innermost depths of my heart I pity him—I have had two or three notes from him—which I will shew you—I have not the least disposition to reproach him & if he would but lay his complaints before me I think I could remove the cloud from his judgment—if indeed it be not a cloud which he has willfully placed there to excuse his neglect of every duty. The account of the state of the family at Grasmere would make your heart ache—Supposing oneself to have been deeply injured could one wish for a more noble triumph than to fly to the succour of the [being ? <sup>1</sup>] who had inflicted the wound at a [<sup>2</sup> <sup>1</sup>] when that friend was softened by [affliction even supposing the being to be a common character ? what then when such an one as our friend W W. asks aid—

And after all what has C—suffered compared with the misery which he has inflicted ? He does not I know give pain for the sake of giving pain But who does except the Arch fiend ?

I shall call at Hatton Garden tomorrow about 12 o'clock or perhaps a little sooner—Leave a message for me if you are obliged to go out—It is a comfort that I have some friends in whose virtues I can pride myself & you are among the number

Your affectionate friend

Wednesday.

C. C.

*Address :* To H. C. Robinson, Esq<sup>re</sup>, 56 Hatton Garden.

*Post Marks.* 7 o'Clock, Mar. 10. 1813. Nt. [and] Two P Unpaid.

*Endorsed :* 10 March 1803. M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson (Coleridge) & Wordsworth.

1809-1817  
No. 89.

31. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

My dear friend !

[28<sup>th</sup> March 1813]

I have a piece of news to tell you which at any other time w<sup>d</sup> have given me unmixed pleasure—L<sup>d</sup> Lonsdale has given Wordsworth the appointment of Distributor of Stamps for

<sup>1</sup> Seal.

the County of Westmorland—The duty is very easy—the income £400 a year—It will not require that he should change his residence.

I am very sorry that I did not stay a few days longer in Town—so as to have rec<sup>d</sup> this intelligence there & to have had the opportunity of seeing C— again—that I might have communicated it to him & have had a little more conversation with him.

I blame myself now exceedingly for not going to see him before but my mind was a little sore in consequence of his not answering my letter & I could not help feeling that in consideration of my infirmities if not of my sex he ought to have spared me the trouble of going all that distance to seek after him—I liked M<sup>rs</sup> Morgan—but she is too young too idle & too happy for me to make her a medium of communication betw: myself & C— Yet I would give a great deal to know how he manages himself—and whether any one measures out to him the abominable drug—I w<sup>d</sup> give a great deal to know whether he has opened the last letters from Grasmere & whether he is likely to go to Grasmere.

I hope he will go & I am grieved that I had not the opportunity of following up the impression that was certainly made at our last meeting—Do go to Berners Street & fish out what you can for me—By the by the first copy of the Play was sent to Southey—written upon with his own hand & none for Grasmere.—However he has sent copies since—When all was right amongst them they w<sup>d</sup> have had no unpleasant feeling from this circumstance—I have long ceased to have any hope of his ever fulfilling the promise of his high endowments—but I cannot resign the other hope of his returning to his earliest & best friends—there are two of us at least that are faultless before him—What have we done? that we should be utterly neglected by him?—It is frightful to me to think of losing him (and indeed I do not think he will live many years) whilst his mind seems so utterly estranged from all its best feelings—I can reconcile my mind to his infirmities, and had I no other duties to perform I think I have the courage which would enable me to bear the consequences of them & watch even to the

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miserable end which they must lead to—but I cannot reconcile my mind to the change which his bad habits [*sic*] seems to have wrought into his very nature—But I shall tire you—Let me hear from you as soon as possible—Communicate the intelligence respecting Wordsworth to Lamb. Tell C. that I wished particularly to have communicated it myself to him but I feared lest he should overlook my letter.

I am plagued with a stump of a tooth which gnaws everlastingly—

The weather is beautiful—

In great haste

very affectionately yours

Purfleet Tuesday

C. Clarkson

Mar: 23

*Endorsed.* Mar. 23. 1813. Mrs Clarkson, Wordsworths' Appointment.

*No address or post mark.*

1809-1817  
No 90.

32. Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.

[29 March 1813]

My dear friend !

I am very much obliged to you for your letter though there were one or two sentences in it which gave me inexpressible pain. I cannot be angry with Mary Lamb but it is evident that she is not fit to be judge in the case before us. ' W. can now afford to take a journey or do anything '—This remark shews an ignorance not only of W—s character but of human nature itself. Was it ever known that money could cure any evil but Poverty ? I do not pretend at this moment to sympathise in the particular grief of my friends any more than M. L. but I can imagine what it is. Still there is Truth in what she says. What is to be desired is that C. should have the feelings towards them which w<sup>d</sup> induce him to go. He had those feelings when he wrote & said that nothing but his play kept him from them. They relied on this assertion with implicit faith—W<sup>m</sup> repressed his feelings when he wrote to C lest the other should neglect his own interests to go to him.

Dorothy wrote to me 'I am sure he will come if his Play is successful'. If he had but the courage to say that his heart fails him—that he cannot bear to be so near Keswick—but that he w<sup>d</sup> meet W— at some other place!!

After all I do incline to think with M. L. that there is some thing amongst them w<sup>h</sup> makes it perhaps better that they should not meet just now—I am however quite sure that nothing like indifference towards him exists on their part. And also that it rests with him entirely to recover all that he has lost in their hearts—

I am very glad that I have seen him though I have gained nothing in Hope or Comfort concerning him yet I seem to have gained strength by it which will I trust support me through the agony which I shall have to bear whenever it pleases God to remove him from this world—It cannot be so great as that which I suffered for the extinction of his poetical life. Weak Creature that I am! Even now I cannot help wishing that the Pang had been made easier to me—Had he staid another Month at B—the Truth the awful Truth w<sup>d</sup> have been revealed by slow degrees he too w<sup>d</sup> have been forced to have acknowledged it. He could not have gone back into that gloomy circle in which he has walked for years. He could not have forgotten when I was there *unchanged* before him that he had said—'Catherine I shall soon be a poet again you will make me a poet'.

It is past—and I know by experience that

There is a virtue in the strength of love  
Which makes a thing endurable that else  
Would break the heart <sup>1</sup>

N.B I mean that he must have acknowledged that the cause of failure was in himself. He went to G— & it was put upon the *change* he found there. He found in me a being capable of sympathising with him. It w<sup>d</sup> have made me supremely happy to have been the means of restoring him to himself—My husband w<sup>d</sup> have valued me the more for having done it

My path is clear before me—I will show him only love & tenderness that which is in the depths of my heart—Whenever

<sup>1</sup> Michael.



the opportunity occurs I will seek him out—sooth him with kindness greater than womans—the kindness the compassion of angels when they pity human frailty—N.B. You must consider this as a figure of speech—It looks as if I thought myself an angel

I have written to him to ask him to come hither—I do not expect that he will—If he does I shall hope that I may be able to do away some of the false notions which he entertains respecting W. & his household I may also learn something from him which may be the ground of a letter to them & w<sup>h</sup> may bring about a thorough re-union—At all events it is not fit that he should go to them in the present state of his feelings It might give him a handle to justify himself in future no-dings (I will not say *mis* doings—and thus would be injustice to the Morgans—injustice to his children and their mother. And now having finished my elegy I shall conclude like Milton

Tomorrow to fresh woods & pastures new—

By the by I must mention that I feel very indignant at M<sup>rs</sup> [?] Morgans expression respecting the females of W—s household. He can know nothing of them but from C. or from their letters—After this it is absolutely impossible that I can ever enter into any confidential intercourse with the M—s— Indeed I had determined against it before. I liked what I saw of M<sup>rs</sup> M— but I felt that there was such a difference in our age, education, habits & knowledge of life that we could not be intimate—yet I have a strong feeling of obligation to her & her husband for their care of C. which I should be glad to express to them when I can do it with propriety—

If I do not hear better accounts from Grasmere soon—I shall make an effort to go & see them—I think they will be better when they get into their new house & perhaps better than if they had moved into it immediately—Indeed I see in the effects of these losses upon them the evil of living so entirely out of the world. Especially in that country—I remember the effect which it had upon me—Those mountains give a character of permanency to any thing else—After middle life is passed the boyancy of youth is gone—We have more

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need of variety in our occupations—our associates &c If human life c<sup>d</sup> be an uninterrupted scene of Happiness—then retirement in a beautiful country with books & a few friends & inmates w<sup>d</sup> be enough & more than enough—But liable as all things here are to change we should provide against accidents—Our friends have no *acquaintances*—They have neighbours—But in their present circumstances they need the sight of *equals* who are not intimate friends—in whose company they must put some restraint upon themselves and in return they w<sup>d</sup> be won from their sadness by hearing of other things—the goings on of life in various ways—they w<sup>d</sup> hear of afflictions greater than th[eir]<sup>1</sup> own & by degrees from dishking these sort of visitors they w<sup>d</sup> find the benefit of them—In the end no doubt this acquisition to their income will be a great good—It will enable them to obey the generous impulses of their nature—It will relieve the females from a good deal of hard work which they have performed most cheerfully—but w<sup>h</sup> has certainly at times been prejudicial to them—It will raise them in the opinion of the world & increase their usefulness—and what is the greatest good of all it will release Wordsworths mind from all anxiety about money. . . .

Your very affectionate friend

Monday 29<sup>th</sup> Mar :  
1813

C. C.

*Address :* To H. C. Robinson, Esq, 56 Hatton Garden, London.

*Post Marks :* Romford, Penny Post, and D 30 Ma. 30 1813.

*Endorsed :* 29<sup>th</sup> March 1813, M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson (Coleridge) and Wordsworth.

1809-1817  
No. 95.

33. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[June 6. 1813]

p. 2, line 2. . . . I have not heard from Grasmere since the day after my arrival at home—I hope they are going on well but their silence alarms me I have written by this Post to beg to hear from them— . . .

<sup>1</sup> Seal.

1809-1817  
No. 117.

34. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

29 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1814

p. 8, line 4. . . . I have now finished the *Excursion*. It cannot be a popular poem, but it will be a permanent enjoyment to me. The moral and didactic passages will please you better than the tales, which are of unequal value. . . .

*Bundle 1*  
*VI. 44.* 35. *MS. in H. C. R.'s writing labelled*

[1814]

Extracts from a letter from Mr Wordsworth to Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson on the reception of a letter containing criticisms on the *Excursion* by a Unitarian lady.

'To you I will whisper that the *Excursion* has one merit if it has no other, a versification to which for variety of musical effect no poem in the language furnishes a parallel.'

Miss —s notion of poetical imagery is probably taken from the Pleasures of Hope or Gertrude of Wyoming—See for instance Stanza the first of said poems—There is very little imagery of that kind, But I am far from subscribing to your conception that there is little imagery in the Poem Either collateral in the way of metaphor colouring the style, illustrative in the way of Simile, or directly under the shape of description or incident.

Poetic passion, Dennis has well observed is of two kinds, imaginative & enthusiastic, And merely human & ordinary; of the former it is only to be feared that there is too great a proportion—But all this must inevitably be lost upon Miss — The Soul[,] dear Mr<sup>s</sup> C:[,] may be regiven when it has been taken away. My own Solitary is an instance of this; but a Soul that has been dwarfed by a course of bad culture cannot after a certain age be expanded into one of even ordinary proportion.—Mere error of opinion, mere apprehension of ill consequences from supposed mistaken views on my part, could never have rendered your Correspondent blind to the innumerable analogues & types of infinity, insensible to the countless awakenings to noble aspiration, which I have transferred into that poem from the Bible of the Universe,

as it speaks to the ear of the intelligent ; as it lies open to the eyes of the humbleminded—I have alluded to the Lady's errors of opinion—She talks of my being a worshipper of nature, a passionate expression uttered incautiously in the Poem upon the Wye has led her into this mistake. She, reading in cold heartedness & substituting the letter for the Spirit—Unless I am mistaken [there is nothing?] of this kind in the Excursion—There is indeed a passage towards the end of the 4<sup>th</sup> Book where the Wanderer introduces the Simile of the Boy & the Shell And what follows—That has something ordinarily but absurdly called Spinosistic—But the intelligent reader will easily see the *dramatic* propriety of the passage The Wanderer in the beginning of the book had given vent to his own devotional feelings and announced in some degree his own creed He is here preparing the way for more distinct conceptions of the Deity by reminding the Solitary of such religious feelings as cannot but exist in the minds of those who affect Atheism—She condemns me for not distinguishing between Nature as the work of God & God himself— But where does she find this Doctrine inculcated? Whence does she gather that the author of the Excursion looks upon Nature & God as the same? He does not indeed consider the Supreme Being as bearing the same relation to the Universe as a Watch maker bears to a watch—In fact there is nothing in the course of religious education adopted in this country & in the use made by us of the Holy Scriptures that appears to me so injurious as the perpetually talking about *making* by God—Oh! that your Correspondent had heard a conversation which I had in bed with my sweet little boy four & a half years old upon this subject the other morning 'How did God make me? Where is God? How does he speak? He never spoke to me' I told him that God was a *spirit*, that he was not like his flesh which he could touch; but more like his thoughts in his mind which he could not touch—The wind was tossing the fir trees and the sky & light were dancing about in their dark branches as seen through the Window Noting these fluctuations he exclaimed eagerly 'There is a bit of him—I see it there' This is not meant entirely for Fathers prattle; but for Heaven's

sake in your religious talk with children say as little as possible about *making* One of the main objects of the *Recluse* is to reduce the calculating understanding to its proper level among the human faculties—Therefore my book must be disliked by the Unitarians as their religion rests entirely on that basis & therefore is in fact no religion at all ;—but—I won't say what—

I have done little or nothing towards your request of furnishing you with arguments to cope with my Antagonist—Read the book if it pleases you—The construction of the language is perspicuous, at least I have taken every possible pains to make it so Therefore you will have no difficulty here—The impediments you may meet with will be of two kinds ; such as exist in the Ode which concludes my second Volume of Poems—This poem rests entirely upon two recollections of Childhood One that of a Splendour in the objects of Sense which is passed away, and the other an indisposition to bend to the law of death as applying to our own particular case—A Reader who has not a vivid recollection of these feelings having existed in his mind in Childhood cannot understand that poem. So also with regard to some of those elements of the human soul whose importance is insisted upon in the Excursion, and some of those images of Sense which are dwelt upon as holding that relation to immortality & infinity which I have before alluded to—If a person has not been in the way of receiving these images, it is not likely that he can form such an adequate conception of them as will bring him into vivid sympathy with the Poet—For instance one who has never heard the Echoes of the flying Ravens voice in a mountainous country as described at the close of the fourth Book will not perhaps be able to relish that illustration ; Yet every one must have been in the way of perceiving similar effects from different causes—but I have tired myself & must have tired you.

One word upon ordinary or popular passion—Could your Correspondent read the description of Robert & the fluctuations of hope & fear in Margaret[']s mind and the gradual [decay ?] of herself & her dwelling without a bedimmed eye then I pity her. Could she read the distress of the Solitary after the loss of his family & the picture of his quarrel with his own conscience

(though this tends more to meditative passion) without some agitation then I envy not her tranquility—Could the anger of Ellen before she sate down to weep over her Babe, tho' she were but a poor serving maid, be found in a book And that book said to be without passion, then, thank Heaven! that the person so speaking is neither my Wife nor my Sister, nor one upon whom (unless I could work in her a great alteration) I am forced daily to converse with' . . .

. . . 'Lamb is justifiably enraged at the Spurious Review which his Friends expect to be his—No Newmarket Jockey, no horse stealer was ever able to play a hundredth part of the tricks upon the person of an unhappy beast than [that?] the Bavius of the Quarterly Review has done for that sweet Composition So I will not scruple to style it, though I never saw it And, worst of all, Lamb kept no copy & the original M.S. is we fear destroyed<sup>1</sup>—

As to the Ed: Review I hold the Author of it in entire contempt And therefore shall not pollute my fingers with the touch of it—There is one Sentence in the Ex<sup>t</sup> ending in '*Sublime Attractions of the Grave*' which, if the poem had contained nothing else that I valued, would have made it almost a matter of religion with me to keep out of the way of the best stuff which so mean a mind as Mr Jeffreys could produce in connection with it.—His impertinences, to use the mildest term if once they had a place in my memory would for a time at least stick there. You cannot scower a spot of this kind out of your mind as you may a stain out of your clothes. If the mind were under the power of the will I should read Mr J<sup>v</sup> merely to expose his stupidity to his still more stupid admirers—This not being the

<sup>1</sup> See Lamb's two letters to Wordsworth, December, 1814. The first of these concludes: 'it is the first review I ever did, and I did not know how long I might make it. But it must speak for itself, if Gifford and his crew do not put words into its mouth, which I expect . . .' At the beginning of the second letter, we read: 'I told you my Review was a very imperfect one. But what you will see in the *Quarterly* is a spurious one, which Mr Bavius Gifford has palmed upon it for mine. . . . The language he has altered throughout . . . more than a third of the substance is cut away. . . . Every warm expression is changed for a nasty cold one. . . . The whole letter continues in the same strain. The article appeared in the *Quarterly*, October 1814.—Bavius Gifford, because of his satire, with that title, on the Della-Cruscan poets.

case as I said before I shall not pollute my fingers with touching his book. Give my affectionate regards to Henry Robinson And the same to Mr Clarkson I have just read over this letter—It is a sad jumble of stuff & as ill expressed—I should not send it but in compliance with the wish of Mary & Dorothy—The reason of the thing being so bad is that your friends remarks were so monstrous—To talk of the Offence of writing the *Exc<sup>a</sup>* and the difficulty of forgiving the author is carrying audacity & presumption to a height of which I did not think any *Woman* was capable Had my poem been much coloured by books as many parts of what I have to write must be I should have been accused as Milton has been of Pedantry and of having a mind which could not support itself but by other mens labours—

Do you not perceive that my conversations almost all take place out of Doors And all with grand objects of nature surrounding the speakers, for the express purpose of their being alluded to in illustration of the subjects treated of—*Much* imagery from books would have been an incumbrance. Where it was wanted, it is found'

[Note by H. C. R.] Some illegible remarks on the conversational character of the poem the letter concludes

'I write for you & not for your friend with whom if you would take my advice you will never converse by letters nor viva voce upon a subject of which she is in every way disqualified to treat.'

[Note by H. C. R.] For the date of this letter—See Lamb's letter to W. about his Review in Talfourd's Final Memorials

1809-1817  
No 121.

36. W. J. Fox<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

[6 Feb. 1815.]

Dear Sir

I am much obliged by your prompt and kind attention to my request, & gladly accept the loan you offer.

I confess I was rather surprised by your remarks on the

<sup>1</sup> Editor of the *Monthly Repository*, to which H. C. R. was a contributor, e.g. of a *catalogue raisonnée* of Goethe's works Fox was, later on, M.P. for Oldham.

Excursion, but not disheartened—If by Wordsworth's peculiar excellencies you mean a moral feeling at once correct, refined, and profound—Imagery beautiful, simple, & original—and above all a life-giving spirit which infuses soul into every object & makes the material face of Nature beam with intellect & sensibility, these I can discover and admire—for the elevated delight which they inspire I have been often indebted to Wordsworth, & have always felt that they placed him at an immeasurable height above Scott & the other Rhyming Romancers of the day—Still in reading him I am often vexed at what gives you no offence, or perhaps excites your admiration—I am not, as Madge<sup>1</sup> says, *imitated* or *fraternized*—I am accustomed to be alternately scorned for admiring too little, & ridiculed for admiring too much—His *prose* is my delight—He ranks, in my opinion, with the best writers of the best age of English literature—His prose is a rich combination of the swelling majesty of Milton with the luxuriant imagery of Jeremy Taylor—If you read the Essay on Eptaphs to M<sup>rs</sup> P, I think her pleasure could not be inferior even to yours—But you are probably wondering, all this time, what occasioned my *surprise*—It was, your almost identifying Wordsworth with the German poets—My ignorance must be my excuse for having supposed that there were so few points of resemblance that it was very possible to be an Infidel as to the one, and an Enthusiast as to the other—If their prose writers resemble him I wish nothing better—What I have seen of their translated poetry bears a nearer affinity to that of our elder Dramatists—with his it appeared almost in contrast—He is generally gentleness itself—his beings of this world are *men*—but they are men of simple, honest hearts & unassuming minds—& even these he gladly leaves to commune with the benignant spirits of mildest influence who brood over his solitary haunts.—They delight in the strongest, darkest, wildest emotions which distract the soul—and their supernatural beings are called from hell's

<sup>1</sup> Rev. T. Madge, 'a lover of Wordsworth and his poetry', was minister successively at Bury St. Edmunds, the Octagon Chapel, Norwich, and Essex St. Chapel, London. H. C. R. knew him in all three places and regularly attended at Essex St. from 1846 onwards.



FEBRUARY 1815

deepest caverns to lower over the battle or guide the lightning—I shall be surprised to see the fevered Genius of their poetry hushed into his mood of pure and pensive thought and 'breathless with adoration'. But jam satis—to tire you with this galloping scribble is not a very grateful return for your civility.—I am glad to remember that I have one acknowledged claim upon your forbearance towards my infirmities—Unitarianism, in poetry, like charity in morals, covereth a multitude of sins.

I am, Dear Sir  
Yeur's obliged  
W J Fox.

Chichester  
6 Feb 1815

*No address or post mark.*

*Endorsed*: 6 Feb'y 1815. Willam J. Fox on Wordsworth.

1809-1817  
No. 103.

37. *Christopher Wordsworth*<sup>1</sup> *sen.*  
*to H. C. R.*

Downing St  
March, 10, 1815.

My dear Sir

Mr M. Sutton, not being in the Way, when your Letter arrived, I could not quite satisfactorily to myself return an answer yesterday evening.

Miss Lobcote not having been admitted amongst us as one of the Family, I had less opportunity of knowing her qualifications, or character.

It appears, I think, from the information which I can obtain here, to be about a year and a half ago, since Miss L. left the Family of the Archbishop of Canterbury: and it is not known by Mr M. Sutton what may have been her engagements and proceedings since. When it is said that she was about four years in that family, I apprehend no over statement

<sup>1</sup> 'She [Mrs C. Wordsworth] pleases me, and so does he, tho' he has all the elements of an high priest in him, tempered by domestic virtues. . . . They did not appear to have heard lately from the poet, & the want of the intimacy there ought to subsist between the brothers is the only unfavourable trait in the Doctors character or circumstances . . . ' [But see H. Martineau's letter of Feb. 8, 1846: 'The Master of Trinity was a good man, as good as a high priest could be.']

MARCH 1815

is made: though she left Lambeth, for a time, to try another situation which she did not like. But her being permitted to return, after such a step, may be considered, I think, so far, as in her favour. The extent of her abilities as a Teacher I do not exactly know, but I believe they were respectable. Her moral character appears to be quite unimpeached; and she was I believe fond of the society of the young Ladies

I am sorry to hear the account of Mr Sergt Rough.<sup>1</sup> My recent arrival in Town has not given me an opportunity of enquiry after him.

I remain Dear Sir

Very faithfully yours

Chr. Wordsworth

*No post mark or address.*

*Endorsed.* Mar. 10. 1814. Dr Wordsworth abt Miss Lobcote.

Merely an Autograph.

1809-1817  
No. 127.

38. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydale Mount near Ambleside.

August 2nd 1816.

My dear Sir,

It gave me much pleasure to see your Friend Mr Cargill,<sup>2</sup> though I am sorry to say that his looks & appearance were so much altered by delicate not to say bad health that I did not at first recollect him.—In fact he had found himself so far untuned on his arrival at Kendal as to deem it advisable to halt there for two days: and in consequence of this consumption of his time he could only spare one day for this neighbourhood, being anxious to reach Edinbh as quickly as possible. I need

<sup>1</sup> Sergt. Rough was for many years intimate with H. C. R. and influenced his decision to read for the Bar. H. C. R. was able later on to help Rough when he was in financial difficulties. Ultimately, in 1816, a legal position was obtained for him in Demarara, but he was not very successful there. Dr. Wordsworth's reference is no doubt to Rough's money troubles.

<sup>2</sup> A native of Jamaica, and a pupil of Thelwall (who, after his acquittal on the charge of treason, had a school in Upper Bedford Place where he taught 'oratory'—especially to those who had 'defects arising from the malformation of the organs of speech'). He studied the law under Serjeant Rough, by H. C. R.'s advice, but afterwards became a clergyman [Sadler].

not say that I found his manners and conversation answer the promises of your introductory letter, and that I parted from him with regret, which was not a little encreased by an impression upon my mind that rest would have been a better thing for him than Eñborough bustle, or a fatiguing and harrassing journey among the bad and widely-parted Inns of the Highlands.

The hope of seeing you here is very grateful to me ; and upon a supposition that you propose to take some pains in seeing the Country I will proceed to give you directions for doing it to the best advantage. London, Manchester, *Lancaster*, (the Castle is extremely well worth your notice) : at this Town, instead of proceeding by the Coach to Kendal, enquire about the best mode of crossing the Sands to Ulverstone ; a Coach used to go, but whether it runs now or not, I cannot say. Of course you must take care to cross these sands at a proper time, or you will run a risk of being drowned, a catastrophe to which I would not willingly be instrumental. At Ulverstone you will be within 7 or 8 miles of the celebrated abbey of St Marys, commonly called Furness Abbey. These Ruins are very striking, and in an appropriate situation ; if you should think it worth while to go & see them, the best way would be for you and your Friend to hire a Chaise, as by so doing you would preserve your strength, and only need consume three hours in the Expedition. Should you not deem this sight [to your ?] taste (for you would have to go and to come back by the same way), you will proceed straight from Ulverstone to Coniston Water, by Penny Bridge, where is a decent Inn ; and at the head of Coniston Lake a very good one delightfully situated. If so inclined, you might pass a whole day very pleasantly there, the morning rowing upon the water, the afternoon walking up & through Eugh-dale into Tilberthwaite and taking care to return from Tilberthwaite, by a house called the Eugh-tree, and up a road which will lead you near another Farm-house called Tarn Hows. at a point in this Road you will suddenly come upon a fine prospect of Coniston Lake, looking down it. From Coniston to Hawkshead ; At Hawkshead walk up into the Churchyard, and notice below you the School

House, which has sent forth many northern lights, and among others your humble servant. From Hawkshead proceed to the *Ferry-House* upon Windermere, and less than a quarter of a mile before you reach it stop, and put yourself under the guidance of an old Woman, who will come out to meet you if you ring or call for her at a fantastic sort of gateway, an appurtenance to a *Pleasure-House* of that celebrated Patriot Mr Curwen, called the Station. The *Ferry Inn* is very respectable, and that at Bowness excellent. Cross at the *Ferry*, and proceed by Bowness up the lake towards Ambleside; you will pass Low-wood, an excellent Inn also, but here you would be within 4 miles of Rydale Mount, where I shall be most happy to see you and furnish you with a bed as long as you like; but I am sorry to say it will n[torn by seal] be in my power to accom[m]odate your Friend, who nevertheless shall be welcome for your sake. Here you will have further directions. I shall do everything in my power to be at home when you come, but many engagements have devolved upon me in consequence of the lamented death of my Brother, and some, I fear, are too likely to press upon me about the time of your intended Tour.

The Road I have chalked out is much the best for com[m]encing the Tour, but few take it. The usual way is to come on directly to Kendal, but I can assure you that this deviation from the common course will amply repay you.

I am glad that you were pleased with my Odes &c [?] They were poured out with much feeling, but from mismanagement of myself the labour of making some verbal corrections cost me more health and strength than anything of that sort ever did before. I have written nothing since—and as to Publishing I shall give it up, as nobody will buy what I send forth: nor can I expect it seeing what stuff the public appetite is set upon. As to your advice about *touring*, that subject we will talk of when we meet. My whole soul was with those who were resolved to fight it out with Bonaparte; and my heart of hearts set against those who had so little confidence in the power of justice or so small discernment concerning its nature, [?] as to be ready at any moment to accept of such a truce, as under the name of peace he might condescend to bestow. For

AUGUST 1816

the personal character of the present ministry, with the exception of Lord Hawksbury<sup>1</sup> I cannot say to you that I entertain any high respect, but I do conscientiously believe that they have not been wanting in efforts to economize & that the blame of unnecessary expenditure, wherever that exists, rests with the Prince Regent. Adieu.

Faithfully yours,  
W Wordsworth.

The ladies under my roof join in best regards and remembrance

[At the side] . . halting at Coniston, and the deviations from the common track must depend upon the length of time which you have to spare. I shall be very glad to see you again. D. W

*Post Mark*: C. 7 Au 7, 1816. No. 2.

*Address*: To Henry Robinson, Esq<sup>re</sup>, 5 Essex Court, Temple, London.

*Endorsed*: Wordsworth, Aug. 2, 1816.

1809-1817  
No. 128

39. W. W. to Rev. Wm Carr

Rydale Mount.

Sept<sup>r</sup> 29<sup>d</sup> 1816

My dear Sir,

I take the Liberty of requesting that you will be so kind, as to furnish the Bearer M<sup>r</sup> Robinson of the Middle Temple, a particular Friend of mine, with directions to the favorite points of view about your delightful Place—

I remain Sir

with much respect

truly yours

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

*Address*: The Rev<sup>d</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Carr, Bolton Abbey.

*Endorsed*: Wordsworth. Autograph, Sep 29<sup>th</sup> 1816.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Hawkesbury (who had succeeded his father as 2nd earl of Liverpool in 1808), first took office under Pitt in 1799. In 1812, he became prime minister when Lord Wellesley and Lord Moira had tried in vain to form a government after Perceval's assassination. Liverpool could not get Whig support and therefore became chief of a purely Tory ministry. His government did not include Canning, and was considered weak at the time of its formation, but, largely owing to Wellington's victories, it lasted fifteen years—that is until ill-health forced him to resign a few months before his death.

1809-1817  
No. 129.

40. *H. C. R. to T. B.*

Bolton Bridge

29<sup>th</sup> Sept 1816

p. 2, *line* 8. . . . After dinner we all walked to Ambleside.

Th<sup>y</sup> 5 . . . Was a day of prime enjoym<sup>t</sup>—Wordsw: accomp<sup>d</sup> us to the best Spots on Rydal Water & Grasmere lake And in the Eveng we were at his house—A party of ladies were there—

6. My Compan<sup>s</sup> had intended to spend their Sunday at Dumfries because they sho<sup>d</sup> not be comfortable to pass a Sunday without hearing Mass—W. informed them they might do this at Kendal—Miss Wordsw: was go<sup>e</sup> there on Sat<sup>y</sup> I therefore offerd to accompany her on foot & return with them on the Sunday—This day we spent in a Walk by W. & me &c [?] (T.<sup>1</sup> having a horse) to Patterdale—In spight of bad weather we enjoyed the sublime mount<sup>s</sup> at the head of Ullswater—The lower end where the Clarkson's resided I did not see And was unable to visit at all—

Sat 7. A wet walk to Kendal—Miss Wordsw: rend<sup>d</sup> the day as comfortable as good company possibly could—I took a bed at M<sup>r</sup> Thompson's—M<sup>rs</sup> Pattisson's Uncle—An amiable family of sensible women consoled me for the bad day.

Sund<sup>y</sup> 8. Nothing could console me for this day—We were foolish enough to walk back to Ambleside—were wet through terribly jaded & made ourselves constant reproaches for not tak<sup>g</sup> a chaise.

M<sup>y</sup> 9.—A golden day, tho' a wet one.—Tho' we suffered because we co<sup>d</sup> not enjoy the lake of Keswick yet the weather was not bad enough to spoil the scenery between Ambleside & Keswick—Unquestionably the most glorious 16 miles travelled by a stage coach in England. We also spent the Even<sup>s</sup> with the Laureat. . . .

Tues. 10. A bad day but we contrived to see Lodore waterfall—improved by the rain—I climbed up the fell over the cascade—left my companions And had a solitary ramble. We had a social party at the Inn

<sup>1</sup> Torlonia, the young Italian who, with his tutor, Mr. Walter, had accompanied H. C. R. on this, his first visit to Rydal Mount.

SEPTEMBER 1816

Wed. 11. I regretted losing my Compan<sup>a</sup>—at the Druids' stones near Keswick. I was soon joined by Wordsw. who hav<sup>a</sup> family business to settle at Ravenglass & Cockermouth proposed my accompanying him: I gladly accepted the offer, but the 5 days during which we remained together were almost uninterruptedly rainy. So that excepting the pleasure of his company they were unpleasant as well as laborious. This day we walked to Cockermouth

12. We staid at Cockerm<sup>a</sup> . . .

13. A dismal walk to Calder bridge—enlivened only by a beautiful object; Calder Abbey

14. Another shocking day spent in a most wretched place Ravenglas

15. The weather improved. W. left me at Eskdale. . . .

1809-1817  
No 135

41. H. C. R. to W. W.

[Oct? 1816.]

p. 1, line 9. . . . After parting with you at Grasmere on the 24<sup>th</sup> I remained a day with De Q. But the visit was somewhat uncomfortable. His Mind was in a sore state And I fear we parted with some diminution of kindness towards each other, tho' I must acknowledge his hospitality towards me. He displeased me by an abrupt & unhandsome question 'Did Mr or Mrs W mention etc?' I was the more offended because I had the weakness to answer drily No—In my anxiety not to compromise my Rydol [*sic*] friends I did not perceive that I might have answered even an impertinent question with perfect truth & without increasing the cause of that shyness & that offence which I soon perfectly understood. I had no doubt before I heard it avowed that the estrangement I so much regretted proceeded from resentm<sup>t</sup> at imagined comments on an unfortunate transaction.<sup>1</sup> From Lamb I hear that the Catastrophe has been a *natural* one.

De Q: took me on the 25<sup>th</sup> to Dungeon Gill Force and by Tilberthwaite to Conston Water Head—The delicious route you prescribed to me. . . .

<sup>1</sup> His marriage to a girl, who was formerly his mistress De Quincey resented the fact that the Wordsworth ladies did not call on his wife.

p. 4, last 3 lines. . . . To Mrs W. & Miss W. & Miss Hutchinson my most cordial remembrances—I hope they will soon be in our part of the country—for a few years at least I shall not be able to revisit you. Till I see you, be assured I remain

Your very obliged friend

H. C. Robinson

W. Wordsworth Esq<sup>r</sup>

1809-1817  
No. 142.

42. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydale Mount

24<sup>th</sup> June 1817

My dear Sir,

D<sup>r</sup> Chalmers,<sup>1</sup> (of whom notwithstanding his celebrity I had never heard which occasioned me to address him by the name of D<sup>r</sup> Campbell a most unlucky blunder) delivered your Letter, and I gave him such directions for seeing the Country as best suited with the time at his disposal. His Friend mentioned by you was not with him.—I duly received your former Letter, I mean in due course of Post, for as to other *obligation*, if I may use so bold a word, it came like a bad debt unexpectedly recovered.—(A man of business is speaking to a Lawyer you will therefore excuse the Metaphor).—How came you to quarrel with Furness Abbey—Your old enemy bad weather must have persecuted you into bad humour, which powerful as your foe was, I think he would have some difficulty in effecting. Furness Abbey presents some grand points of view, which you must have missed—The Architecture never seems to have been as highly embellished as might have been expected from the princely power and revenues of the Community who erected it. This I allow, and it is dilapidated far beyond the point where entireness may advantageously be infringed, [?] upon where in the gratifications of the eye and the imagination meet each in their utmost perfection.—But after all why not be thankful for what has been done & yet remains?—How unlucky you were! we have had less rain during the last eleven or twelve weeks, than the average of as many hours taken for the time you were

<sup>1</sup> A famous Glasgow preacher who 'appeared absorbed in his subject, utterly free from ostentation, and forgetful of himself'.



among us—It has been a cold spring but bright & beautiful, and we are now in a series of the old golden glorious summer days ; the little corn that we have in the neighbourhood, and the grass growing as fast as in Russia or Finland—Yesterday Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth and myself were on the top of Helvellyn, my second visit within these last three weeks. The former was with my Sister, we returned over its summit from Patterdale where we had been staying a few days. I describe nothing of these appearances in Prose—you will hear of them at some future time in Verse—In a fortnight or three weeks I visit Mr Stanley of Ponsonby, a mile from Calder Abbey<sup>1</sup> your favorite ; I have invited Mr Hutton<sup>2</sup> to meet me at Ravenglass, and he assured the Place shall receive a few ill names from me on your behalf, if it does not make amends for past offences by putting on its best looks—

I hope you will see the Laureat<sup>3</sup> on his return also for news of which I am beginning to look and indeed to long. He went away with a wish to purchase the house he occupies at Keswick it is advertized for sale on the tenth I believe of next month—His Letter quoad Mr W<sup>m</sup> Smith<sup>4</sup> is I think completely triumphant, but I am not satisfied with his statement of his own opinions, and his delineation of the course which he wishes to be pursued. It is too hastily executed and wants some passages of searching admonition to ministers both for their benefit, and to blunt the force of a charge which his enemies will bring against the author of being too obsequious to the throne the aristocracy, and to [?] persons in office, or in plain terms [?]

<sup>1</sup> Calder Abbey stands in the woods of Ponsonby.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hutton accompanied Wordsworth (and H. C. R.) when they went to the auction of some fields which had belonged to Richard Wordsworth, the poet's eldest brother, then, 1816, recently deceased. Mr. Hutton was apparently W's man of business. H. C. R. notes in his *Reminiscences* as 'a singular illustration of the maxim, "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country"' that 'Mr Hutton, a very gentlemanly and seemingly intelligent man, asked me, 'Is it true—as I have heard reported—that Mr Wordsworth ever wrote verses ?''

<sup>3</sup> Southey.

<sup>4</sup> This letter was a reply to W. Smith [M.P. for Norwich] in the House of Commons, on *Wat Tyler* [an early republican play, which had been surreptitiously revived], and is intended as a vindication of the author's right to change his opinions. [Sadler.] *A Letter to W. Smith Esq., M.P., from R. Southey* 1817 was published in the *Courier*.

of being a *Tool of Power*. A most false and foul accusation, for a more disinterested and honourable Man than Robert Southey does not breathe—Does Mr Smith expect that even his personal & party friends will in their consciences believe him whatever they [<sup>1</sup>] profess, when he states, as he did in the Ho[use<sup>1</sup>] that he did not censure a change of [<sup>1</sup>] but the virulence with which they were now reproached who continued to think as their present Reviler himself had formerly done. How came he then to use the word *Renegado*? The practice to which he pretends his censure was confined is far from entering of necessity into the meaning of that word. The *act of change* is stigmatized by the word; which comes from a desertion of Christianity for Mohammedanism, which Christians cannot admit a possibility of, from other than a bad motive or a vitious impulse.—You remember the squabble I got into with young Roscoe<sup>2</sup>—a very shallow fellow! at Mr Charles Aikin's.<sup>3</sup> He is suspected by a Scotch friend of mine to be the author of a vehement senseless and if I had not used the word before I should add virulent attack upon me in a publication now struggling into birth under the name of the *Edinburgh Magazine*.<sup>4</sup> This stupid diatribe is occasioned by my Letter on the subject of the new edition of Burns.—If it tends to make my Publication enquired after—I should be thankful to this *Young Gentleman*—such he was, and young in brain he must ever be—but as to the substantive in any creditable sense, nothing can be left but what he may owe to his Tailor—farewell

<sup>1</sup> Torn by seal.

<sup>2</sup> Roscoe. The word is badly written, but this is almost certainly the right reading, for we know from the *Diary* that Wordsworth dined, with H. C. R., at Mrs. Charles Aikin's on May 13, 1812, and that 'Roscoe, son of the Liverpool Roscoe' was among the guests 'A political dispute rather disturbed us for a time. Wordsworth, speaking of the late assassination of Perceval, and of Sir Francis Burdett's speech ten days ago, said that probably the murderer heard that speech, and that this, operating on his mind in its diseased and inflamed state, *might be* the determining motive to his act. This was taken up as a reflection on Sir Francis Burdett, and resented warmly by young Roscoe, who maintained that the speech was a constitutional one, and asked what the starving were to do? "Not murder people", said Wordsworth, "unless they mean to eat their hearts". And see Letter 28—Roscoe must be William Stanley Roscoe, the son of the opponent of the slave trade. See note to Letter 14.

<sup>3</sup> See Letter 27.

<sup>4</sup> Later called *Blackwood's Magazine*.

JUNE 1817

Let me hear from you in reasonable time. I have not seen Southey's article in the last Q. R. nor Mr Moore's ugly named Poem<sup>1</sup>, nor Lord Bys— Tragedy<sup>2</sup>, nor his last Canto of Child Harold<sup>3</sup> where I am told he has been poaching on my Manor, nor any one new thing whatever—except abuse of myself and sometimes praise, that persons mostly unknown to me are officious enough to forward me these [?].<sup>4</sup>

truly yours  
W W

Miss H. is gone to the seaside all well, [?] with kindest regards.

W W

*Address* : Henry Robinson, Esq., Temple, London.

*Post Mark* : 2 o'Clock, 30. Ju. 1817 ANO.

*Endorsed* . 24 June 1817, Wordsworth On Southey's pamphlet on W. Smith's attack in the house of Commons.

1818-1826  
No 1

43. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

Jan. 15<sup>th</sup> 1818.

p 2, *line* 27 . . . Miss Hutchinson<sup>5</sup> is coming at last if I had not known Wordsworths ways I should have been a little out of patience but I gave them good law. From your report I think it a pity that W. & C. should have met in company. Men of the world have a certain tact by which they regulate their conduct in society & which seems to have been wanted upon the occasion to which you allude. A man of the world in W—s place would have been kind before strangers cold in private. W—s better nature I have no doubt would make him affectionate in private & only cold before strangers because his whole mind could not be expressed before them. . .

1818-1826  
No. 42.

44. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

Jan. 3<sup>d</sup> 1820.

p. 1, *line* 18. . . . I certainly intend to come to London in the Spring, though I should be glad to put it off till the latter end of April if I could for the comfort of warmer weather & to have

<sup>1</sup> *Lalla Rookh*.

<sup>2</sup> *Manfred*.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Canto III which appeared in 1816. Canto IV was published in 1818

<sup>4</sup> See *Foreword*, p viii, and note

<sup>5</sup> Mrs. Wordsworth's sister.

JANUARY 1820

the opportunity of seeing Mr & Miss Wordsworth who intend to come up early in May—you have heard I dare say that W—s youngest Boy is with Mr Johnson at the Central School in Baldwins Gardens—In May he is to be placed at the Charter House. If you are disposed to visit him you will find Mr Johnson a most pleasing Man & the School if you have never seen it a high treat. Mr Wordsworths name will be a sufficient Introduction as it ought to be. . . .

1818-1826  
No. 49.

45. D. W. to H. C. R.

Berne.

Aug. 6th [1820]

My dear Sir,

We arrived here yesterday all in good health and spirits, & very much pleased with our travels. We intend to depart tomorrow morning for Thoun, & shall proceed by Interlachen, Grindlewald &c, to Lucerne, making little tours and turnings by the way. I hope it will not be long before you find us out somewhere; & to assist you in so doing we shall take care to leave notices at the inns of our route. We intend to go as far as Milan—but further than Milan I think we shall not attempt to go, seeing by the way all that time & strength will permit. Often and often have we wished for you while we have been in Germany. At the time of bill-paying you would have saved us great trouble, and sometimes no little vexation.

My Brothers eyes are better, though not strong. My Sister makes a very good traveller, & I, though not the stoutest of the three, have done pretty well, & we have all enjoyed ourselves. Mr Monkhouse is quite well, & his Wife & Miss Horrocks are also in good health; but I am sorry to tell you that Mrs M. is not strong enough to cross the Alps with us, or to make any very fatiguing excursions, therefore, we shall part from her & her Sister at Lucerne; & they will wait for us at Geneva.

They have a maid-servant, & will be very comfortable. . . Mr Monkhouse will be of our party over the Alps . . . I think I have no more to say, except that we shall all rejoice to see you, & that I am your faithful and affectionate Friend

Dorothy Wordsworth

AUGUST 1820

We were delighted with Heidelbergh, & with the kindness and hospitality of your Friend Mr Pickford, & his Family.

Berne August 6<sup>th</sup>

Crown Inn

From Lucerne to Brunnen, Schwytz-Altdorf Lugano Como &c &c.

OUR INTENDED ROUTE.

Thoun	Menaggio on the Lake of Como
Interlachen	Como
Lauterbrun	Milan
Grindelwald	Varese
Over the Brunick	Laveno
to Lucerne	Boromean Islands
Brunnen	Domo D'ossola
Schwytz	Cross the Simplon into the
Altorf	Valais
Over the St. Gothard	We shall leave a Letter at
To Bellinzzone	Lucern Altorf at Bellinzzone
To Locarno	at Como-Milan &c.
Lugano	
Portezza	

10<sup>th</sup> left Grindelw Lauterbrun

11<sup>th</sup> w<sup>a</sup> be at Meiringen [pencilled note. By

12<sup>th</sup> at Lucerne H.C.R.?)

14<sup>th</sup> Eagle

*Address* : à Monsieur. Monsieur Henry Robinson, à la Poste restante, Geneve.

*Post Mark* : Bern.

*Endorsed* : 6 August 1820. Miss Wordsworth.

The Itinerary, by Wordsworth.

1818-1826  
No 64.

46. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount.

Jan. 23 1821.

My dear Friend,

We have had no tidings of the Books which were to be sent us by the Bookseller near Charing-cross, which, if no misfortune had happened to them might have been here, upwards of six

weeks ago.—We suffer no little inconvenience from the want of them; and along with the Books the package contained paper, which not having arrived, I am obliged to write to you on this shabby half folio sheet.—Every thing has been unlucky relating to this matter for being uneasy at not receiving the Books nearly a month since I sent a Letter to a Friend to be franked for you, your address being given on the inside of the cover, which had been thrown into the fire I suppose as soon as the Letter was opened; for to my great mortification the Letter came back to me with a notice that my friend did not know what use was to be made of it. . . Be so kind as to call upon the Bookseller, and desire him to forward the Books immediately, address'd to Mr Cookson, Kendal<sup>1</sup>, no other name appearing on the Package: which is to be sent by Pickford's Canal a conveyance which we have found both safe & expeditious. I am sorry to give you this trouble, but the parcel is really valuable.

I have no news from this place—My Sister is still at Cambridge—Southey came over to see me since my return, he is quite well, but looks older than might be expected. He is about to publish a Poem<sup>2</sup>, occasioned by the death of his late Majesty, which will bring a nest of hornets about his ears; and will satisfy no party. It is written in English Hexameter verse, and in some passages with great spirit. But what do you think; in enumerating the glorified spirits of the reign of George 8<sup>d</sup> admitted along with their earthly sovereign into the New Jerusalem, neither Dr Johnson nor Mr Pitt are to be found. . . Woe to the Laureat for this treasonable judgement! will be the cry of the Tories.

I am glad to find that Barry Cornwall's tragedy<sup>3</sup> has been so successful, and if you see him pray be so kind as to give him my congratulations. Say all that is kind to the Lambs, and to Talfourd, and to the Monkhouses<sup>4</sup>, but with them we are in correspondence.

<sup>1</sup> The father of Strickland Cookson, the solicitor who was the friend and executor of Wordsworth, as also of H. C. R.

<sup>2</sup> *The Vision of Judgment*.

<sup>3</sup> *Mirandola*.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Monkhouse was a connexion of Mrs. Wordsworth, a London merchant. His wife was a Miss Horrocks of Preston. The names of both families appear frequently in this correspondence.

JANUARY 1821

Mrs Wordsworth desires her kindest remembrances, we often talk of you, and your good humour, and accommodating manners.

Ever sincerely yours  
W Wordsworth

*Address* : To H. C. Robinson, Esq<sup>r</sup>., Temple, London.

*Post Marks* · Kendal, Ja. 24, 1821, 261. C. 26 Ja 26, 1821.

*Endorsed* · 28<sup>a</sup> Jan 1821. Wordsworth, Southey's Vision of Judgm<sup>t</sup>.

1818-1826  
No 55

47. W. W. to H. C. R.

[Mar. 13 1821]

My dear Friend

The Books arrived safe

You were very good in writing me so long a Letter, and kind after your own Robinsonian way in going to inquire after our long and far banished Little one. As we hear from himself never, and of him but seldom, we cannot but be at some times anxious, remembering the two sharp fits of illness which he had last Summer. You will be pleased to hear that the two ladies are busy in transcribing their Journals; neither of them have yet reached the point where you joined us, but many a spot where we all wished you had been with us, often, I own, from our want of an Interpreter, and not unfrequently from less selfish motives.—Your determination to withdraw from your Profession in sufficient time for an Autumnal harvest of leisure, is of a piece with the rest of your consistent resolves and practices. Consistent I have said, & why not *rational*—the word would surely have been added, had not I felt that it was awkwardly loading the sentence, and so truth would have been sacrificed to a point of Taste, but for after compunction. Full surely you will do well—but take time, it would be ungrateful to quit in haste a profession that has used you so civilly. Would that I could encourage the the [*sic*] hope of passing a winter with you at Rome, about the time you mention, which is just the period I should myself select.—But the expense is greater than I dare think of facing, though five years hence the educa-

tion of my eldest Son will be nearly finished ; but in the mean time I cannot foresee how we shall be able to lay by any thing either for travelling, or other purposes.—Poor Scott<sup>1</sup> ! living in this solitude we have thought more about him, & suffered more anxiety and sorrow on his account, than you among the many interruptions of London can have leisure to feel. I do not recollect any other English Author's perishing in the same way. It is an Innovation the effect of others which promise no good to the Republic of Letters or to the Country. We have had ribaldry, and sedition, and slanders enough in our Literature heretofore, but no epithet which those periods deserved is so foul as that merited by the present, viz—the *treacherous*. As to Scott he need not have lost his life, if the Coroners Inquest may be trusted but for the Intemperance and ignorance of his Second.—At a proper time I should much wish enquiries to be made from myself after Mrs Scott, who must know that I was acquainted with her Husband. This perhaps you could assist me in effecting ; in the meanwhile could you let me know how she bears her affliction, and what circumstances she is left in.

I have read Cornwall's Tragedy<sup>2</sup>, and think of it pretty much as you seem to do. The feelings are cleverly touched in it ; but the situations for exhibiting them, are produced not only by sacrifice of the respectability of the persons concerned, but with great, & I should have thought unnecessary violation or probability and common sense. But it does appear to me in the present late age of the world a most difficult task to construct a good tragedy free from stale & mean contrivances and animated by new & suitable Characters So that I am inclined to judge Cornwall gently, and sincerely rejoice in his success.—As to Poetry I am sick of it—it overruns the Country in all the shapes of the plagues of Egypt—frog-poets (the Croakers) mice-poets (the Niblers), a class *rhyming* to mice that shall be

<sup>1</sup> John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*, according to Talfourd 'a critic of remarkable candour, eloquence, and discrimination', was killed in a duel by Christie in 1821. Scott had attacked Lockhart for the critical articles which he had printed in *Blackwood*, Christie intervened on Lockhart's behalf, and the duel was the result.—A subscription was raised for Scott's widow who was left penniless with two young children.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, p. 97, n. 3.



nameless, & fly-poets. (Gray in his dignified way calls flies the 'Insect Youth', a term wonderfully applicable upon this occasion!) But let us desist or we shall be accused of envying the rising generation. Be assured however that it is not fear of such accusation which leads me to praise a Youngster who writes verses in the *Etonian*, to some of which our *Cumberland Paper* has introduced me, & some I saw at Cambridge. He is an Imp as hopeful I think as any of them—by name Moutray<sup>1</sup>; if you should ever fall in with him tell him that he has pleased me much.—My Sister sends her her [*sic*] very kind love, and expressions of bitter regret, (strong terms these but natural to Ladies') that she did not see you at Cambridge where Mary and I passed thirteen days; and, though plagued by a severe cold, what with the company (but by the bye I saw very little of him) of my dear brother, our Stately appartments with all the venerable Portraits there that awe one in to humility, old Friends, new Acquaintances, and a thousand familiar remembrances, & freshly conjured up recollections, I enjoyed myself not a little.—I should like to send you a Sonnet<sup>2</sup> composed at Cambridge, but it is reserved for cogent reasons—to be imparted in due time. I have been scribbling with an infamous pen, & we have no quills, which makes the further want of a penknife the less regretted.—Farewell happy shall we be to see you.

Congratulate Talfourd from me upon his new honours<sup>3</sup>, and add a thousand good wishes.—Muley Moloch!<sup>4</sup>—unhappy

<sup>1</sup> Harper (*William Wordsworth &c*), vol 2, p 322) identifies Moutray with Henry Nelson Coleridge, and adds. 'Some of the verses were professedly "in imitation of Wordsworth"', and *The Etonian* contained also, in that year, two articles, by the same gifted boy, 'On Wordsworth's Poetry'. But Knight's note is as follows 'The reference is to John Moultrie (1799-1874) poet and clergyman, who wrote in *The Etonian* and *Knight's Quarterly* under the nom de plume of Gerard Montgomery. In *The Etonian*, in 1820, appeared *My Brother's Grave*, and *Godiva*; also lines on *The Coliseum* and an article *On Wordsworth's Poetry* signed G. M.'

<sup>2</sup> The three sonnets on King's College Chapel were all written in this year.

<sup>3</sup> Talfourd was called to the Bar, Feb. 10, 1821.

<sup>4</sup> *Muley Moloch*, i.e. Thomas Samuel Mulock (1789-1869), a well-known eccentric who engaged in extensive religious controversy. He was in early life a partner in the firm of Mulock & Blood, whence the sobriquet 'Bloody Moloch'. Later this became 'Muley Moloch'—a reference to the Sultan Muh of Morocco (cf Addison, *Spectator*, 359). Mulock's views on literary matters do not appear to have been of much importance if

MARCH 1821

London! Let Talfourd flagellate him when he becomes impertinent upon the Lake-School, i. e. W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth<sup>1</sup>

Love to the Lambs.

*Address* [by M. W.]: To H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Kings Bench Walk, Temple, London.

*Post Marks*: Kendal, Penny Post. No. 2. C [?] Mr 18, [1]821.

*Endorsed*: Wordsworth, Death of Scott in a duel.

1818-1826  
No. 59.

48. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

Saturday Night Mar. 31. 1821.

p. 2, line 17. . . . The Wordsworths were well a fortnight ago. Miss W. was extremely disappointed at not seeing you at Cambridge. She had not time whilst she was here to reduce her journal into readable order but as far as she went it is very interesting. It is curious to me to find them so thoroughly torified. Though I *will* not acknowledge it to my Husband it is a little drawback upon the pleasure of our intercourse even to me. . . .

1818-1826  
No. 63

49. *H. C. R. to D. W.*

6<sup>th</sup> July 1821.

3 King's Bench Walk.

p. 1, line 11. . . . Travelling like every thing must be learned. It is not every body who are native geniuses like you and me, in that more than other arts. But certainly you and I—sex age and degree being all considered—are very good travellers—And I assure you that since pride and pleasure concur in the

one may judge by Moore's opinion of a course of lectures he attended in 1820 at Geneva (See *Moore's Memoirs*, in 186.) There the Wordsworths, Monkhouse and H. C. R. met him during the Swiss tour of 1820. Mulock made himself very offensive to Monkhouse, and to H. C. R. 'began a disquisition on the character of Wordsworth's religious poetry, which he said he considered as *Atheism* and had been castigating in his lectures . . . That rhapsodies about the beauties & wonders of nature were mystical nonsense—He aggravated this by professing the highest admiration of Lord Byron. . . . I was purposely rude & contemptuous. We saw him no more— W. used afterwards always to call him Muley Moloch.' [*Reminiscences*, 1820] This nickname was also used by Byron. See his letters to Murray, March 1, 1820 and to Moore, December 9, 1820.

<sup>1</sup> These last lines, beginning ante, 'Congratulate Talfourd' and including the signature, are scribbled at the top of p 1.

compound impression, it will not be a safe thing for you to inform me of another family party, with even the slightest hint that my company will be tolerated—for at the first hint I am at your side—I should not chuse within four or perhaps five years to spend a winter abroad, but whenever that time is come, my professional duties will hang loose upon me—and I may be able to cast them off without reproach or reluctance—And we shall not be the worse for wear I trust by that time—Your ardent curiosity will not be a whit abated M<sup>rs</sup> W. will not have ceased to diffuse pleasure by her own calm enjoyment of every thing that is curious and interesting And I need not name him whose right hand must have lost its cunning before his intellect and imagination can cease to repose on with delight and assimilate to themselves, whatever the world of eye and ear can present to them.—And as to myself—I too shall not have lost the best part of me, my good spirits, my faculty of enjoying and admiring what is above me without envy and with no selfish repunings— . . .

p. 3, line 6. . . . Mad. Vallon's<sup>1</sup> parcel I received some weeks ago—and immediately forwarded it to M<sup>r</sup> Monkhouse—I thought he had at least informed you of its arrived [*sic*] & transmuted the letter—the article accompanying can very well keep. Haydon's picture<sup>2</sup> excites little attention I have not seen it. The bust<sup>3</sup> I have seen, and with perfect satisfaction Since M<sup>r</sup> W. himself is not quite satisfied with it—nor M<sup>r</sup> Monkhouse I distrust my own judgement. I have heard the opinion of several who do not know your brother, and who consider it (as I do) as the *idea of a poet*. It matters little who, perhaps—It might be Pindar! or Dante or Calderon<sup>4</sup>—or any other individual characterised by profound thought and exquisite<sup>4</sup> sensibility.—But I think too that it is a good likeness—and there is a delicacy & grace in the muscles of the cheek which I do not recollect in the Original—I am not pleased

<sup>1</sup> Annette Vallon, the mother of Wordsworth's French daughter.

<sup>2</sup> *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem*, in which Wordsworth appears as one of the disciples, was exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, from March to November, 1821.

<sup>3</sup> The well-known bust by Chantrey was executed before 1821

<sup>4</sup> Paper torn away by seal, but the writing is still legible.

JULY 1821

with the drapery. That of my Wieland is both more simple and more beautiful—I believe your brother knows that I wish to have a cast bespoken for me— . . .

1818-1826  
No 63

50. W. W. to Sir Walter Scott.<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount.

Aug: 23. 1821.

Dear Sir Walter

The Bearer, Mr Robinson, being on a Tour in Scotland is desirous of the honor of an introduction to you ; which though aware of the multiplicity of your engagements, and sensible of the value of your time, I have not scrupled to give. Mr R— is a highly esteemed Friend of myself and of those who are dearest to me ; he accompanied us during our Tour among the Alps, last summer, and I can say from experience that he will prove no unworthy Spectator of any thing which you may be kind enough to recommend to his notice in that Country which you have so nobly illustrated. Mr R. has been much upon the Continent, and is extensively read in German literature, speaking the language with the ease of a native.—

In the last Letter I had from you, you spoke of the pleasure you should have in revisiting our Arcadia. I assure you that you would be most welcome. When I think how small is the space between your Residence upon the Tweed and mine, in the Valley of Ambleside, I wonder that we see so little of each other. In all cases however believe me with sincere regard & high admiration

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Mrs W— & my Sister unite with me in remembrances to yourself & Mrs Scott. [sic]

Address : Sir Walter Scott Bart.

Endorsed : 1821 Aug. 23<sup>rd</sup> Wordsworth to Walter Scott.

Letter of introduction.

<sup>1</sup> M. W.'s writing. In the Reminiscences of his Scotch tour, H. C. R. says this letter arrived too late to be delivered.

OCTOBER 1821

1818-1826  
No. 65.

51. W. W. to Mr. Chantrey <sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount Oct<sup>r</sup>. 1821

My dear Sir

If I recollect right I ordered 7 Casts—one of them was intended for the Bearer of this, my Friend M<sup>r</sup> Robinson—he wishes to have another, and possibly more, with which I beg he may be furnished & for which himself will pay, and give directions whither they are to be sent. If I am not mistaken the price which the person making these casts charges is 4 Guineas—allow me to ask whether in case 15 or 20 were required he could not supply them at a lower rate for the accommodation of my Friends—

Since my last I have heard from Sir George Beaumont <sup>2</sup> who expresses himself in the highest terms of the Bust—and adds a world of most agreeable things concerning its Author, both as an Artist and a Man—which it would give me pleasure to repeat but I spare your blushes—

I have requested M<sup>r</sup> Carruthers <sup>3</sup> who painted a Portrait of me some years ago, to call for a sight of the Bust—He is an amiable young Man whom a favorable opening induced to sacrifice the Pencil to the Pen—not the pen of Authorship—he is too wise for that—but the pen of the Counting House which he is successfully driving at Lisbon—I remain, with sincere regards from M<sup>rs</sup> W. & my Sister to yourself & M<sup>rs</sup> Chantry,

most faithfully

Yours—

Wm Wordsworth.

Address . Francis Chantry Esq<sup>r</sup>.

Endorsed : October 1821 Wordsworth to Chauntrey.

<sup>1</sup> M. W.'s writing

<sup>2</sup> The art-collector and critic, who is best known by the part he played in founding the National Gallery in 1826. Beaumont and his wife were intimate friends of the Wordsworths, and to him the poet dedicated his 1815 volume. *The Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle* was suggested by one of Beaumont's pictures.

<sup>3</sup> Richard Carruthers painted a portrait in oils in 1817. This belonged to Thos. Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's nephew.

OCTOBER 1821

1818-1826  
Nos. 66-8.

52. H. C. R. to D. W.

81<sup>st</sup> October 1821.

*p. 4, last paragraph.* . . . Of the fate of the civilised world there is little to be said just now.—Your political feelings run so strongly in favour of monarchs & ministers that you ought to be in better spirits than I can possibly be for they are 'Lords of the Ascend<sup>t</sup>'. But before long we shall I have no doubt be by circumstances brought to entertain the same wishes & fears. For beyond a certain point your love (or perhaps only tolerance) of the Holy Alliance will not carry you. . . .

*Endorsed*<sup>1</sup>.—

The letter is already a little worn—be so good as not to expose it [to] further injury—I lent it to a Friend & it must have been worn in the pocket—

*Address* : Miss Horrocks

1818-1826  
No. 69.

53. H. C. R. to D. W.

[8 King's Bench Walk.  
19<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 1821.]

*p. 8, line 19.* . . . Your little commission I had the good luck to execute a week ago. Cargil is gone to Paris and has taken both needles & razors which he will himself leave in the Rue Charlot—<sup>2</sup> . . .

1816-1826  
Nos. 71/72.

54. D. W. to H. C. R.

[Nov. 24th 1821.]

My dear Friend,

The three or four days after you left us were most provokingly sunny and delightful—I cannot say that we have had much vexation of the like kind since that time;—for the rain has day by day fallen in torrents with a chance twenty-four hours of fine weather between; and we consoled ourselves as well as

<sup>1</sup> Endorsed and addressed by D W There is also an endorsement by H. C. R. The letter was circulated among Dorothy's friends, probably because it contained interesting matter concerning Lamb and Hazlitt. This, however, does not belong to these volumes of Wordsworth correspondence.

<sup>2</sup> For Annette Vallon and the Baudouins.

we could for our mortification in having lost you before the fine weather came, in thinking that it would make your journey pleasant on the outside of the coach ; and also in remembering how chearful and merry we were in spite of wind and rain during the short time you were with us. . . I write now, because I can send a letter post free,—& because I have to ask your advice for a young Man, the son of our Friend Mrs Cookson of Kendal, who is in the last year of his Clerkship with a Solicitor at Kendal, and is looking forward to his removal to London. . . . Will you be so good as to point out what seems to you most likely to be serviceable in the regulation of his views? And perhaps you may know some respectable Solicitor who may be inclined to take him into his office. Mr Strickland Cookson is a remarkably steady and sensible young Man, very attentive to business, & has I doubt not given great satisfaction to his present Master,—& you already know from us that he is come of good Parents. . . . He has no particular wish to settle in the country, after his Clerkship, rather the contrary, though we think that he would have a better chance than most young men in his native Town. If there should be an opening for him in London he would prefer settling there.

I mention these circumstances that you may be the better able to judge what kind of practice for the time he has yet to serve may be most likely to profit him ; and perhaps in thinking the matter over you may hit upon some judicious Friend or acquaintance in the Law who may be glad to take such a young Man into his service. . . .

I should have continued to wait yet a week or two longer in hopes of a letter from you, but for the present opportunity—You know you had several matters to write about. . . Do not forget the pulpit at Brussels, & if you have any notes respecting Milan Cathedral, I should be grateful if you would send them. . . We have been going on in much the same way as when you were with us, only my poor Sisters motions are sadly cramped by the lameness in her Toe. So far from being in a condition to climb St Gothard at present—She is obliged to be indebted to the Ass or Mr Quillman's gig if she would go much more than a mile from home. We hope, however, that as the enlargement

of the joint seems to have yielded in some degree to twice blistering & bleeding, she may, by perseverance in that course, advised by a medical Man, again have the free use of both her feet. She has little or no pain except from using the foot too much. My Brother's eyes are no worse—I think rather better. He has written some beautiful poems since you left us, which as Miss Hutchinson has transcribed them for Mr Monkhouse you will have an opportunity of seeing—I am sure they will delight both you and him. The Sonnets have been at rest.

Poor Mrs Quillinan has been removed to Lancaster ; and you will be sorry to hear that her mind is not more settled than when Mrs W. was attending upon her, though she is less turbulent. Her eldest little Girl is with Mrs Gee ; & her Husband at present gone to visit her. My Brother accompanied Mr Q. on a Tour to the Caves, Studley Park, Knaresborough & York, & this was of great service to the forlorn husband, who is sadly unsettled at home. My Brother very much enjoyed his Tour ; and this reminds me that both we at home, and they, had a whole week of fine weather. Shame on my treacherous and ungrateful memory ! . . . I have not had a single line from my dear and good Friend Mrs Clarkson since Playford Hall had the honour of becoming a royal Residence ; and we have been anxious to hear how the parties were satisfied with each other on nearer acquaintance. . . Mrs C. talked of going to London before Christmas ; & perhaps she is there now, for as the papers tell us the Queen & Princesses have left Playford. Pray if you have any tidings of her tell us. . .

It gave us great concern to hear of the death of John Lamb<sup>1</sup> ; Though his Brother & Sister did not see very much of him the loss will be deeply felt ; pray tell us particularly how they are ; and give our kind love to them. I fear Charles's pen will be stopped for a time. What delightful papers he has lately written for that otherwise abominable magazine<sup>2</sup> ! The Old

<sup>1</sup> ' Nov. 18<sup>th</sup>. I stepped into the Lamb's cottage at Dalston. . . . They have lost their brother John, and feel their loss. They seemed softened by affliction, and to wish for society. . . . '

<sup>2</sup> *The London Magazine*. The essays mentioned appeared respectively in September and November, 1821.



King's Benchers is exquisite—indeed the only one I do not quite like is the Grace before Meat.

I hope you see the Monkhouses often, though he is become a home-stayer. I cannot express how it would grieve me if any thing should prevent their intended journey next summer. It seemed quite unnatural not to have him amongst us during some part of the last.

I wish you may have seen Willy<sup>1</sup> when you write; but I am well aware of the trouble of making calls for a man of business in London. . . . You must excuse this worthless scrawl. It is near eleven o'clock—I have yet another letter to write, and the packet is to go early in the morning. . . . My Brother and Sister and Miss Hutchinson send their best wishes and remembrances.

Believe me,

Friday Night

dear Friend & Fellow traveller,

24th November

Yours faithfully

Dorothy Wordsworth.

Have you been able to forward my letters to Rome & Paris through your Friend? If not, I hope you have already paid the postage—but should you still have them pray do so even yet; for as they contain no News they will answer their purpose. . . . Better late than never. . .

I have been reading to my Brother what I had written concerning Strickland Cookson, & he desires me to add that Mr Wilson of Kendal whom he serves at present, has respectable connexions in London, among whom is Mr Addison of Staple Inn, Successor to, & formerly Partner with our late Brother; but it is thought here that it would be more advantageous to the young Man to be placed in an office where he might meet with more extensive practice.

Amongst the poems is one to the Memory of poor Goddard,<sup>2</sup> which probably would never have been written but for your suggestion. . . . How often do I think of that night when you

<sup>1</sup> W Wordsworth jr. who was at school at Charterhouse.

<sup>2</sup> A young American they had met in Switzerland and who had gone up the Rigi with them. Three days later he was accidentally drowned on the Lake of Zurich. At H. C. R.'s suggestion, Wordsworth wrote an elegy in memory of Goddard to which H. C. R. supplied a brief introduction.

# NOVEMBER 1821

first introduced that interesting youth to us! . . . At this moment I see in my mind's eye the lighted salon—you in your great Coat, & the two<sup>1</sup> slender tall figures following you!

My Brother says that you will probably like to have yourself a copy of the Stanzas above-mentioned; & also you promised to seek an opportunity, (if ever it should be composed,) to send this tribute to poor Goddard's memory, to his Mother in America. . . [Wordsworth's hand] By no means read the poem to any Verse-writer—or *Magazine Scribbler* [Dorothy resumes] Have you seen the *Edinburgh Magazine*<sup>2</sup> with the articles signed S. T. Coleridge? My Brother has not; for he will not suffer it to come into his house, as you know—but we females *have*—we found the Matter too dull to be read by us; mostly unintelligible, & think it cannot be Coleridges.

*Address*: To H. C. Robinson, Esqr, 8 King's Bench Walk, Temple.

*Endorsed* [pencil, not by H. C. R.]: Nov 24. 1821, Miss Wordsworth to H. C. R.

1818-1826  
No. 70.

## 55. D. W. to H. C. R.

[Dec. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1821.]

A thousand thanks for your interesting letter, this moment arrived—Luckily the enclosed, was detained or I should not have been able to have told you how much pleasure your's has given us—yet we have been greatly shocked with the sad news of Mary Lamb's recent attack. It must have been *before* the death of her Brother; and the awakening to that sorrow how very dismal. Your account of Charles is just what we expected—And are those articles *really* Coleridge's? It was much more pleasant to me to accuse the Blackwoodites of having libelled

<sup>1</sup> The second figure was that of Goddard's younger friend, a boy of 16, named Trotter, whom H C R was to meet again as a middle-aged man and fellow-member of the Athenæum.

<sup>2</sup> By *Edinburgh Magazine*, Dorothy means not the *Edinburgh Review*, but *Blackwood*, in which (October 1821) there appeared five letters entitled a *Selection from Mr Coleridge's Literary Correspondence with Friends and Men of Letters*. Their desultory nature explains Dorothy's comment that they are 'unintelligible', but there is no reason to suppose Coleridge was not the author. He is accepted as such by Traill, for example.

DECEMBER 1821

him than to believe that he had really been a contributor to the Magazine—besides, there seems to me to be a perplexity—(and even a *poverty* often,) in the *style*, which do not belong to Coleridge—His matter is, God knows, often obscure enough, to unlearned Readers like me.

My Brother very often talks of you—and of our Tours *with* you—He has laid no Irish scheme, but most likely you will hear of one.

Your account of William gives great delight to all—yet we are hungering [?] after tidings of the beginning of pains-taking at his Books.

God bless you!—Believe me your affectionate Friend  
D Wordsworth.

No doubt the Letters were sent, as you do not name them—I am very glad you met with so good an opportunity for the needles &c—and again I thank you for all kindnesses—

Saturday morning

This letter is a libel on Bramah's pens!<sup>1</sup>

*Address* To H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 3 King's Bench Walk,  
Temple.

*Post Marks* · [? 8 o'] Clock, Dec. 3, 1821 N T. [& another illegible].

*Endorsed* Nov<sup>r</sup> 1821, Miss Wordsworth. Sent A<sup>r</sup>. 1<sup>st</sup> March.

1818-1826  
No. 75

56. H. C. R. to D. W.

3 King's B: Walk.

25<sup>th</sup> Feb<sup>r</sup> 1822.

p. 1, line 6. . . . Seriously a long foolscap letter was written more than a fortnight back, left unfinished till I could find an opportunity of calling on Wilham & so giving you the last intelligence of him—But I met Mr Monkhouse and he told me what rendered my letter utterly inexpedient for, it was an earnest exhortation to you and Mr W: to urge the publication of the delightful poems—which is needless—And the expression of a wish that one of the journals might appear also—And that

In 1809 Bramah patented a machine for cutting a quill into separate nibs This familiarized the public with the appearance and use of a nib shipped into a holder

would be in vain I am heartily glad that so many imperishable records will be left of incidents which I had the honour of partially enjoying with you—The only drawback on my pleasure is that I fear when the book is once published Mr W: may no longer be inclined to meditate on what he saw & felt and therefore much may remain unsaid, which would probably have appeared in the Memorials of 1823.—I hope I have not seen all—And I should rejoice to find among the unseen poems some memorial of those patriotic and pious bridges at Lucerne suggesting to so *generative* a mind as your brother's a whole cycle of religious & civic sentiments—The equally affecting *Senate house* not made of hands—at Sarnen—where the rites of modern legislation like those of ancient religion are performed in the open air and on an unadorned grass plot!!! But the poet needs no prompter—I shall be grateful to him, for what he gives And have no right to reflect on what he withholds—I wish he may have thought proper to preface each poem by a brief Memorandum in prose A practice to which he is adverse. Like the great poet of Germany with whom he has so many high powers in common, he has a strange love of riddles Gothe carries the practice further, he seems to anticipate the founding of a college for the delivery of lectures like those instituted in Tuscany for Dante. . . .

*p. 4, last paragraph. . . .* To recur again to the poems. My last letter was all about them, which I destroyed. I have not the vanity to think that my praise can gratify but I ought to say since the Verses to Goddard were my suggestion that I rejoice in my good deed—It is instructive to observe how a poet sees & feels—How remote from ordinary sentiment & yet how beautiful & true! Gothe says he had never an affliction which he did not turn into a poem. Mr W: has shewn how common occurrences [*sic*] are transmuted into poetry—Croesus is the type of the true poet. Of the stanzas I love most—loving all—the Eclipse of the Sun—Of the Sonnets, there is *one* remarkable as an *Unique*. The humour & naiveté & the exquisitely refined sentiment of the Calais Fishwomen are a combination [*sic*] of excellencies quite novel—I should perhaps have given the preference after all to the Jungfrau Sonnet, but it wants unity—

FEBRUARY 1822

I know not which to distinguish—The Simplon stone ? The Bruges ? or what else ! I have them not here Each is the best as I recollect the impression it made on me.

I hope to get a frank to-day—With grateful thanks to the poet for the pleasure I am to have in his new publication, And affectionate remembrances to your household

I am &c &c &c

H C. Robinson

*Addressed by [franker]:* London March one 1822, Miss Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, Westmoreland, Kendal.

W Toploy [?]

*Post Mark* Free. 1 Mh 1 1822.

*Endorsed.* 25<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1822. *H C R to Miss Wordsw:*

1818-1826  
No 76.

57. D. W. to H. C. R.

3rd March 1822.

My dear Friend,

It is fit that I should begin with my reason for writing to you on the very day of the receipt of your letter, that you may not be afflicted with the thought that you had no sooner cast a burthen off your shoulders than another was ready to be cast upon them. It is very unfair in managing a correspondence for one party, in the first motions of gratitude for pleasure received to write off immediately, but indeed it is a species of selfishness of which I confess I have been too often guilty ; however in the present case ; having nothing very interesting to communicate, much as it has delighted us to receive yours, I would have spared you had I not wished that, if you have opportunity you would tell Mrs Montagu that I never recommended Miss Fletcher as a Governess. She has very good dispositions & I believe a good temper. She was thought by many (but of this we are no judges) to be able to give instruction in Music, and I have reason to think she has a sufficient knowledge of French ; but she was very deaf when resident in this country ; and though I am told this infirmity did not hinder her from detecting false notes & perceiving gradations of sound in music, I am afraid she would be utterly unfit to give accurate instruc-

tions in other matters . . not to speak of the ill effects that might be produced on the manners and habits of Children by being under the government of a deaf person. I was quite shocked to hear of ' exertions made by me '—The Fact is that poor Miss Fletcher wrote to Mrs W. & me requesting us to recommend her. This letter I replied to telling her that neither Mrs W. nor I were judges of her qualifications in many points, & that we could not know in what degree her unfortunate deafness might disable her from giving instructions ; adding that those Ladies who had employed her would be the judges of this.

I suspect that Miss F has copied those parts of my letter in which I spoke of our favorable opinion—omitting all that was said of our incompetence to judge, & of our apprehensions concerning her deafness. Otherwise Miss Benson could not have supposed that I would recommend her as a Governess. Miss Fletcher is a good kind-hearted creature, & I wish it were in my power to serve her ; but should never think, whatever were my means, of attempting to do it in that way. Do excuse this long story, which, if you were not the kindest creature in the world, I should not have oppressed you with (and this is what you get by your kindness.) I know that you will perceive what a painful thing it would be to me to be supposed to have recommended a person to an office, which I am convinced she would not, through natural infirmity, be able to discharge.—And now for that other burthen of debtorship which you might fancy I was laying upon you—I can only say, that sooner or later . . whenever your letters come they are joyfully received & highly prized . . the oftener the better . . but however seldom & however slowly we are never inclined to think ourselves neglected or ill used.—My Brother will, I hope, write to Charles Lamb in the course of a few days—He has long talked of doing it : but you know how the mastery of his own thoughts, (when engaged in composition, as he has lately been), often prevents him from fulfilling his best intentions ; & since the weakness of his eyes has returned, he has been obliged to fill up all spaces of leisure by going into the open air for refreshment & relief of his eyes. We are thankful that the inflammation (chiefly in the lids) is now much abated. It concerns us very much to

hear so indifferent an account of Lamb and his Sister. The Death of their Brother, I have no doubt, has affected them much more than the death of any Brother, with whom there had in near neighbourhood been so little personal or family communication, would affect any other minds—We deeply lamented their loss—wished to write to them as soon as we heard of it, but it not being the particular duty of any one of us—and a painful task—we shoved it off—for which we are truly sorry & very much blame ourselves. They are too good & too confiding to take it unkindly ; & that thought makes me feel it the more.

Sergeant Rough was an intimate Friend of my Brother Chris<sup>r</sup> at College. I used to hear him much spoken of, but never saw him—Poor Man ! his lot in this world has been a hard one—A thoughtless wife & and [*sic*] an undermining Friend—what sorer evils can beset a Man ! Your affecting comment on his Death reminded me of a Sonnet of my Brother's on the subject of ruined Abbies, which I will not quote as you will so soon have an opportunity of reading the Sonnet among the Ecclesiastical Sketches. The thought in that part to which I allude is taken from George Dyer's<sup>1</sup> *History of Cambridge*.

With respect to the Tour poems, I am afraid you will think his notes not sufficiently copious—Prefaces he has none—except to the poem on Goddard's death. Your suggestion of the Bridge at Lucern set his mind to work ; & if a happy mood comes on he is determined, even yet, though the work is printed, to add a poem on that subject<sup>2</sup>—You can have no idea with what earnest pleasure he seized the idea—yet before he began to write at all, when he was pondering over his recollections, & asking me for hints & thoughts, I mentioned that very subject & he then thought he could make nothing of it . . . You certainly have the gift of setting him on fire—When I named (before your letter was read to him) your scheme for next Autumn, his countenance flushed with pleasure, & he exclaimed 'I'll go with him !'—& then I ventured to utter a thought which had risen before & been suppressed in the moment of its rising—'how I should like to go.'—Presently however, the conversation

<sup>1</sup> Lamb's friend, who is the subject of *Amicus Redivivus*.

<sup>2</sup> See *Desultory Stanzas*, ll. 55 et seq.

took a sober turn—My '*unlawful desires*' were completely checked . . and he concluded that *for him* the journey would be impossible—& then, said he, 'if you or Mary or both were not with me I should not half enjoy it ;—and *THAT (so soon again) is impossible*'. . . . We have had a letter from Mr Monkhouse today. He talks of taking a house in the neighbourhood of London ; but as they had once an idea of coming into Lancashire, which circumstances in Mr Horrocks's family have prevented, we can see no reason why they should not, instead, take lodgings for the spring & early part of the summer in this neighbourhood ; & Miss Hutchinson has written to them to that effect—It will be a pity if the circumstance of having already taken a house should prevent our having the pleasure of having them as neighbours. The Quilhans [*sic*] have taken Mr Tillbrooke's house ; and will be settled there in about a fortnight. They are at present at Lancaster—You will be glad to hear that Mrs Q. is quite recovered. We are exceedingly sorry that the Gees are gone entirely from Rydal—No neighbours could have been kinder or better suited to us, in age and all other respects. . . Poor Mrs Gee was called away a fortnight ago to attend the sick-bed of one of her Sisters, & the next week Mr Gee followed her to be present at the sister's funeral. . . They had before taken a house at Keswick ; but they are so loth to leave the neighbourhood & us, that they are determined to be at Ambleside instead of Keswick, & to get rid of their house there.

We have had a long & interesting letter from Mrs Clarkson with an account of the manners, characters, habits &c, of the sable Queen & her Daughters. Notwithstanding bad times Mrs C writes in chearful spirits, & talks of coming into the North this summer ; & we really hope it will not end in *talk*, as Mr Clarkson joins with her ; & if he once determines, a trifle will not stop him. . . . Pray read a paper in The London Magazine by H. Coleridge on the Uses of the Heathen Mythology in Poetry—It has pleased us very much. The style is wonderful for so young a man—so little of effort—& no affectation. . . . Poor Coleridge ! have you seen his advertisement for pupils ? How beautifully Charles Lamb speaks of Gray's Inn Gardens, and his meeting with the Old Actor there



Miss Hutchinson has just reminded me that you are now on the circuit ;—Perhaps I might have something to add before your return, but, as a letter is safe & off my mind when put into the post-office, & it will keep very well & be ready to welcome you when you return to your solitary Chambers I will e'en send it off. At that time you may have more leisure than at any other, to read (perhaps I ought to say *decypher*) my scrawling.—I hope the poems will then be published ; but, if not, you must not indulge the hope of finding the Bridge of Lucern among them. I do not think that work can be accomplished in time, much as my Brother would wish it ; but you may depend upon it that something will come of your suggestion. My Sister says, ' mind you thank Mr Robinson a hundred times for his kindness to Willy.—Poor little Fellow ! he will certainly I think be removed from the Charter-house, but my Brother is undecided in the choice of another school. We have every reason to be dissatisfied with his late progress—rather I should say we are satisfied he has made no progress at all in learning—All join in kind remembrances. . . . Remember, when you happen to have half an hour's leisure we shall always be glad to hear from you. . . . You must think nothing of what I have said of my Brother's longings to roam with you among the Tyrolese. It will be quiet [*sic*] impossible I am sure. God bless you.

Believe me your grateful and affectionate Friend

D Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> The Transcript of my Journal is nearly finished—There is so much of it that I am sure it will be dull reading to those who have never been in th[ose coun<sup>2</sup>]tries—and even to such I think *much* of it at [?] <sup>2</sup> must be tedious. My Brother is interested when I read it to him—So are the young ones ; but they have not been much tried—My Sister too, never complains of over much—but that is because the subject is so interesting to her. . . . When we meet, you shall read as much or as little of my journal as you like. I long to try it on you and Mr Monkhouse. Mary seems to have succeeded so well in the brief way that I can

<sup>1</sup> The P SS are scribbled round all the margins and are not consecutive.

<sup>2</sup> Torn by seal.

MARCH 1822

hardly hope my lengthiness will interest in like degree. I shall not read hers till my transcript is finished.

When you next write pray sign your name at full length. This I particularly request for the settling of a dispute among us—Thanks for the description of the Brussels pulpit. It revived my recollections.—I hope you have found Friends well at Bury.

I have transcribed what you say for M<sup>rs</sup> Cookson<sup>1</sup> & thank you for it.<sup>1</sup>

*Address* : To H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, N<sup>o</sup> 8. King's Bench Walk, Temple, London. *Single*

*Post Marks* : N<sup>o</sup>. 2, Kendal, Penny Post. C 8 [torn] 8 1[torn].

*Endorsed* : 2<sup>d</sup> March 1822, Miss Wordsworth.

1818-1826  
No. 77.

58. D. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount, Ap. 21<sup>t</sup> [1822]

My dear Friend

If you have not seen Mr Monkhouse before this reaches you, no doubt you will seek him out, or he you, ere another day passes over your heads, therefore I need not tell you any Rydal news.—We were truly sorry as you may believe to part with him so soon—& for his sake as well as our own ; for he is leaving this Country just at the time when, he (being an ardent and very successful angler) would find the most pleasure here.

I wish very much for that reason, that his stay had been *now*, rather than in the Autumn—besides—a Bird in the hand is worth two in the Bush. . . We know not what may happen to prevent his fulfilling his present scheme of returning hither. . . However, having taken a house exactly to his Wife's mind & his own, is a good security that nothing but necessity will turn him aside. Mrs Monkhouse will be our neighbour at the foot of the hill, so that she will not find her situation lonely. . . .

No doubt you are as busy as possible yet I have been unreasonable enough . . not to *expect* to hear from you ; but often to think to myself, ' Perhaps there may be a letter from Mr Robinson today . . If you had been a formal person (but I am glad you are not ; and as poor Coleridge used to say) I ' like

<sup>1</sup> See ante, questions in Letter 54, p. 106.

you the better therefore'—you certainly would have written after having looked over the Memorials,—(finding yourself one of the *Dedicatees*) to express your sense of the high honour.

—Seriously, however, I should like to know how you like the whole volume . . . *which* poems you like best—and what you do not like—if any . . . and my Brother wishes, too, to know if the Desultory Stanzas have given you pleasure, as they were inspired by your letter . . .

It is generally supposed that Longman has an interest<sup>1</sup> in the 'Literary Gazette'—Do you know whether he actually has, or has not? If he has, he has used my Brother very ill by suffering his 'Ecclesiastical Sketches' & 'Memorials' to be reviewed by a person who could give such a *senseless* criticism<sup>2</sup>—Besides, a sacrifice is made of W. Wordsworth to obtain for the Literary Gazette the Reputation of impartiality. This is clearly the object of the criticism, as is plain from the last paragraph of the review of the Memorials; wherein the Writer declares that, that Journal proves its impartiality, by censuring without reserve those whom he is pleased to call the heads of their several schools when they write such stuff as Mr W. has now given to the public—It would not have been worth while to have said so much about so despicable a criticism, if it were not on account of my Brother's connection with Longman—We should not otherwise have given it a thought, after the trifling vexation, that such an opinion of the poems should even have *preceded* their publication, robbing us of the little profit which might have arisen from a first flush of Sale—the only profit which could be expected from these little volumes. . .

We had a letter from my Brother Christopher a few days ago. He is in excellent health & good spirits; but so busy that

<sup>1</sup> Longman was offered and accepted one-third proprietorship of the *Literary Gazette* in 1819, when Jerdan was editor.

<sup>2</sup> The review of the *Ecclesiastical Sketches* appeared on March 30th, 1822, that on the *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* on April 6th. Both these anonymous articles, evidently by the same writer, are extremely severe, especially the second. Dorothy's epithet is justified by the remark about one sonnet (*The Fishwomen at Calais*), that it is 'peculiarly absurd', or about another (*Hockheim*) that it is 'maudlin nonsense', or by the summary judgement on the *Memorials*:—'there is hardly one . . . worth reading at all'.





APRIL 1822

he has hardly time to think of his own affairs, & cannot yet say whether it will be in his power to come into the North this summer. We expect the Clarksons in a few weeks . .

My Brother is anxious to know what your plans are for the autumn—not that there is the smallest chance of his benefiting by them ; but being so fond of travelling himself he sympathizes with you in all your hopes & schemes in that line.—His eyes are better, yet almost useless in reading—I think he will satisfy himself this summer with a little Tour not far from home. . . We had an interesting letter from Charles Lamb not long ago. Pray mention him & his Sister when you write ; but I fear you do not see them often as they are so much in the Country. . . How is poor Barry Cornwall ?—I mean Mr Proctor [*etc*] When I asked the question I had forgotten that it was not his true name. We were very sorry to hear of his illness.

The Montagus, I doubt not, are very kind to him. . . Do excuse this stupid letter with all its blunders—Miss Hutchinson, a determined French Scholar, is puzzling over her lesson beside me & every two minutes she asks me the meaning of a word—She gets on admirably, without having studied a word of the Grammar—and will very soon be a fluent Translator, stimulated by the hope, at some time or other, of travelling on the Continent, and being able at least to make her wants known on French ground She begs her kind Regards to you—My sister, were she here, would send her Love. . . Adieu—

Believe me affectionately

Yours D Wordsworth.

*Endorsed* : 21 April 1822, Miss Wordsworth.

1813-1826  
No. 85.

59. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

December [6<sup>th</sup>] 1822.

p. 1, line 11. . . . You heard probably of the affecting circumstance<sup>1</sup> which occurred just before our visit to Rydal Mount as well as of Wordsworths accident<sup>2</sup> which deprived us of his

<sup>1</sup> The first Mrs. Quillinan died from the effect of burns, May 25, 1822 See p. 128, No. 65.

<sup>2</sup> Wordsworth was thrown from his horse in May 1822 and his head was badly injured. But he recovered quickly and there were no after ill-effects.

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company for a week. At his return so many people came to see him & it was thought that he ought not to talk much, so that we gained very little of his conversation comparatively. What I remember as most striking was an encomium upon you. It was true—& I shall always remember it with pleasure—an encomium upon the parson I should wish to forget. He preached a bombastical Sermon upon M<sup>rs</sup> Quillinans death in which her descent from Royalty was not forgotten. Miss W—was *uneasy* under it, I observing the effect upon the congregation & the satisfaction of the preacher in delivering it was quite pleased Dorothy c<sup>d</sup> not help talking of it at home & the Poet said 'nevertheless I consider that Man as the *model* of a parish priest!!! If he be so, I am sure we might as well abolish our universities. In Scotland I had the opportunity of comparing this *model* of a parish Priest with a Minister of the Scotch Kirke [*etc*] similarly situated namely at Arrachar & 'oh the difference' . . . .

p. 2, line 9. . . . Since I left the North I grieve to say that the Wordsworths have been under great anxiety for poor little Willy who has had the Dropsy & latterly it has been thought that he had water in the Chest—They look forward to months & even years of perpetual watching. It is a sad thing for them all, I pity them from my very heart. .

1818-1826  
Nos 86-87.

60. D. W. to H. C. R.

[Dec 21st 1822].

My dear Friend,

Disappointment often follows hope long deferred. Not so in our case when your promised letter arrived, which did and *does* interest us much more than you could possibly imagine, when you kindly took so much trouble for us. It has had many readings; and is not yet laid up among our records; but will for some time be kept out for reference and re-perusal. You do not say you intend us a second part;—but that hint at the last, that you could fill another letter with what you saw, and observed of the people—(no doubt including many adventures characteristic both of you & of them) set our greedy desires at

work yet we are not unreasonable enough to ask the favour ; but if you could find leisure, & could make of it a pleasant task, it would render this your delightful sketch of Cities Towns—ruins & scenery quite complete. . . . I have had many a transient wish that we could have been with you . . & exclaimed to my Brother—‘ Nay had I been there—(at Grenoble)—no weather should have deterred him—We *would* have seen the Grande Chartreuse—but *he* interposed to check my boasting, with the irrevocable decree that no Female is to tread on that sacred ground. Seriously, however, my Br is very sorry that you should have missed the Chartreuse. I do not think that any one spot which he visited during his youthful Travels with Robert Jones made so great an impression on his mind : and, in my young days, he used to talk so much of it to me ; that it was a great disappointment when I found that the Chartreuse was not to come into our Tour—We were all mortified that you turned away from the Pyranees,—yet the reason was quite sufficient—(being alone)—Not that perhaps you would have been safer with a companion—but you would have thought less of danger—& most likely none would have reached you ; though in the unsettled state of the country, with the recent provocation you mention, you probably made a wiser choice than you might have done under the temptation of pleasant company. As to Italy I do not so much lament that you did not go thither ; for perhaps the scheme we have so often talked of may at some time be accomplished—& then we shall once again be fellow-travellers. . . . We have had an anxious time as you well know, having heard of poor William’s illness ; He recovered from the first attack (at Midsummer) sooner than we expected ; & we had much enjoyment in the company of my Brother & his three Boys for seven weeks notwithstanding almost incessant rain.—They were no sooner gone than the weather changed, & Miss Hutchinson & Dora went on a visit to Stockton upon Tees—whence they only returned the day before yesterday, Dora’s health much improved, & both in good spirits. I set off to Edinburgh with Miss Joanna Hutchinson on the day of Miss H’s & D’s departure—intending to return home in a fortnight but we stayed seven weeks !—I had for



years promised Joanna to go with her to Edinburgh—that was her object ; but we planned a little Tour—up the Forth to Stirling, then by Track-boat to Glasgow—from Dunbarton to Rob Roy's Caves by steam—stopped at Tarbet—thence in a cart to Inverary—back again to Glasgow down Loch Fyne & up the Clyde—thence on the Coach to Lanesk—& from Lanesk to Moffat in a cart. There stopped two days, my companion being an Invalid ;—& she fancied the waters might cure her—but a bathing-place which nobody frequents is never in order—A Bath that *was* to have been warm proved worse than cold—& we were glad to leave Moffat—crossing a wild country—again in a cart—to the Banks of the River Esk—in our way home. There we intended staying two days at a Friend's house ; but were detained *four* by Joanna's having an attack of lumbago, which determined us to return to Edinburgh for the sake of warm Baths. We were three weeks in lodgings at E.—The Baths proved very beneficial & we very much enjoyed the time—though we saw little or no company—The Langs—your Friends—were very kind to us—& theirs was the only house which we visited. Miss Laing is a clever good-natured, frank Scotch Lassie—and as stout a walker as myself—& was as glad to take with me a long wild walk as I to accompany her. Poor Joanna could not do much in this way ; but she was delighted with Edinburgh—had much of that sort of pleasure which one has in first seeing a foreign country—& in our Travels—whether on the outside of a coach—or the deck of a steam-boat . . or in whatever way we got forward she was always cheerful . . never complaining of bad fare—bad Inns—or anything else. We had only six wet days—& of these only one was very bad—during all the 7 weeks ! How different your lot last year ! The rain set-in, the day after our return home, & for five weeks it was almost incessant—At first that was not of much consequence to the inmates of our house—for poor Wilham then began to be ill a second time—the symptoms were very alarming, but now thank God ! he is recovered—rides on horseback daily, & seems to receive daily benefit from the fine weather we have lately had. The Family is gathered together for the Christmas holidays—John arrived last night ; & we had a happy meeting,

far happier than we could have expected six weeks ago! for the best we could then look to, for William, was a long and tedious illness. I now hope that his constitution may in course of time over come that internal weakness which has caused the late serious attacks. He is kept to a strict regimen & there is no reason to fear that rules will be broken after such awful warnings. He cannot be put to School again for a long time—nor will the physicians allow of any thing like study—This is a great misfortune at his age. . . My Brother's mind, since our summer company left us has been so much taken up with anxiety that till within the last 3 weeks he has done nothing. Our first job was to prepare, with additions—a second Edition of his little Book on the Lakes. He is now giving his mind to Poetry again, but I do not think he will ever, in his life-time—*publish* any more poems—for they hang on hand—never selling—the Sketches & the Memorials have not, I dare-say *half* sold—I will transcribe a Sonnet which he felt himself called upon to write in justification of the Russians whom he felt he had injured; by not having given them *their* share in the overthrow of Buonaparte in conjunction with the elements Refer to the Political Sonnets for that which is to precede the following.

By self-devoted Moscow—by the blaze  
Of that dread sacrifice—by Russian blood  
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood—  
The impassive elements no claim shall raise  
To rob our human nature of her praise  
Enough was done & suffered to insure  
Final deliverance, absolute & pure,  
Enough for faith, tracking the beaten ways  
Of Providence But now did the most High  
Exalt his still small voice, his wrath unshroud,  
And lay his justice bare to mortal eye,  
He who, of yore, by miracles spake aloud  
As openly that purpose here avow'd,  
Which only madness ventures to defy

When you see Mr Monkhouse you will read the Sonnet to him, as it is always a treat for him to have a few verses from Rydal Mount. The Guerilla sonnets must have been selected by the Newspaper Editor on account of the circumstances of the

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times. We had not seen—or heard of—them. The French have stayed their hands it is to be hoped for the present,—but whether they meddle or not—I think it is very likely that some thing more may come out of my Brother in connexion with Spain.—& certainly *will*, if they do after all send their Armies across the Pyranees. . . . We shall be delighted to see Elia's Essays collected in a Book by themselves—I hope they will soon appear. Thank you for your good account of Miss Lamb Pray give my kind Love to her & her Brother. They will be glad to hear that Miss Hutchinson talks of going to London in the Spring. She often speaks of the pleasure she shall have in seeing *them*—& I assure you, she does not forget *you* in numbering her London Friends

We have been much concerned at the recent accounts of Mrs Monkhouse's state of health.—I hope you see them as often as ever you can—There is no one so likely to cheer our good Friend as yourself—when his spirits are sinking under anxiety, which I fear they must often do, during his Wife's confinement to the Sofa.

This is a sad dull letter in return for y[ours<sup>1</sup>]<sup>1</sup>—& I am ashamed of blots—scrawling with a bad pen &c, &c, &c—ashamed indeed after your legible pen[man<sup>1</sup>ship<sup>1</sup>—& to write so to you ! who repaired my loss in the Vale of Leuk with such a nice silver pen—which I still daily use ! It is almost like ingratitude . . We all join in wishing you as happy a coming year as the last with your usual good health and spirits—God bless you. Believe me ever your faithful and affectionate Friend

Dorothy Wordsworth

December 21<sup>st</sup> 1822.

Mrs Coleridge & her Daughter are at Playford—Remember me to Tom Clarkson. Your good Report of him gives us the sincerest pleasure.

As you are so much interested in the Ecclesiastical Sonnets Wilham will send you hereafter—a poem<sup>2</sup> which he has just written upon the foundation of a Church which Lady Fleming is about to erect at Rydal.—It is about eighty lines,—I like it much.

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn

<sup>2</sup> To the Lady Fleming, on seeing the foundation preparing for the erection of Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland.

DECEMBER 1822

My Brother who is now beside me, desires sincere remembrances. He tells me to say he sympathises with you entirely in what you say respecting the interference of France with Spain.

*Address* : To H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, N<sup>o</sup>. 3 King's Bench Walk, Temple, London.

*Post Marks* : 8 o'Clock. De. 26. 1822 M. B. D. F. 25. 822.

*Endorsed* . 1822, Dec 21<sup>st</sup> Miss Wordsworth including a Sonnet.

1818-1826  
No. 89.

61. Robert Southey to H. C. R.

22<sup>nd</sup> Feb<sup>r</sup> 1823.

*p. 4, line 4.* . . . Wordsworth is at Coleorton, & will be in London long before me. He is not satisfied with my account of the Con. of Cintra.<sup>1</sup> the rest of the book he likes well. Our difference here is, that he looks at the principle, abstractedly, & I take into view the circumstances. . . .

1818-1826  
No. 93

62. Thomas Monkhouse to Miss Horrocks

[April 22<sup>nd</sup> 1823.]

*p. 2, line 20.* . . . The Wordsworths leave us for Lee on Tuesday first—How pleasant is it—that dear Jane can go by the Steam Boat—a Carriage Journey would have I fear, done her much Harm.—She is going on very well.

H Robinson says she is an Impostor he is sure—she looks so well that it is impossible that she can ail anything—in which Charge—five of the most distinguished Poets of the Age—concurred with him yesterday,<sup>2</sup>—Wordsworth—Coleridge—Lamb—Moore & Rogers—all of whom did us the Honor to be our Guests to Dinner—The Party went off in the most delightful way—being as Rogers pronounced it—the most brilliant Thing this Season—It wanted nothing to make it compleat—but St George & Lady Beaumont who were quite distressed that they were so engaged that they could not come.—He is the most perfect Gentleman in England—a Perfect Pattern—she a good Creature—sensible

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Peninsular War*, vol 1, Murray, 1822

<sup>2</sup> Friday April the 22nd, 1823 [Note in unknown hand].

tho' oddish—Jane enjoyed the Evening vastly—& wa[s]<sup>1</sup> called the *sleeping Beauty*.<sup>1</sup>

Coleridge was most eloquent<sup>1</sup> & C Lamb most witty—but perfect<sup>1</sup> steady—. Lord Lowther was asked—but was obliged to leave Town yesterday— . . .

*Endorsed* : Monkhouse to Miss Horrocks.

N.B. · See *Moore's* Acc<sup>t</sup> of this dinner<sup>2</sup> and H. C. R.'s letter in the *Athenæum*.<sup>3</sup> [*etc*]

1818-1826  
No 106.

63. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[Jan. 17<sup>th</sup> 1824.]

p. 2, line 16. . . . Edith Southey is indeed a most striking & pleasing young woman. I am sure that I should grow very fond of her. Poor D[ora] W. was in such sorrow<sup>4</sup> when I was at Rydal that I could not get acquainted with her but I heard a great deal about her from Sara Coleridge who likes her very much. . . .

1818-1826  
No. 110.

64. *D. W. to H. C. R.*

Playford Hall, near Ipswich  
Tuesday Morn<sup>g</sup>. 29<sup>th</sup> May [1824].

My dear Friend,

In my way from Cambridge last Friday, as soon as I had secured my luggage &c I set off towards your Brother's house ; stopped at Mrs Kitchener's to enquire after her, & just as I was setting out again your Brother and Sister were coming up the Square. Instead of proceeding to Southgate I turned in again with them, & Mrs R. stayed till the Coach took me up. —I was much pleased to see a cheerful countenance when she met me, & though I marked the traces of ago coming on—& of past suffering, on the whole she looked much better than I had expected. In fact she told me she had rallied wonderfully since her late distress. . . I shall stop in Southgate on my return—

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs &c of Thomas Moore*, ed Russell, vol iv, pp 49-50.

<sup>3</sup> *Athenæum*, June 25, 1853 · 'Charles Lamb and Thomas Moore' by H C R.

<sup>4</sup> Presumably on account of the death of her friend, the first Mrs. Quillinan. See note 1, p. 119.

Mrs Luff,<sup>1</sup> who will be my companion to Rydal—going forward to the Inn—where she will take care of Luggage, &c. My time will be very short, as the Coach only remains half an hour at Bury—We shall travel with our Family cares—the whole of Mrs Luff's living Stock, three singing Birds of gay plumage brought from the Mauritius.

Thank you for your letter, which I received at Cambridge with the parcel & two Books for my Brother's use. He has taken them into the North, as, he told me, you were not in immediate want of them.

Your advice respecting my Continental Journal is, I am sure very good, provided it were worth while to make a Book of it,—provided I *could* do so—& provided it were my wish : but it is not—'Far better', I say, 'make another Tour & write the journal on a different plan !' In recopying it, I should—as you advise omit considerable portions of the description—These would chiefly be, what I may call duplicate descriptions—the same ground travelled over again either actually or by retrospect [*sic*]. Such occur several times. I should also omit or compress much of what is detailed respecting dress &c &c—and would insert all the poems

But, observe, my object is not to make a Book but to leave to my Niece a neatly penned Memorial of those few interesting months of our lives.

I have heard of your being at the Exhibition I hope you liked Leshe's picture of Sancho and the Duchess—We were charmed with it—What did you think of Mr Clarkson ? and of the Master of Trinity ?

You will be surprized to hear that Dora is gone home with her Father. They left Cambridge on Thursday morning, &, I hope, reached Rydal on Saturday to breakfast. I expect a letter tomorrow. . . My Brother was well & in good spirits at Cambridge, & we all enjoyed our visit there very much. The weather was delightful the first week. . . Then came the Flood—a new scene for us—& very amusing . . on the Sunday when the sun shone out again. The Cam, seen from the Castle Hill

<sup>1</sup> Of Patterdale. Knight, *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, II, 62, 218, 219. She was one of the Wordsworth circle and well-known to H. C. R.

MAY 1824

resembled one of the lake-like Reaches of the Rhine. The damage was, I fear very great to the Farmers ; but though the University Grounds were completely overflowed up to Trinity Library, in the course of four days most of the damage was repaired. I think we shall remain here about a fortnight longer—We intend to stay two nights at Cambridge—two in Leicestershire—two in Yorkshire—& after that one day's journey, a night spent at Kendal, and a three hours' ride before breakfast will take us to Rydal Mount. Mrs Luff is a bad traveller—& short journeys & long rests suit her. . . Adieu, my dear Friend,

Truly yours

D Wordsworth

I have had good reports from Mr Monkhouse of our friends at Ramsgate—I hope you and he contrive to meet when he is in Town—Dora is to go into Wales with her Mother in the Autumn. My Brother will either accompany them, or join them there.

*Address :* To H. C. Robinson, Esq<sup>r</sup>., 3. King's Bench Walk,  
Temple

*Post Mark* · 7. Night. 7, My 26 .1824. T. P. Lombard St.

*Franked* Not at Office F. Kaines.

1818-1826  
No 115

65. D. W. to H. C. R.

[Doc 1824]

MARY MONKHOUSE

Unquiet Childhood here by special grace  
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower  
That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power  
In painful struggles, Months each other chase  
And naught untunes that Infant's voice, a trace  
Of fretful temper sullies not her cheek ,  
Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek  
That one enrapt with gazing on her face,  
Which even the placid innocence of Death  
Could scarcely make more placid, Heaven more bright,  
Might learn to picture for the eye of Faith  
The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light,  
A Nursling couch'd upon her Mother's knee  
Beneath some shady Palm of Galilee

[128 ]

My Brother desires me to beg you (*this I know is unnecessary*) not to give copies of these Sonnets to any one ; but they having been composed only for the love of private [*sic*] Friends ; and for the sake of expressing his own peculiar feelings with regard to the two Infants, he is particularly desirous that they should not be spread abroad either by copies—or by being read to any persons but such as may have an interest in the parents or Children. . . . You have heard of the melancholy Fate of Mrs Quillinan, Rotha's Mother. She died at the age of 28—at Ivy Cottage.

TO ROTH A QUILLINAN

Rotha, my Spiritual Child, this head was grey  
When at the sacred Font for Thee I stood,  
Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,  
And shalt become thy own sufficient Stay.  
Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan, was the day  
For stedfast hope the contract to fulfil,  
Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,  
Embodied in the music of this Lay  
Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain Stream,  
Whose murmurs soothed thy languid Mother's ear  
After her throes, whose Name is thine to bear,  
Hanging around Thee a memorial theme  
For Others, for thy future Self a Spell  
To summon *Fancies* out of Time's dark cell

[*on 3<sup>d</sup> side*] Pray give our united love and best wishes to Charles Lamb and his Sister.—I should now write a few lines to her, but have nothing to say but what you may tell them from my letter, only be so good as to ask Charles if my Brother's Translation of Virgil is in his possession. Tell him, too, that if he would send us a letter either from his India House Desk or from Colebrook Cottage, we should all be well pleased,—and if addressed to my Brother I can insure him an answer from himself.

<sup>1</sup>[*Postscript*] after postscript ! Did you ever read the letter of orders for a Scarlet Cardinal ? If you did I am sure this will remind you of it. First a *morning* Paper is desired, (to be

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.



DECEMBER 1824

forwarded the same evening). If that cannot be, an Evening paper next day—if not, a *morning* paper sent *next* day . . . and last of all—if none of the above can be had, an *evening* three-days-a-week paper—

I fear you will not succeed, knowing that there is great difficulty in obtaining second-hand newspapers—

*Address* : To Henry C. Robinson, Esq<sup>re</sup>, 8. King's Bench Walk, Temple.

*Post Marks* : 20. Dec 1824. 4 Ev[ng?] T. P. Tottenham C.R.

*Endorsed* : Dec<sup>r</sup> 1824, D. Wordsworth (Sonnets) on Miss Quillnan &c &c &c

1818-1826  
No. 137.

66. D. W. to H. C. R.

[Dec 18. 1824].

My dear Friend

I should have written to welcome your return to England, having about that time an opportunity of making a letter-carrier of one of our visitors to the Lakes, but I shrunk from being the first to communicate to you the sad tidings of poor Thomas Monkhouse's hopeless state, and merely sent a message through Miss Lamb begging for news of you and an account of your continental Travels. . . We have heard from Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson of your being well & in good spirits. That is all—not a word of where you have been or what doing—Pray write to us . . do not suppose I require a journal ; but, spoiled by former kindnesses in this way, I really *have been disappointed* at not receiving one before this time . . write however , & if the journal comes hereafter, it will be thankfully received. . . My Brother & Sister, with their Daughter, arrived at home a month ago after an absence of eleven & a half weeks. Their Tour in North Wales was delightful—much surpassing remembrance & expectation—To my Brother the ground had been familiar in the days of his youth ; but all was new to the Females. They spent five weeks among their Friends in Herefordshire & Radnorshire, & bore away one great consolation in parting from Thomas Monkhouse, as they all feared, for the last time—that he had been cheated out of many a melancholy thought by their presence. My

Brother's society was an especial comfort to him. Two days before *our* Travellers left Wales, the sick man had set off for Torquay with his Wife & Child, & Miss Hutchinson. She, our only correspondent, writes to us but seldom, having nothing to say. What ever change there ma[y] be it is not perceptible—or hardly so—but as he is no better he must be worse; & I suspect, that in looking back to the time of their arrival at Torquay, Miss Hutchinson perceives that he is weaker. The little Girl never has a bodily ailment; & is in temper just as you have always seen her—'Good good'. Her Mother is in excellent health; and (considering that she must be haunted by apprehensions) keeps up her spirits wonderfully. I expect, however, that she deceives herself, dreading to look at the worst—and is, besides, buoyed up by favorable opinions given by a physician whom they have lately consulted,—& in fact those who have thought the worst of the case, would not be likely to say the whole truth to *her*. Poor Miss Hutchinson has a melancholy office; & I fear she is not in good plight to bear up under it. The mild & damp air of Torquay relaxes her frame, & she is plagued with constant toothache. . .

Miss Horrocks, who is very good in sending us whatever tidings she receives from Torquay, inquires after you & your travels. She is pretty well, though much harassed in mind—two of her Sisters just married to Clergymen, not over wealthy, a third waiting till her intended Husband has got a living—or pupils!! & the fourth Sister has been for some weeks extremely ill—requiring constant attendance night & day. . . My Brother & Dora were at Keswick for four days last week. Southey has got rid of a cold which hung upon him all the summer & autumn, & is in his usual good spirits,—happy in his various employments—Sara Coleridge (whose eyes are still weakly though not worse) is busy correcting the press—She has translated a Book from the French<sup>1</sup>—either written by the Chevalier Bayard or by some other person concerning him & his times—I know not which. . . . Cuthbert Southey is a fine clever Boy, & I hope it will please God to preserve him for the comfort &

<sup>1</sup> Sara Coleridge translated the *Memoirs of the Chevalier Bayard, by the Loyal Servant*, which was published by Murray in 1825.

delight of his poor Father, whose loss seemed irreparable when Herbert (then his only Son) died. Mr<sup>s</sup> Southey & the rest of the Family are well. Miss Southey is again in London & not expected at home till February or March—

Now for ourselves—We are all quite well—the Travellers were much improved both in looks & health by their journey, especially my Brother, whose eyes have been less troublesome than usual since his return—Notwithstanding bad weather we have had our daily walks. My Brother has not yet looked at the Recluse; he seems to feel the task so weighty that he shrinks from beginning with it . . yet knows that he has now no time to loiter if another great work is to be accomplished by him—I say another—for I consider the Excursion as one work though the Title-page tells that it is but a *part* of one that has another Title. He has written some very pretty small poems—I will transcribe two of them, wh. have been composed by him with true feeling, & he has great satisfaction in having done them—especially that on Mary Monkhouse for her dear Father's sake, who prizes it very much—

John is just arrived from Oxford & your old friend William is very well in health, though not fit to be trusted off to school at a distance. My Sister sends her very best love to you, and heartily joins with me in the wish that your travels next summer may lead you into Westmorland. It is too soon to begin to tattle of these things—& I hardly think my Brother will stir away from Rydal next summer—yet he sometimes hints at going into Ireland & says when he *does* go he will take me along with him . . but we have all been such wanderers during the last twelve months that the pleasantest thought at present is that of being gathered together at home, & all quietly enjoying ourselves. There is no country that suffers so little as this in bad weather—none that has so much of beauty (and *more* than beauty) in the winter season—and at Rydal Mount especially we are favoured, having the sun right before our windows both at his rising & setting. . . My Brother, who is famous for providing opportunities for his Friends to do him a service, desires me to ask you to be so good as to inquire what is the present price of shares in the Rock Insurance. He has

DECEMBER 1824

a little money to dispose of, & you know he was fortunate in his purchase from that office. Can you recommend any other mode of laying out money?

I am further to ask you if it be possible, through your man or through anyone whom you know of, to have a Daily Paper sent to my Brother the day after publication. We have lost our good neighbours from the Ivy Cot (Mr & Mrs Elliott) & with them their newspaper, & now we only see our own provincial papers, and in these long winter evenings, my Brother feels a want of the little break-in, which our Friends paper used to make among us. . . . You will have heard of us from Mr & Mrs Field—at least they assured me that they should see you ere long, & I sent messages by them. Perhaps they forgot all but my remembrances, for I begged them to urge you to *write*—My Brother is very sorry he did not see Mr Field, being much interested about him. I was much pleased with his Wife. I hope you often see Charles & Mary Lamb, & that they are well. Mrs Field brought a very good account of her. *What a loss the Lambs, not less than you, must feel this winter of the cheerful resting place & never-failing cordial welcome by Thomas Monkhouse's fireside! . . . .* We all join in Kindest remembrances.

Believe me ever your faithful & affectionate Friend,  
Dorothy Wordsworth.

I know you are not tolerant of bad penmanship. What, then, will you say to this letter? I have no excuse for giving you so much trouble except the bad habit of scrawling whenever I write to my best Friends. . . .

Rydal Mount 13<sup>th</sup> December.

Because this comes to you by a private hand, do not suppose that your letter will be the less welcome if to be paid for—& I pray you wait not for a Frank.

*No endorsement, post mark, or address.*

1818-1826  
Nos 116-117

67. H. C. R. to D. W.

8 King's B: Walk Temple  
18 Decr 1824.

My dear friend.

I have been withheld from executing my purpose of writing to you on my return to London this autumn, by not finding our friend Mr Monkhouse here to forward the letter as on former occasions. The tidings I learned from the Lambs about him, coming from you, were more afflicting than even the unusual mortality which had taken place in my absence among my professional and other mere acquaintance : The peril in which the life of so excellent a man is placed (and to you and your family so valued a friend) is distressing in its procrastination tho' we may reasonably hope. I have been frequent in my enquiries at the Counting House And have even seen long letters from him, but his partners are, notwithstanding, I perceive, very apprehensive—At the suggestion of Lamb I wrote him a cheerful letter lately from which he would infer that his London friends, not of the nearest degree of intimacy, did not consider him as a person who ought not to contemplate the more lively incidents and enjoyments of this world. I have had an answer from Miss Hutchinson in which she avoids giving any opinion as to the result of his disease And she permits me therefore to hope, while I cannot still but fear—Perhaps I may have later intelligence before I forward this letter. Should fatal news arrive I may perhaps decline forwarding what I now write, at least for the present. . . .

p. 7, *line* 20. . . . At Brighton I met with a painter who had met Mr W: at Sir Geo: Beaumonts Mr Constable—It was some years ago. He seemed to have retained just impressions of your brothers personal distinction among the poets, tho' too passionately & exclusively attached to his own art, to allow himself leisure for the study of any other. He is said to be a very promising landscape painter. . . .

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*p. 8, last line.* . . . My best Remembrances to Mr & Mrs W.  
And to Miss D: saucy tho' she be

With sincere regard Very truly yours  
H. C. Robinson.

*Addressed by franker:* London, Decr sixteen, 1824, Miss  
Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, Kendal, Westmoreland.

J. Carter.

*Post Mark:* Free, 16 Dec 16, 1824.

*Endorsed:* Decr 1824, H. C. R. to Miss Wordsw. Tour in  
France.

1818-1826  
No 124.

68. D. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount April 12th [1825]—

My dear Friend

I think we should have heard from you ere this had not the same causes prevented you, that kept me from writing—When our dear Friend<sup>1</sup> was taken for ever from us—I shrunk from the task, & persuaded myself that you, (sympathizing so truly with us as I know you do) would write to some of us—Then came the happy tidings of Charles Lamb's Freedom<sup>2</sup>—and again I thought every post would bring a report from you of the effect upon him & his good Sister—of some pleasant evening you had spent together in their quiet home. I expect in vain, & the opportunity of sending a packet to London tempts me to break the silence though with little to say of ourselves, and why should I dwell on regrets for a loss which Time can never repair to us?—We feel it daily—though so far distant from the house which he inhabited, that was a hospitable home ever ready for us. . . No doubt you have heard what an easy death he had—he was prepared for it thoroughly—yet no one through the course of a long illness perhaps ever clung more fondly to life. Probably his exemption from severe pain might in part

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Monkhouse died early in 1825.

<sup>2</sup> Lamb to H. C. R., April, 1825. 'I have left the d—d India house for  
Ever! give me great joy' C Lamb

Endorsed by H. C. R.: As an Autograph curious being characteristic.

contribute to this . . then he had been a fortunate & a happy man ; and was deeply attached to family & Friends. Miss Hutchinson was with him at the last, though unfortunately not the few days preceding his death, she being on a visit to Mr & Mrs Gee.<sup>1</sup> Her health seemed, from all accounts, to have suffered from anxiety & distress when all was over. She accompanied Mrs Monkhouse & Miss Horrocks, to Mr Monkhouse's house (the Brother) in Herefordshire ; She Miss Hutchinson, is now pretty well again & looks forward with pleasure to returning to Rydal in summer. Mrs Monkhouse & Miss H. Horrocks after a few weeks' stay at Mr M's, return to Clifton. Mrs M. has had a bad cough after her husband's death &, as might be expected, was much weakened by what she had gone through, they therefore thought the air of Clifton might be salutary—and Miss H. writes to me that her Sister is much better. They are coming to Preston before the end of this month. The Child is perfectly well, &, Miss H. says, is a great comfort to her Mother, who is resigned to God's will, & bears her affliction much better than could have been expected . . Before I turn to other subjects I must mention one grievous circumstance—Our poor Friend made his own Will—in consequence of which his intentions towards his Brother will in some degree be frustrated. He had left him his Estate (in Cumberland) but having only two witnesses to the Will—the Estate will go to the Child. This is the more to be regretted, as when she comes of age, her fortune will be large far beyond the needs of any woman of her rank ; & the Uncle, owing to bad times for farming, is in rather confined circumstances ; he, however, only laments the circumstance as defeating his lamented Brother's wishes—not at all on his own account. He and Mrs Hutchinson, the Sister, will each have a handsome legacy.

A few days ago, my Brother had a most interesting letter from Charles Lamb . . He feels Thomas Monkhouse's death just

<sup>1</sup> Mr Gordon Wordsworth tells me that the Gees lived at Rydal Lodge at this time, and were extremely intimate at Rydal Mount—They moved subsequently to Hendon where Edward and Dora Quillinan paid them frequent visits, as did also Edward's two daughters, either as boarders, pupils, or guests.

as I thought he would feel it. . . Oh ! that I could flatter myself that this release from the necessity of remaining in, or near London would ever bring us the happiness of seeing them here—&, above all, of having them stationary near us for a few months—a whole winter—or a whole summer ! This I fear can never be. . .

The Quarterly Review<sup>1</sup> is now in the House. My Brother has read your Article with great pleasure, & says you think too humbly of the style in which it is done. He thinks the matter excellent—the style good enough. I have not yet had an opportunity of reading it.

A letter from Mrs Clarkson gives a tolerable account of herself & Husband—& a good one of Tom.

My Sister has had a very bad cold—a sort of Influenza—and looks thin & ill ; but will, I hope, soon regain what she has lost. On the whole she has had a healthy winter—So have we all. My Brother's eyes are at this time better than we have seen them for some years. He often reads several hours in the course of the day, yet cannot use them at night. He will soon be sending out a new Edition of his poems—in six volumes—the Excursion included. . . I never have thanked you for the valuable notes you were so kind as to add to my journal of our Tour—not I assure you because they were not prized, but because, except one, I did not discover them till the other day, when glancing my eye over it, on lending it to a friend . . As to compressing—or re-writing I shall never do it—My plan would be—make another Tour, & write a better journal—that is,—in some respects more comprehensive—in others less so.—Not that I regret that this is as it is : for it well answers the purpose intended, of reviving recollections. . .

I do not think my Brother will stir far from home this Summer, he was so much of a wanderer the last, & the preceding ;—indeed we shall most likely all stay at home—so pray contrive to peep in amongst us in your way to some other quarter of his Majesty's Dominions—or, come on purpose, & stay as long

<sup>1</sup> Vol. 31, No. 62, April 1825. Southey asked H. C. R. to write the article, which deals with German affairs, especially with Prussian reforms and their effect on popular sentiment.



APRIL 1825

as you like . . We cannot hope to see you if you have a Continental scheme.

Give our kind love to C. & M. Lamb when you see them—My Brother has written our congratulations . . Forgive this poor scrawl & believe me your faithful & affectionate Friend

D Wordsworth.

In what an admirable point of view is your Friend Flaxman's Character set forth, in Hayley's Life !

How is your Sister ?

*Endorsed* : 12<sup>th</sup> April 1825, *Miss Wordsworth*, And 6<sup>th</sup> June, My Quart. Rev.

1818-1826  
Nos. 125-126.

69. H. C. R. to D. W.

[June 7<sup>th</sup> 1825]

*p. 1, line 5. . . .* It was amid the bustle of preparing for the circuit that the news reached me of the loss of our excellent friend Monkhouse. He has left few equal to him in purity generosity and dignity of character. My first reason for loving him was his enthusiastic attachment to your brother whom he was worthy to love and to admire—My acquaintance was not intimate before our journey, but there was never afterwards any decline of my regard and esteem To you and all your family his loss will be irreparable. I fear London will lose its chief attraction And that we shall see less of you than formerly. . . .

*p. 3, line 7. . . .* It gives me very great pleasure indeed to hear of the new edition of your brother's works in six volumes . . This proves the truth of one's anticipations—

'The estate that wits inherit'—is not always and altogether—'after death'. There may be an instalment or two paid during life—And most fondly do I believe and hope that Mr W: will live to gather a full portion of that honorable fame which assuredly his descendants will be proud of—I shall be delighted in adding a third edition to those I have—And I regret that owing to a moment's delay I lost the *single* volume of the Lyrical Ballads at an auction lately—Of works that one really

JUNE 1825

loves, one is glad to have varieties of shape and size—The landscapes are, I hope, to be omitted in the new edition—And yet if the omission cast but a shade of mortification over the brow of your venerable friend for a moment I would not have them omitted—But if there are to be *gays* as we call them in Suffolk Why not *hne* engravings at once? And why not by a first rate hand, a print of the bust? I am aware that busts do not engrave well generally: But certainly this is the least unsatisfactory of the attempts to 'snatch from fleeting time' an image of your brother's countenance. I am not sure that poor Monkhouse's picture was not a favorite of your's—I picked up on a stall the other day, a magazine engraving of it—the price, one penny!!! . . .

1818-1826  
No. 127.

70. D. W. to H. C. R.

July 2nd 1825

Direct Rydal Mount—KENDAL

My dear Friend,

I have spent a full hour in seeking for your letter & must answer it without re-reading which I was anxious to do lest I should forget to reply to some part where a reply is called for. The letter must be at Kendal. I have been there spending a week, and took it along with me for the comfort & amusement of a sick friend, a young woman, the Daughter of Mrs Cookson at whose house you were with me who has for three years been confined to her Chamber—almost to her Bed. I need give no better proof that your letter & its heart-reaching truths, which you are pleased to call trite & commonplace interested me; and do not suppose that though I have been so careless as not to bring the letter home with me, I shall neglect to have it restored; but (knowing my weakness—my disposition to go on procrastinating—when once I begin) I think it better to seize the present half-hour of leisure than to wait a few days longer for the benefit of a fresh perusal of your letter, yet I have little to communicate that is new.—Though my Brother is preparing for the Press he has not yet even fixed upon a Publisher, so it will be some time before the poems are out. . . He

has had so little profit in his engagement with Longman, that he is inclined to try another, and he (Longman) after assuring him that it would not answer for the Concern to allow a larger share of profits—or, in other words, more than half (my B<sup>r</sup> being secured from loss) assured him that they should not think themselves unhandsomely used if he applied elsewhere (as he had proposed to do.) After all, I think, it will prove that he is not likely to MEND HIMSELF; and perhaps he may turn again to the Longmans, from whom if he parts, he parts on friendly terms. I wish he had made up his mind, and for my part, am sorry that he has ever entertained a thought of change; for *his* works are not likely to be much aided in the Sale by exertions even of the most active publishers. . . Do not mention this matter nor speak of it in reply to me: for I believe no one has heard of it except the person employed as a negotiator, &, I assure you there has been no great encouragement. . I hope we may see you here some weeks before the poems *can* be printed; for if you go into Ireland you will certainly not refuse a Berth in one of the Steam packets to Glasgow—thence to the Hebrides, & you will come home by *Rydal Mount*—to say nothing of the inducement of the Lakes. My Brother would gladly accompany you & make me one of the party—He would do so were money no object—nor indeed would he *make* it an object in the present case, had he not a much grander scheme in view, for which all our savings must be heaped up—no less than spending a whole winter in Italy, & a whole summer in moving from place to place—in Switzerland & elsewhere, not neglecting the Tyrol. . John Wordsworth will have finished at Oxford at the close of the year 26—and we talk, if it can be accomplished, of setting out in the Spring of 27—and in our day-dreams you always make one of the Company. . . I really speak seriously—Such is our plan—but even supposing life health & strength are continued to us, there will still be difficulties—the Stamp-office—the house, home, and other concerns to be taken care of &c. None of the difficulties, however, appear to be insurmountable; so you *must* go to the Highlands on purpose to come back by this road to plan with my Brother—to give us estimates of

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expenses—& to enable us to settle a hundred things. My Brother fancies that he might almost make the journey cost nothing by residing *two* years abroad,—but that is too long a period to enter into the first scheme, especially for a Gover[n]-ment Agent. I trust before 1827 you will be quite satisfied of the propriety of retiring from the Law, and that in the meantime you will have continued to you the chearful spirits which make even the *Drudgery* of your London Life no misfortune . . We keep our scheme entirely to ourselves—You only (as a destined Sharer in it) are made acquainted with it :—and for various reasons—especially the delicacy required in managing any Business of this kind with the Rulers of the Stamp-office, we shall not speak of it till it is needful to make arrangements for effecting our purpose ; therefore give no hint to any one. Surely amongst so many, we might make up a Tour print and publish that would at least have enough of originality in the manner of it to insure some profit—but we must see our way clearly before us without any help of that kind. But no more of this—I cast my eyes with fear & trembling on what I have just been writing. Of the party from this house, one only (my Niece) is young—The youngest of us elder ones will have numbered 54 years next Christmas. . . . This thought leads me to your poor Sister, who may I fear, before her final release have much pain to endure. If she be still near you pray give my kind regards to her—and sincerest good wishes. . . It would give us great pleasure to hear of Charles Lamb's having got through his troublesome businesses & being again able thoroughly to enjoy his liberty . . When you wrote he had a sort of nervous feverishness hanging upon him. A long journey, I find, is not to be thought of ; but I hope his Sister and he will make one of their little trips before the summer is over.

Have you heard of the Clarksons lately ? I have twice written to Mrs C since I had a letter from her & as she is generally a more faithful correspondent than I am her silence makes me uneasy . . Miss Hutchinson is not yet arrived—She *was* to have come with John W. who went into Herefordshire to fetch her on his way from Oxford ; but found her obliged to attend her Sister-in-law to Harrowgate, who after having suffered a good

deal for many weeks, from indigestion had, the day before John's arrival been advised to try the Harrowgate waters. God grant that Sarah Hutchinson may not have to go through anxieties similar to what she endured last winter ! Mrs Thomas Hutchinson is the only Sister of our poor departed Friend Thomas Monkhouse & there is a fraternal resemblance between the bodily constitutions of the Brother & Sister. This makes the Family very anxious—though there are at present no dangerous symptoms. *Her* disorder is taken at the beginning, which *his* was not, but the first symptoms are the same in both—indigestion & extreme leanness ; he, however, had many anxieties to struggle with which she is free from—besides the cares attending his business—& much bodily fatigue. I do not wonder at Sarah Hutchinson's extreme anxiety ; but for myself I hope there is little cause for alarm, tho' much for caution & that two or three weeks at Harrowgate will set all right. . . . I know no one who could be worse spared—She is as good as was her dear Brother—an excellent Wife & Mother—& in manners & deportment an example for all who have the happiness of knowing her. . . . We are sadly out of the way of Magazines—This I say only for Charles Lamb's sake. I begin now to despair of seeing any of his late papers till they are published all together—yet if Mr De Quincey ever does find his way back to Rydal, we can borrow the Magazines from him. With all this scarcity of Magazines, novels from our Lady Friends have poured in upon us so fast that we are muddled among them, & can never attempt to get through all. . . . Besides, I am deep in Madame de Genlis's life—a hundred times more entertaining than the best of our now-a-days novels—and how much more surprizing ! . . . If you have not read this Book pray do. . . . I ought to have told you that after three weeks' stay at Harrowgate, we hope to have Miss Hutchinson at Rydal—and certainly shall if Mrs Hutchinson is tempted according to our expectation, by the Harrowgate Waters. When you see the Lambs tell them about her.—They also, I believe, know Mrs H. & her only surviving Brother, that excellent man, John Monkhouse—My Brother and Sister beg their kindest remembrances—& Dora too, who in spite of your sauciness,

JULY 1825

will be very glad to borrow your arm on the Italian precipices . .  
Now say in your next that Ireland & Scotland are your choice  
for this year—& that you will come and plan with us for Italy  
. . . I wish this letter were not half so long ; for I give you but  
little matter & a large share of plague for the eyes—but I  
know your good-nature too well to fear that you will be angry—  
or even a little cross—God bless you

ever your affecte. Friend

D Wordsworth

*Address :* H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup>., 3 King's Bench Walk, Temple,  
London.

*Single.*

*Post Marks :* Kendal, Penny Post, N. 2 [& an illegible one].

*Endorsed :* 2<sup>d</sup> July 1825, Miss Wordsworth travell<sup>s</sup> projects.

1818-1826  
No. 135.

71. D. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount near *Kendal*

November 8th-[1825]

My dear Friend,

My original intention was to meet you with a note of congratulation on your return to the lonesome Chambers in King's Bench Walk ; but I have just heard of poor Mary Lamb's illness & this is a matter of sincere condolence . . I write then chiefly to *inquire* after her & her Brother—and next to plead for a continuation of your journal, the first part of which was duly received & read by all of us with very great pleasure—It made me wish to touch at those agreeable Islands<sup>1</sup> the next voyage we take . . if ever we are destined again to wander beyond the shores of Britain. . . My Brother & Sister & Miss Hutchinson have been a month at Coleorton, & it is from there that we, at home, have received the distressing tidings of Miss Lamb's illness, brought to them by the Master of Trinity . . who has also been at Coleorton—Now my good Friend, I pray you write as soon as you receive this. I hope you may be able to say that the present attack is of the milder kind, as they have lately been, & that she is in the way of recovery. Besides,

<sup>1</sup> The Channel Isles.

tell us particularly how Charles is himself . . I learn that the supposed cause of the Sister's illness, was his having had a relapse after a nervous fever. . . Beyond this at present I require no more than to know that you are safe & well after a journey, which I trust has been pleasant ; for you have the happy art of enjoying wherever there is a possibility of finding anything to enjoy . . Leave all particulars, only do not retract your promise. . . I have stayed at home all summer & have had an agreeable lot—the weather has been better than was ever known & I have had health & strength to allow me to take long walks . . which (especially upon the mountains) are as delightful to my feelings as ever in my younger days—My Sister has been ten weeks absent—She accompanied Mrs Thomas Hutchinson to Harrowgate, stayed some time there, & met her Husband and Sister at Sir G. Beaumont's.<sup>1</sup>

My last report to you on the state of my Brother's eyes was very cheerful—We were in hopes that he was going to outlive that troublesome weakness ; but alas ! ever since he went to Coleorton he has been suffering from inflammation, especially in *one* of his eyes. Mrs Wordsworth is quite well. We expect them at home about the middle of next week.

Nothing is yet done towards the printing of the Poems except a bargain made with Hurst & Robinson. Longman was at Rydal with his Family . . my Brother made his proposals to him, which he has no doubt would have been cheerfully acceded to by *him* : but the Jewish *Concern* could not agree to them. Alaric Watts has been the agent with Hurst & c, & they give all that the Author required from the Longmans . . I have always believed that they never pushed the Sale—If this belief be well founded there can be no doubt of my Brother's being a gainer by the change. I am right glad he has nothing to do with Murray. When he is at home again, we shall be kept very busy for a while—A new arrangement is to be made . . & till the work is printed he will always be attempting to correct faults

I have this moment received a letter from Miss Horrocks telling me she is going to be married, with the approbation of

<sup>1</sup> Coleorton.

her Father & of all her Family. Her intended Husband is a physician of the name of St. Clair, resident in Preston. She has known him intimately for 15 years. . . Mrs Monkhouse & her Daughter are come back to Preston—She departed thence in August, to Clifton, where she had *lodgings* I believe, & intended spending the winter there, physicians having pronounced the Climate of the North too cold for her. These said physicians now decide differently—They tell her her lungs are quite sound & she may live wherever it suits her best. . . For myself I have little doubt that both opinions have had the same foundation . . . inclinations discovered on the part of the Consulter—This, I am sure, is the trick of South-country physicians.

At present Mrs Monkhouse intends to reside a year with her Father. This arrangement, no doubt was in consequence of the intended marriage. There will, when Miss Horrocks resigns her name, only be the youngest (Anne Eliza) unmarried. . . My niece Dora, & William are both well. Dora sends her kind remembrances—Two Miss Southseys are staying with us, so we are a lively party. All the Southseys (except the eldest) have the hooping-cough—& Sara Coleridge, who has been very ill, but is now recovering. I am sorry to tell you that Southey's foot does not get well . . . but I am forgetting that you have been out of England & may not have heard of his confinement at Leyden with the Bite of a Bug. The foot inflamed very much & the Erysipelas has since fixed in it & is very troublesome, though not much if it were in any other part. He can only take very short walks : his health is, however, good in other respects. The air of Flanders & Holland quite cured his cough. . . Again I entreat for a letter immediately. . . Believe me ever, Your affectionate Friend

D Wordsworth.

*Address* · H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup>·, 3 King's Bench Walk,  
London.

*Post Marks* : Kendal, Penny Post, C 10 No 10 1825, N. 2.

*Endorsed* : 8 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1825, Miss Wordsworth.



NOVEMBER 1825

1818-1826  
No. 136.

72. D. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount near Kendal

This is our address

Nov<sup>r</sup> 26th-1825

My dear Friend,

On telling my Brother that I was going to write to you, with a question 'have you anything to say to him?' his reply was 'A hundred things'—'Tell him I wish I were as strong as he—that I half envy him his joyous spirits—that I should have liked to have gone with him . . or to go with him to the Tyrol—to Italy—or any where' & he added many more of the hundred things—which I have now forgotten, & your fancy must supply : . . and now, setting aside wishes, which for at least two or three years *cannot* be gratified (College expenses & others being so great) I must tell you the simple truth that your letter has interested us very much, and I return you a thousand thanks not only for gratifying my wishes in the most agreeable manner possible; but for even anticipating them. . I did not venture to expect the journal for weeks to come, yet it arrives before my request reaches you, & at the same time your account of Charles & Mary Lamb allays our anxiety, though, till we hear from you again, we cannot be satisfied : . . yet I hope he has had no second relapse, & that she has been restored to herself & her good Brother at the accustomed period . . but, after all that is passed, there must [be] a heavy struggle with sadness & depression of spirits before they are re-instated in their usual comforts. Pray give our kindest regards to them : and write as soon as you have leisure to tell us exactly how they are going on ; and mention also your poor Sister<sup>1</sup>, whether she still continues to suffer less than is usual in her afflicting malady, and if you think it will not give her pain to be reminded of those times when I have seen her—or of one whom she will never meet again in this world, will you give my Love to her, & add that I frequently think of her—

I know not that I have any thing new to tell you—It will be

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Thomas Robinson was dying of cancer.

a fortnight on Thursday since my Brother & Sister & Miss Hutchinson returned to Rydal Mount—They spent above a month at Coleorton, & with *Stops* on the road, were six weeks absent—that is, my Brother & Miss H., but Mrs W.'s absence had extended to ten weeks & a half when she reached home, & truly happy she was to settle herself again. She is in good health, & her Husband also, which I hardly looked to: for, during the whole of his stay at Coleorton, he suffered grievously from his eyes, having more *pain* & distressful weakness in the eye-balls than he had ever had before. In this state he set forward, alone, in a pony-chaise!—I knew of his intentions & was very anxious—but, as he foretold, the journey proved a great relief—almost a cure—though the weather was sometimes cold & stormy. In fact he always finds the fresh air more beneficial than any thing else; but my fears were grounded on the long-continued exposure to all changes.

My Sister & Miss H. travelled per coach, waited his arrival at Manchester, & stayed with him there two days,—saw some pleasant well-informed people—and one most beautiful picture—for which seven thousand pounds had been refused . . I forget the Master's name, the subject is The Holy Family—the Virgin, they tell me, a striking likeness of Sara Coleridge—This picture belongs to a Manchester Merchant, who had it from abroad in lieu of a bad Debt. . . Now while I speak of Manchester let me say a word in favour of a Friend of Dora's, a Miss Jewsbury, who has written for 'the Souvenir' and for several other periodicals, under the signature M. J. J. She is a young woman of extraordinary talents, is a good Daughter, & a good Sister to a numerous Family at the head of which she was left, by the Death of her Mother, at the age of 15. We became acquainted with Miss Jewsbury last summer, & she spent above a week under our roof; and the Party were with her at Manchester, and were all much interested by, and for her. Mr. Alaric Watts has encouraged & persuaded Miss Jewsbury to publish a volume in prose and verse—miscellaneous—(sketches—short Essays &c)—and there is one pretty long Tale, ('The Unknown') which is, to me affectingly told.

The Tittle [*sic*] of the volumes [*sic*] is *Phantasmogria* [*sic*] . . a

title which would not be very taking to me were the Author a Stranger . . I mention it, however, in order that if you have leisure you may glance an eye over the Book, and, as you are sometimes a Dabbler in Reviews . . you may have an opportunity of serving the Authoress . . or perhaps Charles Lamb could slip a favorable notice into one of the Magazines . . I cannot ask either of you to *review* the volumes, though if you would do so & could in conscience speak favorably it would be a great kindness done to a deserving person and gratefully received. . . I think I told you that Hurst & Robinson are to publish for my Brother ; but preliminaries are, I find, not yet entirely settled—& our work is not begun—I much fear that the printers will not get through in time for the Spring Sale, & if so, it is the loss of another year.

To return to your Tour,—Guernsey and Mont St. Michel set me upon wishing—for it would neither be difficult nor expensive to accomplish a circuit thereabouts, if we happened to be in the South of England—As to re-visiting those Vales of the Alps where you have been tracking our steps—it is so large a scheme—that now—in this time of impossibility—I go no further than an exclamation—‘if it ever *could* be how delightful!—We had just such bright weather as you describe in your passage from Meyringhen to Grindelwald<sup>1</sup> when we travelled the contrary way—excepting a thunder shower while we rested at the Chalet, and ate our dinners under the shed at the Door opposite to the Wetterhorn, alternately hidden & revealed by driving clouds & flashing sunbeams . You ask for an Itinerary of our route from Frankfort to Lucern—Frankfort—Darmstadt — Heidelberg — Bruchsal — Carlsruhe — Radstadt — Baden-baden—Offenbach—Hornberg—through a beautiful valley—ascended from it through Black Forest—to Villinghen-Donneschlungen (where is the Source of the Danube)—Schaffhausen—Zurich, along the Banks of the Limmat to Baden standing close to that River—Lenzberg-Murgenthal (It was here we met with the two handsome Maidens who danced with poor Thomas Monkhousé) . Herzogenboschie . . (here we slept in our Carriages)

<sup>1</sup> First written as ‘Grindelwald to Meyringhen’ and marked for transposition.

NOVEMBER 1825

Berne—Thoun—Interlachen—Lauterbrunnen—Grindelwald, Meiringhen—Handek—Back to Meiringhen—Over Brunig to Sarnen . . Engelberg—Back again next day to Stanz—Embarked at Stanzstadt—crossed that part of the Lake to Winkeln—walked thence to Lucern. I spell wretchedly ; but a young Friend of mine has begun to re-copy my journal (with omissions—In the way of abridging I can do little) and I will endeavour to correct spelling by <sup>1</sup>[you] & other good <sup>1</sup>a[utho]rities & shall insert all the notes <sup>1</sup>y[ou] were so good <sup>1</sup>a[s] t[o] make—besides correcting whatever <sup>1</sup>[errors] you have pointed out. For this fair Copy I wish, before it is bound to procure a Set of Swiss Costumes, & hope by your kindness to be enabled to do so. . . Perhaps some Friend of yours may be going in to Switzerland—or perhaps they may be purchased in London at no very great expence. Should the expence be moderate ; we should like two Sets (one for my Sister's Tour also) but as hers is already bound it is of less consequence, because the prints could not perhaps be inserted without injury to the Binding.—I have been so bad a payer that you would have good cause to fear my getting further into your debt—I owe you for Razors & needles, which Debt I have always forgotten at the proper time—& will now discharge the whole together, for I hope you may be able to get the prints, & this discharge I hope may take place at Rydal Mount next summer . . Remember the Hebrides—which you have not seen, and we are in the way to or from Ireland . . I wrote a few weeks ago to Mrs Clarkson & am surprized [*sic*] I do not hear from her. Pray when you see Tom, ask how is [*sic*] Cousin Emma is and how his Father & Mother are going on. My Brother & Sister saw Mrs Monkhouse at Preston—She was well & chearful . & the Child is remarkably healthy. . . Miss Horrocks is very soon to be married. God bless you.

Ever your affectionate friend  
D Wordsworth.

What would I not have given to have heard the Avalanches with you !

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.

NOVEMBER 1825

If the price in London of costumes is beyond what you like to venture unauthorized, pray tell me what it is, and I will say buy—or not buy . . Should you be able to procure the Costume by the middle of January a Friend of mine will bring the parcel.

*Address :* To H. C. Robinson Esqr<sup>e</sup>, 8 King's Bench Walk, Temple, London.

*Post Marks .* Kendal Penny Post, C. 29 No. 29 1825.

*Endorsed .* 26 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1825, Miss Wordsworth.

1818-1826  
No. 141.

73. H. C. R. to D. W.

6<sup>th</sup> Jan 1826.

p. 2, *line* 2 . . . [after speaking of the death of J. D Collier<sup>1</sup>].  
... One of the three sons<sup>2</sup> is a man of respectable talents—An affectionate & indeed passionate admirer of your brother's works. His own writings will never acquire any character, but Lamb respects them and the writer—

p. 2, *line* 19. . . . Did I mention to you in any former letter the death of my admirable old friend—I feel however that I am not entitled to use so familiar a term—M<sup>rs</sup> Barbauld?<sup>3</sup> Her writings have been published They have delighted me Even her poems have gratified me tho' I have studied in a school of deeper wisdom and endeavoured to raise myself to the apprehension of works of a higher imagination. The felicity of her life consisted in a passionless serenity of mind, in luminous views & cheerful contemplation of human life—Now this is not the element of poetry and I therefore never consider her as a poet. But even in her less excellent writings the felicity of her style is such occasionally as to impart great delight—which sometimes mere

<sup>1</sup> J. D Collier, 'one of the oldest of my friends', died Nov. 27, 1825.

<sup>2</sup> John Payne Collier, the Shakespearian critic, whom H. C. R. describes as one of his 'most respected friends'

<sup>3</sup> In his *Diary* H C R. comments unfavourably on Mrs. Barbauld's most ambitious poem, which is entitled *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven*, much as he appreciated the lines here introduced, which Wordsworth so much admired as to wish he had written them.

In her old age, H C. R. frequently visited and played chess with Mrs. Barbauld, and on one occasion he took Wordsworth to call on her. See also the description of the dinner at her nephew's, Dr. Aikin, on May 13, 1812.

*expression* will do—Allow me to illustrate this by copying a few lines which delighted me for the curious felicity of language—They have (& that is a higher merit) imparted comfort to my suffering Sister. A couple of Stanzas addressed to *Life* & written when she was not far from *Eighty* are thus terminated

Life, we've been long together  
In pleasant and in cloudy weather.  
Tis hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps twill cost a sigh, a tear.  
Then steal away, give little warning  
Choose your own time.  
Say not—' *good night* ', but in some brighter clime  
*Bid me good morning.*

Bear in mind, that it is not as poetry, but as the felicitous expression of a most enviable feeling—habitual to her, that I make the citation. . . .

1817-1826  
Nos. 142-143

74. *H. C. R. to D. W.*

[Franked : Feb<sup>y</sup> twenty. 1826]

*p. 1, line 9.* . . . The Lambs are really improving. If you look into the last New Monthly Magazine you will be delighted by perceiving that Charles L. is himself again—His peculiar mixture of wit & fancy is to be found there in all its charming individuality—No one knows better than he the proportions of earnestness & gaiety for his undefinable compositions—His health I think is decidedly improving

A few evenings ago I met at his house one of the attachés to the great Lombard Street shop—He said that Mr Wordsworths works had been repeatedly enquired after lately & that the enquirers had been referred to Hurst's house—This led to a talk about the new edition & the new arrangement—Lamb observed there is only one good order—And that is the order in which they were written—That is a history of the poet's mind—This would be true enough of a poet who produced everything at a heat—Where there is no pondering and pausing and combining and accumulating and bringing to bear on one point

the inspirations & the wise reflections of years . . In the *last* edition—I hope I shall never see it—Of course not meaning the Variorum editions of Commentators—but in the last of the author's own editions intended for future generations the editor will say to himself—aware of the habit people have of beginning at the beginning & ending at the end—How shall I be best understood and most strongly felt ? By what train of thought & succession of feelings is the reader to be led on—his best faculties and wisest curiosity be most excited ?—The dates given to the table of contents will be sufficient to inform the inquisitive reader how the poet's mind was successively engaged.—Lamb disapproves (and it gave me pleasure to find I was authorised by his opinion in the decided opinion I had from the first) of the classification into poems of fancy, imagination & reflection—The reader who is enjoying for instance to the top of his bent the magnificent Ode which in every classification ought to be the last, does not stay to ask nor does he care what faculty has been most taxed to the production. This is certain that what the poet says of nature is equally true of the mind of man & the productions of his faculties They exist not in 'absolute independent singleness' To attempt ascertaining curiously the preponderance [*sic*] of any one faculty in each work is a profitless labour—

An editor such as Dr Johnson would make short work of it All the elegies, all the odes, all the Sonnets—all the Etceteras together—But then your brother has had the impertinence to plague the critics by producing works that cannot be brought under any of the heads of Enfield's Speaker—Tho' he has not a few that might be entitled *A copy of Verses*—Why a copy ? I used to ask when a schoolboy—Gothe has taken this class of poems under his especial protection & his Gelegenheits Gedichte —(Occasional poems) are among the most delightful of his works—My favorites of this class among your brother's works are

Lady ! the songs of Spring were in the grove  
and

Lady ! I rifled a Parnassian Cave.

One exception I am willing to make in favour of the *Sonnet* tho'

otherwise a classification according to metrical form is the most unmeaning—

If I may venture to express the order that I should most enjoy, it would be one formed on the great objects of human concern—Tho' I should be by no means solicitous about any—or care for the inevitable blendings & crossings of classes—Were these poems in Italian one grand class would be *Alla bella Natura*. Unluckily we want the phrase which both the Germans & French have. *Der schonen Natur gewidmet*—Such a heading would be affected in English Still I should like to see brought together all the poems which are founded on that intense love of nature that exquisite discernment of its peculiar charms & that almost deification of nature which poor Blake (but of that hereafter) reproaches your brother with—As subdivisions would be the Duddon—The Memorials—The naming of places—One division of the Sonnets would correspond with this great class—

After Nature come the contemplations of human life viewed in its' great features—Infancy & Youth—Active life (viz The happy warrior)—Old age & Death—Collateral with these are the affections arising out of the Social relations—Maternal & filial—fraternal & connubial love &c &c &c—Then there is a third great division which might be entitled *The Age*—Here we should be forced to break into the Sonnets—In which shape most of these poems are—Why is the 'Thanksgiving Ode' to be the LAST of this class?—It is a sort of moral & intellectual suicide in your brother not to have continued his admirable series of poems 'dedicated to liberty' he might add And 'public virtue'. (I assure you it gives me real pain when I think that some future commentator may possibly hereafter write—'This great poet survived to the fifth decennary of the nineteenth Century, but he appears to have dyed in the year 1814 as far as life consisted in an active sympathy with the temporary welfare of his fellow creatures—He had written heroically & divinely against the tyranny of Napoleon, but was quite indifferent to all the successive tyrannies which disgraced the succeeding times—) The Spaniards the moment they were under the yoke of the most odious & contemptible tyrant that



ever breathed—ceased to be objects of interest—The Germans who emancipated themselves were most ungratefully neglected by their sovereigns & the poet—The Greeks began a War as holy as that of the Spaniards He was silent—He had early manifested a feeling for the negroes & the poet did honour to his friend Clarkson—That source of sympathetic tears was dried up—A new field of enterprise was opened in America—The poets eye was not a prophetic one—There is proof that he was alive abo<sup>t</sup> 1823-4 when the new churches were built in London but otherwise he took no care about any of the events of the day—He had indeed the wisdom & dignity not to expose himself to the imputations exaggerated by party feeling but not unfounded which were heaped upon the Laureat—

I had no intention I assure you to make so long a parenthesis or indeed to advert to such a subject And I wish you not to read any part of this letter which might be thought impertinent—Nothing, as you know, equals the love & admiration I bear to your brother's poetical character. And I am not unfrequently mortified when I am unable to repel the bitter & scornful attacks which low minded adversaries make against him—I am however more pained when I hear the lamentations of some of the most excellent persons I know that occasion sh<sup>d</sup> be given to the railings of the baser sort—In favour of my affectionate attachment to your brothers fame do forgive this digression And as I said above, keep it to yourself.

To conclude what I had to say about the classification—A 4th class would be the Religious poems—Here I have a difficulty—Ought these to be separated from the philosophical poems or united with them? In some of the poems Mr W. has given poetical existence to feelings in which the *many* will join—Others are moods of his own mind—Mystical as the mob—philosophical as the few would say—I should give myself for a separation—The longer narrative poems such as the White Doe would form classes of themselves. . . .

1818-1826  
No. 144.

## 75. D. W. to H. C. R.

Brinsop Court, near Hereford. Feby 25<sup>th</sup> [1826].

My dear Friend,

I hope you have not set me down as an ungrateful one for not having sooner thanked you for your interesting letter, & Mr<sup>s</sup> Collier for her great kindness in sparing to me the valuable Memorials of her Tour, which, in course of time would I think become the more valuable for the cause which in some degree seems to reconcile you to the accepting them for me—namely that to her they are *now* become *melancholy* memorials—The assurance that, if her life be prolonged, she will hereafter cling with especial delight to the memory of those few weeks which cheered her declining husband's spirits makes me unwilling to deprive her of any thing that might assist her recollections, & if you feel as I do pray do not accept her Gift but return it to her with a thousand thanks from me . . . I recollect Mr<sup>s</sup> Collier & her hospitable kindness, when she lived in Hatton Gardens<sup>1</sup>—I once dined there with you, at that time when I had travelled with you upon the Coach from Bury—Perhaps this circumstance may help her to recollect something about me.

My young Friend gets on slowly with the Journal therefore the prints will not be wanted for a long time, however I will attend to your advice & have it bound with blank leaves so as to receive whatever prints I may be so fortunate as to pick up.—You all perhaps blame me for having taken so little pains in the curtailng.—I have done no more than cut out passages (sometimes pretty long ones) in giving it a hasty reading over.

It is time that I should explain the Date of this letter—Here I arrived yesterday week, having parted from my Brother & his Daughter at Kendal just ten days before I halted a few days at Manchester with Miss Jewsbury, the Authoress of *Phantasmagoria* &c—and was even more pleased with her at home than abroad. Her talents are extraordinary; and she is admirable as a Daughter & Sister, & has, besides, many valuable Friends, to some of whom I was introduced. From Manchester I came by way of Worcester & the delightful Hills of Malvern to

<sup>1</sup> Where H. C. R., for a long time, lodged in her house.

Hereford, where I was met by M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth's Sister. Brinsop Court is six miles from Hereford—the country rich & climate good—far less rain than we have in Westmorland—but as I have always said our compensations do much more than make amends—our dry roads—where, after the heaviest shower, one can walk with comfort—& above all our mountains and lakes which are just as beautiful, just as interesting—in winter as in summer. Brinsop Court is, however even now, no cheerless spot—& flowers in the hedges, & blossoms in the numerous orchards will soon make it gay. Our fire side is enlivened by four fine well-managed Children—and cheerful friends—and M<sup>rs</sup> Hutchinson is one of the most pleasing & excellent of women, the Sister of our good Friend Thomas Monkhouse. She told me yesterday with tears that it was the anniversary of her Brother's death. I saw little Mary in passing through Preston—and Miss Horrocks (now M<sup>rs</sup> St Clare) and her Husband Dr St Clare—but not M<sup>rs</sup> Monkhouse. She was not well enough to meet me at the Inn. I wished to find out a likeness of her Father in Mary; but could not. She very much resembles some of M<sup>rs</sup> Monkhouse's Sisters M<sup>rs</sup> St Clare seemed in good spirits, but I thought her looking much older than when we parted in London—& *very* much older than when we travelled together on the Continent & the people more than once exclaimed 'Quelle belle Femme!—Her Husband did not take my fancy he is a stout, tall heavy man much older than herself.—I thought of a Gentleman's Butler at a well-covered Side-board.—the very opposite of our dear Friend, her Brother in law. . . Yesterday I had a letter from Rydal Mount with good tidings—Miss Hutchinson was seized with a dangerous illness soon after Christmas & recovered very slowly, which prevented my setting off so soon as intended—and at last I left her in a weak state; but she is now perfectly well again; and all the rest are in pretty good plight—My Brothers eyes in their better way. His poems are quite ready for the press; but no arrangement can be made till it is known whether Hurst & Robinson will go on or not—& even should they promise fair I hardly think it would be safe to conclude the bargain till the mercantile & bookselling world is a little more settled.—My Brother

hitherto has been most fortunate—While people are suffering losses on all sides he has wholly escaped—and with respect to the poems he was particularly fortunate, for just before Hurst & Robinson stopped payment he had sent his first volume to M<sup>r</sup> Alaric Watts to be forwarded to them, & he (M<sup>r</sup> Watts) had the prudence to keep it back, having reason to suppose the House was tottering.

Probably you have seen the name of Hutchinson among the Bankrupts. One of the Partners of the Firm (The Tees Bank) is my Sister's eldest Brother—the others are her first Cousins. Their misfortunes were entirely unexpected; & the blow has been a heavy one upon my Sister, Miss Hutchinson & all her Family. Happily the Females will lose nothing by the Tees Bank.

If you should write to me before all the Money alarms are settled (and I hope you will for there is no reason to expect a speedy settlement) pray tell me what you think of the Columbian Bonds—Here we see no newspaper but the Hereford journal & cannot form a notion of probabilities,—only I am sorry to tell you that one of M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth's Sisters has had the imprudence to vest the greatest part of her property in the Columbians when at 90—& we have this day heard that the Dividends cannot be paid—while at the same time the price of Bonds is so low that she cannot possibly think of selling out—Much as we hear of losses & Bankruptcies I am more grieved for my kind Friend 'Joanna—that wild-hearted Maid'<sup>1</sup> than for anyone else whom I know.

Is your poor Sister yet alive?—It is some time since I heard from M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson—Perhaps ere this Tom is married—but I have not seen it in the newspapers—And besides, our neighbour M<sup>rs</sup> Luff (whom I think you have seen in Gloster place) is now in London & she told us M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson was expected there in February [small piece torn] and did not mention Tom's marriage. I hope you will have been with M<sup>rs</sup>. C [corner torn away] already—if n[ot ?] [paper torn] tell her when you do see her where I am. Many thanks for the affecting verses by M<sup>rs</sup> Barbauld! & for your own delightful sketch of her

<sup>1</sup> Joanna Hutchinson, M. W.'s sister. The quotation is from the second of the *Poems on the Naming of Places* To Joanna.

FEBRUARY 1826

character. I wish much to read her works as now collected, & shall try to get them at the Hereford Book Club—At Rydal we get no new publications except through Southey—and sometimes from the Watson's of Calgarth (the Bishops Daughters)—Poor Graham!<sup>1</sup> what a wretched creature (though no doubt his heart is hardened, his moral sense utterly dead—and christian faith he had none) must he be! and I fear the end of his course will be the gallows in whatever country he is now seeking or begging his bread—No! I cannot add the sequel of his story to my journal—It is enough for me that the knowledge of it sullies my remembrances of our bewitching voyage on the Lake of Lugano when the hills were wrapped in green soft glowing light without shadows—and again the sun burst forth in all its brilliancy—But you had more to tell, & pray let me have it.—The story interested us all very much & indeed we had expected nothing good from him

I shall remain in Herefordshire till May if nothing unforeseen happens. My Brother talks of meeting me in North Wales & going with me to the top of Snowdon; but I do not much depend on his being able to leave home. At all events, the time of his coming will be governed by the time of the general Election. If it be put off till Autumn it will probably be the end of May or beginning of June before he can come. That is the time when you Lawyers are busiest I believe, otherwise you might be tempted to join us I should be no less glad of your support on Snowdon than on St Salvador. What is the price of Bishop Taylor's Works published by Heber? and can they be bought under the original price? Miss Hutchinson wants a copy, & will I believe when she knows the price trouble you to purchase it; but let me have the pleasure of your answer & I will write to her—adieu

Yours truly

D Wordsworth.

My best love to Charles & Mary Lamb—

Address: To H. C. Robinson Esqre, 8. King's Bench Walk,  
Temple, London.

Endorsed: 25 Feb. 1826, Miss Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Swindler and ex-convict, (see Sadler, 1872, i. 35 6-9).

MARCH 1826

1818-1826  
No. 146.

76. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

March 28<sup>th</sup> 1826

*p. 3, line 3.* . . . I am vexed when I hear of what you call vulgar tory sentiments coming from those lips which utter so much wisdom as I am when I hear vulgar whig sentiments from those who I think ought to have gathered more wisdom from experience. The best way is to shut ones ears against what one does not like to hear.—Men are we all. The best and wisest cannot divest themselves entirely of passion & prejudice & personal interests. The fact is that we seem to quarrel with men for not being Angels—The weaknesses of great men appear more glaring than those of inferior mortals—Then perhaps everybody is more or less lazy—and it is much more easy to extol one party or one set of principles & run down the opposite than to sift out what is good in each—the first projectors of reform of any kind generally go a little beyond the Mark & ruin their own schemes by trying to do too much—But in the end their merit is acknowledged.—May not this be applied even to Wordsworth I begin to think so. For it is clear to my mind that the natural bent of his genius carries him to the highest order of Poetry & though you & I & a few more may perceive that more genius was actually required to unite the lofty with the low or to shew that nothing is low which belongs to immortal man yet that the age was not properly prepared for this—It is quite clear to [*? my*] mind that he might if he pleased have *forced* the palm from all competitors if he had chosen it—and that merely by omitting a little & adding a very little— . . .

1818-1826  
No. 147.

77. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount 6th April [1826]  
I have not time to read this over—

My dear Friend,

My Sister had taken flight for Herefordshire when *your* Letter, for such we guessed it [*to*] be arrived—it was broken open—(pray forgive the offence) and all your charges of con-

APRIL 1830

cealment & reserve frustrated—We are all, at all times, so glad to hear from you that we could not resist the temptation the [sic] purchase the pleasure at the expense of the peccadillo for which we beg pardon with united voices.

—You are kind enough to mention my poems—let me touch first the business part of this question. In the publication I have had many disappointments. Rogers was kind enough to negotiate with Murray for the publication—three months elapsed before this personage could find leisure to settle the terms ; & three months more without my being able to obtain any notice to a Letter I had addressed to him ; upon which I took the thing out of his hands. Some time after, through the kind offices of Mr Alarc Watts, I effected a bargain, in my judgement, more favorable with Hurst & Robinson ; but after a delay of many weeks the embarassments [sic] in their affairs prevented the fulfillment of it.—Mr Watts is now in London & has undertaken to ascertain whether they are likely to be able to proceed.—Now as I know that Mr Watts is very much occupied in his own affairs, it has struck me, that if you had a few spare moments, you might assist him in a negotiation in that quarter or some other Mr Watts may be heard of at Robinson & Hursts, & this Letter would be a sufficient introduction. I have never had the pleasure of seeing Mr W. but he has given himself very much trouble about my affairs, and I cannot but think you would find him an amiable acquaintance, as he is indub[1]tably a man of no common abilities—But pray attend to this suggestion or not, just as you find it agreeable—It is certainly to be regretted that the Poems have been & are likely to remain so long out of print. . . Your valuable remarks about the arrangement I should not have acted upon had they reached me earlier . . at present it is quite out of the question—as the 4 Vols have been carefully gone over & decided upon after the most mature consideration.—There is no material change in the classification . . except that the Scotch Poems have been placed all together, under the Title of Memorials of Tours in Scotland ; this has made a gap in the poems of Imagination which has been supplied by Laodamia, Ruth, & one or two more, from the close of Affec-





WILLIAM WORDSWORTH TO H CRABB ROBINSON 6 APRIL 1826

tions &c—But I need not trouble you with these minutiae—Miscellaneous poems ought not to be jumbled together at *random*—were this done with mine the passage from one to another would often be insupportably offensive; but in my judgement the only thing of much importance in arrangement is that one poem should shade off happily into another . . and the contrasts where they occur be clear of all harshness or abruptness—I differ from you & Lamb as to the classification of Imagination &c—it is of slight importance as matter of Reflection, but of great as matter of *feeling* for the Reader by making one Poem smooth the way for another—if this be not attended to classification by subject, or by mould or form, is of no value, for nothing can compensate for the neglect of it.—When I have the pleasure of seeing you we will take this matter up, as a question of literary curiosity—I can write no more. T. Clarkson is going.—Your supposed Biography entertained me much. I could give you the other side.—farewell.

W. W.

*Endorsed*: 6<sup>th</sup> April, 1826, Wordsworth, business.

1818-1826  
No 150

## 78. H. C. R. to W. W.

22<sup>nd</sup> April 1826.

p. 1, line 6. . . . I suffered nearly a week to elapse before I enquired for Mr Watts at H. & R's And found to my mortification that he had *just* (within a few hours) left town. . . I made enquiries concerning the then uncertain state of Hursts house but the Gazette has anticipated the information I meant to convey. I should feel myself honoured by being entrusted with any commission connected with the projected edition, but—there is no affectation I assure you in what I am saying—I am satisfied that it is a negociation which ought to be in the hands of a person of *distinction*—and not of so exceedingly insignificant a man as I am—I have in the whole *trade* but one personal acquaintance, the principal partner *Baldwin*—(the house B Cradock & Joy of the Row). With him I am pretty much acquainted—But I am told that the house has not the reputation of being *liberal* publishers My only *business* with them has been

that I engaged them to publish Miss Williams' <sup>1</sup> last book about France which proved a losing concern—And I offered them for a friend a novel which they rejected—

However, any assistance that I can give I shall be proud to give—Of course full instructions will be requisite And probably the future publisher whoever he may be will be inquisitive about the number of the preceding editions, the reason of a change of publisher &c &c &c

I assent to all you say about the principle on which the classification should be—The reader should be led on and trained as it were to the discernment & consequent enjoyment of the *poetical* character · I heard it well observed by a man of more poetical feeling than of indulgence in poetical study that you had shewn a fine tact in placing the line ' Dear God ! the very houses are asleep ' ' at the close of the Sonnet—At the beginning it would have been abrupt & almost offensive—And you would, where possible, arrange the small poems as members of a whole and apply the remark on a great scale

I thank you for excusing a freedom I should not have had courage to take *directly with you*.

We hear from the public prints that you are about to exchange the happier occupation of building the lofty rhyme for the more vulgar architecture of brick and mortar [*sic*] This I am sorry to hear for various reasons : measuring poetic feet is a delightful task far otherwise following a carpenter with a three foot rule in your hand—Besides so costly an undertaking may prove an impediment in the way of executing your Italian scheme—Unless indeed it furnish an apology for the enterprise What so reasonable as that the interval betwixt the going out and the coming in should be spent in travelling—Most earnestly do I hope that whenever the journey do take place, I may be a sharer in its' pleasures— . . .

<sup>1</sup> Helen Maria Williams, a minor novelist, lived for many years in Paris, and was imprisoned for some time by Robespierre She wrote several works about France as a Republic and as an Empire Her chief novel was called *Julia* H C R was introduced to her by Mrs. Clarkson in 1814, and she was known to many of his literary friends, including Wordsworth. H. C R gave the Lambs a letter of introduction when they went to France in 1822.

APRIL 1826

1818-1826  
No 152

79. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount April 27th [1826]

My dear Friend

I employ Mrs W's pen for your advantage & to spare my own eyes, which are plagued with irritability. Without wasting time on thanks, I will proceed to business. It was very unlucky that you did not see Mr Watts, as he could have told you every thing—He negotiated for me last Autumn with H. & R. the terms, they to print one thousand Copies bearing every expence, & allowing me 25 Copies for my personal Friends—& 25 more Mr W. stipulated for, to be sent, at his direction—or mine, if I chose to interfere, to such literary Persons as might be thought likely to favour the sale of the work The Ed. to be 5 Vols, including the Excursion—the Sum of £150 to be paid on delivery of the Copy to them, & £150 more when the Work was ready for Publication. With these terms I was satisfied—but before the work was prepared Mr W had reason to suspect that all was not going well with the Firm, & prudently kept back—with great delicacy by the bye, exposing himself to some censure with me for procrastination, rather than incurring the risk of injuring them, whom he then only suspected. In consequence I stand wholly disengaged—I left Longman because the terms were very disadvantageous to me, viz ; they incurring all the risk, which has been proved to me to be nothing, & I having  $\frac{1}{2}$  the profits—divided by themselves—when they had paid themselves. I proposed other terms, which they could not accede to, nor I to the new ones proposed by them. So we parted amicably I looked about for a more liberal & a more active Publisher—Rogers concluded with Murray, after 3 months dancing attendance as one might call it—a verbal agreement—subject to my approval— $\frac{2}{3}$ ds of the profit to be mine I taking  $\frac{2}{3}$ ds of the risk and expence, before I closed, I wrote to enquire of Murray what that expence would amount to ? 3 months more elapsed without an answer ; upon which I took leave of his High Mightiness. Observe this was before Mr W. kindly undertook the business.—*He* has had a great deal of experience, & totally disapproves of my taking any part of

the expence ; & I had found myself, that after the several Ed<sup>s</sup> had paid the Expences, which was done in a great measure, or entirely, by a flush of sale on their first appearance, my moiety of the Profits was almost eaten away by subsequent Advertizing. The Excursion has been nearly 3 years out of print & the 4 Vols about a year & a half—they have been, as I know from several quarters a good deal enquired after—so that an active Publisher would have a probability of being speedily re-embursed I know that the Trade is depressed, & *perhaps* I ought not to expect quite so much as £300, but I stickle for that sum as at the best but a poor repayment for the trouble I have been at in revising the old, & adding several new Poems . which, tho' individually of no great moment, amount on a rude guess to 800 or 1,000 verses Besides I have a private reason for straining for that sum—Upon the strength of the Engagement with R & H. I was emboldened to give, for a field contiguous to my present Abode more than 3 times its value—for the sake of building upon it if I thought proper ; *this scrap of land the pastoral Jew of whom I bought it, as if he had known of my expectation would not yield up to me for less than £300 precisely.* I have now done, & thank you again for your kind offer. As you say that Mr Watts has actually left Town, I shall look for a letter from him daily—he was charged with the first Vol. to commence printing immediately, in case he was successful in bargaining in some other quarter if necessary I ought to have said that the last Ed: amounted only to 500 copies Knowing how I am at present circumstanced—You can do nothing but make a trial where you think there is any chance of success, till we hear further from Mr Watts As to what you say abt the negotiations being in better hands than your own, I ascribe it only to a degree of modesty—rare in all men of these days—& singularly rare in men of your profession—& of mine.—One word on the subject of arrangement—Lamb's order of time is the very worst that could be followed ; except where determined by the course of public events ; or if the subject be merely personal—in the case [of] <sup>1</sup> Juvenile Poems, or those of advanced Age. For example

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.

APRIL 1826

I p[lace]<sup>1</sup> the Ode to Enterprize among the Imaginative Poems, which class *concludes* with the Tintern Abbey—as being more admired than any other—according to my present arrangement the Enterprize immediately precedes it,—but this is objectionable. The Author cannot be supposed to be more than 6 or 8 & 20 when Tintern was written ; & he must be taken for about 50 when he produced the other. So that it would perhaps be better placed elsewhere. I should like to *talk* this matter over with you for the sake of the general principle as affecting all the Arts, in individual composition.

Do not go on to the Continent—You may carve out a much more interesting Tour by taking the best part of N. W.—a glorious country<sup>1</sup>—in your way to Ireland & return from the North, having seen the Giants' Causeway, by Staffa & Iona, &c &c, to us. I am very disinterested in recomme[n]ding this wide Excursion as it will allow you less time for us. But the Steam boats make it irresistibly tempting, & few things would give me greater pleasure than being your Companion, along with my Sister who is as keen of travelling as ever. Your account of your own Sister is very melancholy—& we truly sympathize with you. but let us bear in mind, that to the really pious no affliction comes amiss—A religion like her's is worth all the other knowledge in the world a thousand times told As to Italy—it seems to fly from me & mine as it did from Æneas & his Companions of old—if it can be effected we shall be right happy in your company—I say nothing of building, as not yet entered upon. Farewell. Mrs W joins in kindest regards. As soon as I hear from Mr Watts I shall write again.

Affectionately and faithfully

Yours Wm Wordsworth.

Very glad to have good news of the Lambs our best love to them.

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Temple, London.

*Post Marks* · Kendal Penny Post, C 29 Ap 29 1826.

*Endorsed* 27<sup>th</sup> Ap<sup>l</sup> 1826, Wordsworth, business.

MAY 1826

1817-1826  
No. 154

80. H. C. R. to W. W.

[22<sup>nd</sup> May 1826]

My dear friend,

I have been a little troubled by your silence—Letters do not miscarry often now a days And therefore I think it most probable that you received my answer to your second letter<sup>1</sup>—which I inclosed under a frank from Mr Horace Twiss<sup>2</sup>—In that letter I observed (what you would have indeed inferred without my saying so expressly), that I could not proceed to act in the business until I heard either directly or through you from Mr A. Watts. And I added a suggestion or two as to the particular terms of the proposed contract; Enquiring how many copies the edition should consist of &c. &c. I would ask now having omitted it then—Is the prose work on the lakes to be included? I take for granted that the Memorials and Sketches are—Now I have been ever since expecting your answer.

Understanding that Mr Watts lives in Lancashire And not knowing that he is a frequent sojourner in London, I did not enquire for him at Hurst & Robinson's after I was once told that he had left London—But on Saturday evening at a blue-stocking party his name was accidentally mentioned And I then learned to my mortification that he had been some weeks here It was added that he was probably still in London—I thought it no breach of the Sabbath to go in search of him yesterday, but found he had left his lodgings—Today I heard at Hurst's that he is expected again in about a week—I write therefore immediately to give you this information—I shall leave a note for him at all events And I shall hope to hear from you before the week is over—Mr Watts's experience will probably enable him to supply any want of express directions on your part.

<sup>1</sup> 1817-1826 No 153, 1 May 1826 See Wordsworth's letter of May 1826, for the explanation of the delayed reply.

<sup>2</sup> Horace Twiss, whose acquaintance H C R. first made in early days at the Academical Society, a debating society frequented by them both, was subsequently a member of the same circuit Twiss was famous as a speaker and as a mimic

MAY 1826

I have not thought it right to mention to more than one friend, (and that in confidence) the intended negotiation which I did, being at a loss for a *chap*.<sup>1</sup> NB a *proper* term—That friend suggested the Rivingtons as purchasers And he knows them—I know none personally but Baldwin In my former letter I put a particular enquiry about Colbourn—

Dr Wordsworth is in town I have not seen him tho' I should have liked to speak with him—Sery<sup>t</sup> Rough's father is dead and has nominated the Doctor Executor with the Serjeant—No very agreeable office—but I wish he may as an act of charity act.—He may be of great service to the children—

Lamb is improved in health as well as his Sister—

On Saturday I met with Mr Sam: Rogers—He spoke of the intended new edition of the poems—Said there was no harm in a work being six months out of print—but a longer—much longer delay he considers injurious—

I look forward to my Northern tour with hope & pleasing expectation. But there is the tumult of the general election to go through first.

I beg my best remembrances to Mrs Wordsworth, Miss Hutchison etc.

With the deepest regard

&c &c &c

Your friend

3 K B Walk Temple

H. C. Robinson.

22<sup>d</sup> May 1826.

What deplorable times ! Within my own *personal* connection, ~~six~~ failures I heard with great sorrow that some or one of Mrs W's near relations has been unfortunate. Mr Rogers expressed a friendly apprehension lest Miss H's property might be involved—I have been prevented by business first & then

<sup>1</sup> *chap* was used in the sense of *purchaser, dealer, customer* from the end of the 17th century onward, and appears with that meaning in Bailey's *Dictionary*, though it is not admitted by Johnson. The last example in the N E D is dated 1862, though there are many in the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th. Dialectically, e g in Yorkshire, this sense of the word is still common—H C R's doubt as to the propriety of the term probably arose from the modern colloquial use of *chap*, at that date becoming common



MAY 1826

lameness<sup>1</sup> but that you see is over writing to Miss W: Is she still in Wales?

*Address* W Wordsworth Esq., Rydal Mount, Westmoreland.

*Endorsed* 22 May 1826, H C R to Mr Wordsworth.

*No Post Mark.*

1818-1826  
No. 165a

81. W. W. to H. C. R.

[May 1826]

My dear Friend

I have just received your 3rd letter your 2nd would have been answered long ago but I have been waiting in vain for a Reply to a couple of Letters addressed to Mr Watts—

The first[t] question is—

Are Robinson and Hurst likely to go forward again, so as to make it expedient to recommence a negotiation with them?

Coulburn<sup>2</sup> I have a mortal objection to, he is so impudent a puffer—Besides my pride boggles at submitting any proposal to so very slender a person as T Campbell—

Try for an interview with Mr Watt[s] . he is master of all particulars,—as [to?] the materials of the Vols, proposed mode of printing &c, &c, I will however mention that the intended Edition will make the 8th from the first in one Vol . the number of Copies has varied from a thousand to 700—and 500—The last published in the autumn of 1820 was 500, paid its expenses instantly . . but was not exhausted till 1824—. The Prose on the Lakes is not intended to be included, the Vols will be bulky enough without it

I know not what more need be added. Mr Watts has the first Vol in his possession corrected to go to press immediately, the rest are prepared also

Truly am I sorry to give him & you & my other Friends so much trouble The Poems the Excursion in particular have been far too long out of print , Rogers opinion is characterized by his usual good sense—

<sup>1</sup> He refers in the letter of 1 May to his 'right hand' being 'under both his [Surgeon's] hands'—& the letter is accordingly badly written

<sup>2</sup> Colburn engaged Campbell to edit *The New Monthly* in 1820, and he remained editor for ten years Apparently from the text, he also acted as reader to the firm

MAY 1826

Mrs Ws Brother, who has conducted a Bank for nearly 45 years, with the highest confidence on the part of the public, has become a Bankrupt, through misfortune, the perfidy of a Partner, and over confidence in unworthy Persons. Miss H—has not suffered . . nor Mrs W—but some part of the family have,—in particular the late T. Monkhouses estate would have suffered but for the over liberality of his high minded Brother, who means to bear the loss himself. This you will the more admire if you bear in mind how Mr T. M's intentions towards him were frustrated by the informality of his will, made unluckily by himself The Widow is off to the Continent—

If I do not build, I will strain [?] a point to accompany you into Ireland &c .

Ever most faithfully W W.

*Endorsed* May 1826, *Vom* (Autograph).

1818-1826  
No. 160

82. *W. W. to H. C. R. written by*  
*Dora Wordsworth.*

August 1826

<sup>1</sup> From Llanberris mount Snowdon & descend to Dolbarden Inn in the vale of Llanberris, & by the lake to the romantic village of Cwm y Gloed whence to Carnarvon Bangor and Holy Head for Ireland, this will have shewn you most of the finest things in N. & S. Wales but observe with the exception of Conway Castle a most magnificent thing & the whole line of the great road to Ireland from Llangollen including Capel Kerrig to Bangor which would leave your knowledge of N.W very imperfect but this might easily be taken at some future time when you come into the north of England by coaching through Llangollen to Bangor thence walking to Conway & so on by Abergelly to [?Holyw]ell<sup>2</sup> from within two miles of which place is a daily steam boat to Liverpool as there is one also from Bangor to L— a most delightful voyage of eight or nine hours.—Of Ireland I can say nothing but that every body sees Killarney there are some fine ruins of monasteries, &c not far

<sup>1</sup> The beginning of the letter is missing

<sup>2</sup> Paper torn.

AUGUST 1826

*from Limerick the Vale of the Dargle & the Wicklow Mountains would lie in your way from Killarney to Dublin supposing you to start from Dublin you would go by Limerick & return by the Wicklow country but to one who should leave Wales out the best way of seeing Ireland from London would be to go from London to Bristol & thence to Cork Killarney & Dublin & the Giants Causeway from Belfast there will no doubt be a Steam Boat to Glasgow & so on by Steam to Iona & Staffa & as much of the West of Scotland as you could conveniently see returning by West<sup>a</sup> I have given up all hopes of succeeding in a bargain for my poems so they may rest Poor Southey has lately lost his youngest Daughter<sup>1</sup> a delightful Creature of fourteen Farewell*

Believe me with love from this household your faithful Friend  
Wm Wordsworth.

[P.S. in W's hand] My Daughter has been my amanensis [*sic*] for this half-sheet I find from Mrs W. that I must direct to you on the Circuit.—

*Address. Left Norfolk, H. C. Robinson, Esq., Barrister on the (Norfolk [*sic*] Circuit erased), London.*

*Post Marks [KE]NDAL, +31 JY 31 1826, 261*

*Endorsed. Aug<sup>t</sup> 1826, Wordsworth, Objects on tour in Wales.*

1817-1826  
No 171

83. D. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount Decr 18th [1826]

My dear Friend,

I have little to say but thanks for your lively and very interesting sketch of your Irish Tour My Brother is much pleased with it ; and you will not doubt, knowing my delight in travelling, that the dreary tracts you sometimes passed through did not deter me from a wish, at some period, to visit the Giants' Causeway and the Devils' Haunts . . the soft Lakes of Killarney . the towers . . the ruins &c &c . . I enter entirely into your notions of Dublin in comparison with Edinburgh ; and can even sympathise with your pleasure in O Connell's

<sup>1</sup> Isabel Southey died in July, 1826

society, & think *your* loss was gain in travelling by the wrong road, thereby securing an eight-hour's discuss with that Champion of the Papists—and of LIBERTY, you will say, . . . Well let that pass—I will not inquire after the treason you talked—nor, if you should in an unguarded moment let it out will I inform against you—and if ever we *should* go to Ireland should like very well to be introduced to the Domain of Darinane . . . and have no horror even of the Mansion and the Priest under the sanction of your guidance & my Brother's protection . . . But Ireland, & even North Wales do not make any part of my present travelling wishes, . . . nor have I any that can be absolutely termed *hopes*; for my dear Nieces long-delayed recovery keeps us still anxious & watchful . . . not that we apprehend danger if proper means be used; but it seems nearly certain that change of air & scene will be required as soon as weather will permit in the Spring,—and this conviction prevents us from looking at, or contriving any thing disconnected with her state of health . . . *She* talks with glee of Italy, but such a journey could not be accomplished without strength to begin with; . . . and a salutary change for her may be procured at much less expence. Most likely she will be taken into Somersetshire by her Mother, & that expence would make us less able to face a greater. . . . Such are my feelings & opinions at present and I go still further—thinking that Funds would be wanting for a Family journey to such a distance, yet my Brother *talks* of it—and it is well, if only for an amusement.—You will be glad to hear, that a physician of great practice whom we have consulted agrees with our Apothecary in opinion that there are no consumptive symptoms in Dora—that she is only debilitated by the several severe attacks she had in the Autumn, which a previous derangement of stomach rendered her peculiarly unable to resist.—She is very much better within the last three weeks, & rides on horseback whenever we have a fine day.

What do you know or hear of the Clarksons? I wrote to Mrs C. before leaving home in February, wrote again from Herefordshire—and yet once more since my return, begging for an answer immediately, and no answer arrives . . . I fear she is sick, or at least in a languid & depressed state of mind, for

though not given to frequent letter-writing, I never knew her slow to answer inquiries.—Miss Hutchinson had one letter from her during my absence. She was then tormented with the Erysypiles [*sic*] (I always forget how that word is spelt) and I fear it is still hanging upon her—or that Mr Clarkson may be ill. Do tell me all you know—I include Tom's condition in the inquiry.

We expect John from Oxford this week. He was to take his degree today, wrote in good spirits after passing the examination, & the same post brought a satisfactory letter from his Tutor, lamenting his illness in the summer, and consequent inability to study having prevented him from going up for honours, which, 'from the manner he passed the examination,' he had 'no doubt he would have attained'.

What do you say to the War? It seems there never was one which so few voices were raised against. I am afraid of the French proving false, that is, of their seeking occasion to quarrel with us. & if we once begin to fight with them again, farewell to Peace—

When you see Charles & Mary Lamb, give our kindest regards to them. I wish they would now & then let us see their handwriting—A single page from Charles Lamb is worth ten postages

however, it is well to hear good tidings and we have no right to complain of their silence. Your assurance that they were well & in good spirits gave [us]<sup>1</sup> great satisfaction.

My Brother does really intend, by the same Lady who conveys this to London, to write respecting the publishing of his poems—to *Longman*. I heartily wish that an agreement, & speedy printing may follow. He has lately written some very good Sonnets. I wish I could add that the 'Recluse' was brought from his hiding-place.

The eyes continue well, & as active & useful as any eyes in the house. . . . I will conclude with begging you to send your Extract concerning Goddard as soon as you can; but not till you can add to it a *letter*—though but a little one—however the longer the better—You cannot think what pleasure we have in hearing from you. Excuse my penmanship, & accept the

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn

DECEMBER 1826

good old wish 'A merry Christmas to you & a happy new year!' from your grateful & affectionate Friend D Wordsworth

Have you chanced to see Miss Coleridge? She is in London. The Southey's are well—Mrs Coleridge in sad spirits about her son Hartley. He has been on his wanderings nearly a month. Derwent has a Curacy in Cornwall. Report speaks well of his performances in the pulpit

My Brother, sister, Miss Hutchinson, Dora & Willy all beg their kindest remembrances.

*Address.* To H C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 3. King's Bench Walk, Temple.

*Endorsed.* 18 Dec<sup>r</sup> 1826, Miss Wordsworth.

1827-1829  
No 1.

84. D. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount 6th Jan<sup>ry</sup> [1827]

My dear Friend,

I took the opportunity of a private hand to send you our Christmas good wishes, which partly reconciles me to putting you to the expence of postage, for another letter of as little worth as the former, as far as regards yourself; however, as you have no greater pleasure than in obliging your friends, I know not but that you may be thankful even for this poor scrawl, the object of which is to point out a means by which you may possibly do a service (not a very important one I grant) to a person whom we have long known & esteemed.

You once met, at Southey's, a Mr Kenyon,<sup>1</sup> and, having met, I think cannot have forgotten him—Oh no! *that* you cannot, for it has just come into my recollection that he dined with us in Gloucester place, in 1820—when the wedding-cake was cut . a sort of Christmas feast before its time—when poor Thomas Monkhous Charles Lamb, my Brother & you made a company of Sleepers after dinner—Was he, or was he not there? When

<sup>1</sup> John Kenyon, 1784-1856, resembled H C R at any rate in one respect—that he was best-known in his life-time as the friend of poets and men of letters. A list of Kenyon's bequests is preserved among H. C. R.'s papers and shows Browning, who inherits £10,000, as the largest beneficiary

H C R came to know Kenyon intimately, travelled with him on several occasions—usually in England—and frequently mentions him.

I began this sentence I surely thought he was ;—but my Sister, who sits beside me, says not—and now I begin to doubt. . . Well this same Mr Kenyon has written to my Sister for the family interest, and I will, as the easiest mode of explaining, quote from his own letter ‘ The fact is, I am desirous (I will not say anxious—the word would be untruly strong !) to be a member of the Athæneum Club, and am to be balloted for on Monday, the 5th of February. On looking over the List of Members I see some names of your Friends. Amongst them that of H. C Robinson, your travelling companion, and Allan Cunningham. If these Gentlemen are likely to be in London at that time, perhaps I might be allowed to ask your interest with them to give me their votes . and their interest—on this occasion You may venture to represent me as a Man who will not steal the silver spoons, who do not wear creaking shoes,—and as a good listener ’ &c. He adds, ‘ Sir George Beaumont & Rogers, I see, both belong to the Club but these are old Men not to be teized to think of trifles, or to go out on a February Even<sup>g</sup>. ’

I need say no more on this subject except (which I suppose may not be necessary for you to know) that Mr Kenyon’s address is, No 7 Upper Church Street, *Bath*, but if you *should* have any thing to say on the matter I am sure he would be glad to hear from you.

Since I last wrote we have heard from Mrs Clarkson. I need not repeat the distressing contents of her letter No doubt you are acquainted with poor dear, Mr Clarkson’s past and present state. She had undergone great anxiety ; but at the time of writing seemed to consider him as out of danger, & the symptoms of mortification (in the Leg) stopped ; the whole, however, was sad news, for we cannot but fear an entire breaking up of that good Man’s constitution.

—I was happy to hear of Tom Clarkson being in perfect health, with encreasing business . and why does not the marriage take place ? Thus people wait till ‘ All the life of life is gone ’—

I have the same good tidings for you of my Brother’s eyes. We have now no dread of proof sheets ; but are *hoping* for their arrival before the end of next week. Longman has agreed to

his Terms, & the poems were to go to press immediately, and proceed with all possible speed.

My dear Niece's health is very much improved—She gains strength & flesh. True, she is still invalidish & will probably be so through the winter; but there seems to be no present cause for anxiety, &, through God's blessing, we trust to the Spring for perfect restoration.

The weather is now as wintry as it can be. Ponds are all frozen and thronged with Skaters & Sliders—the Lakes not yet frozen. Strong winds have prevented this. My Brother is Christmassing at Sedbergh with his Son John at his (John's) old Schoolmasters'. We expect them at home again on Monday.

I have today received a letter from my Nephew John (of Cambridge) he says 'You will be pleased to hear that my Father is gradually gaining ground, in spite of the troubles & anxieties of his Vice-chancellorship. The improvement in his appearance, however has not kept pace with that of his strength, —& [any]<sup>1</sup> person who should judge of him by his looks [could]<sup>1</sup> not form a just estimate of his progress His face is thin and wrinkled; & he says of himself "I can count all my bones," but his spirits are good, &, I think, his strength fully reestablished, and he takes great pains to convince himself and others that the state of thinness is favorable to health!!' I suppose you know that this good Brother of mine was dangerously ill in the summer

My dear Friend you must forgive my scrawling penmanship. I hope to hear from you very soon—Remember your promise of the journal extract. You will also have to tell us what you mean to do respecting Mr Kenyon. My sister, Miss H. Dora, & Willy send kind remembrances & good wishes.

Believe me ever your affectionate Friend, D Wordsworth.

Mrs Clarkson speaks of your poor Brother & his domestic arrangements.

*Address:* To H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 3 King's Bench Walk, Temple, London.

*Post Marks:* Kendal Py Post, N 2, C 9 Ja 9 1827.

*Endorsed:* 6<sup>th</sup> Jany, 1827. Miss Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.



1827-1829  
No 4.

85. H. C. R. to W. W.

Athenæum 26<sup>th</sup> Jan: 1827.

My dear Sir.

I have had a letter including the anecdote about Goddard lying by me for a full Month, waiting a frank as I thought it not worth the postage—Now I write to you on a matter of business.

I yesterday dined in company with Mr Murray—Your name was brought up when at the dinner-table in conjunction with Flaxman's. I cannot with propriety repeat any part of the conversation except what is material to my present object—You are to consider what follows as written with *diplomatic* precision—

R. 'It is very strange that there is no new edition of W's works I know that all the publications are out of print

M. Don't mention it Sir! It is all my fault Im the Man to blame.

R. How so? with an inquiring look—

M. Why I ought to have published it long ago Mr W. wrote to me, and I have been shamefully inattentive. I must write to him in a day or two to say I shall be happy to publish his works *on his own terms*

R. Indeed! I am glad to hear it! I knew W was about preparing an edition, but I had no idea by whom—You say you mean to write—I am in fact going to write on other business—If I had your authority I could inform him what you say, for no time ought to be lost—

M. I shall be much obliged to you—

R. Then I understand I am to say—that you are willing to publish on the terms he proposed to you

M. Just so And I shall be obliged.

This was as long a colloquy as separated by a lady we could carry on. Nothing further was said—I hope you have not entangled yourself by your intimated further application to L's—You will of course act as you think best either in writing to him yourself or through me—I shall rejoice if this end in the publication It evidently depends wholly on yourself.—I suppose you have a copy of your specific proposal to him—

JANUARY 1827

You may if you like it better than writing to him yourself as his conduct was not quite right before, write a producible letter to me—I shall not grudge any trouble—Nor indeed find any if I can be useful—

I received Miss W's letter about Mr Kenyon which was forwarded to me at Norwich—I have already secured the *vote & interest* of a most influential Member of the committee—and I had some intention of writing myself to Mr K: to advise him of the necessity of making more exertions than he might have thought of but I find Mr Southey has canvassed and his is an *efficient* recommendation—

You will rejoice to hear that the apprehensions about Mr Clarkson are in a great degree removed—The mortification has stopped. . . .

As soon as I meet with a frank I shall forward you a note about Goddard—Which you will modify at will

In haste

most truly yours

H. C. Robinson.

*Address* W Wordsworth Esq<sup>r</sup>, *Rydal Moun<sup>t</sup>*, Westmoreland.  
Kendal [postal insertion].

*Post Mark* . J A 26 A 1827.

*Endorsed* 20<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1827. H. C R to Wordsworth.

1827-1829  
No 5a and b

86. W. W. to H. C. R.

29<sup>th</sup> January [1827]

My dear Friend,

Thanks for the trouble you have taken in reporting this Conversation. It has occurred too late to be of use. My Poems have for this month past been printing with Mr Longman—upon the same terms as agreed upon with M.—With this latter my dealings have been as follows—Rogers, after waiting for half a year, came to the preliminaries of an arrangement, that M— should publish for one third of the profits, meeting one third of the expense & risk—upon this I wrote to know what the expense would be, and waited a long time, many months, without getting an answer—I then wrote to M. that, not hearing

from him, I felt myself at liberty to enter into a treaty elsewhere accordingly I did so with Hurst &c.—His failure last year stopped this—and something more than two months since I wrote to M— offering him the work upon the old terms, and begging an immediate answer, which, I told him, if I did not receive, I should regard his silence as evidence that the engagement did not suit him—I waited about a month, and receiving no answer wrote to Longman, and the work went to press with him immediately upon the terms mentioned—

You see, then, I can have little to say to M— It is remarkable that by the same Post as brought your Letter I had one from Col Pasley,<sup>1</sup> in which he had occasion to speak of M's inattention as a Publisher, and his displeasing manners, so that he broke with him—for my own part, upon the whole, I am as well pleased that the book should be where it is—for M and I, I am persuaded could never agree.—So that you will treat the matter with him as you think proper, only it is fit I should say I have no wish but to be civil,—and upon friendly terms with him I have revised the poems carefully particularly the excursion—and I trust with considerable improvement; but you will judge—

The deaths you mention among your friends, gave me much concern—Flaxman's I had heard of through the public papers—A Robinson's not till you named it —Thanks for your exertions on behalf of our amiable friend Kenyon, we have procured him several Votes, and I could have got many more but my parliamentary & fashionable friends are almost all out of Town—

We continue to be anxious about my dear Daughter—she is so susceptible of colds . the treatment of which defeats the strengthening system, and throws her back—

<sup>1</sup> Colonel, later General Sir Charles Pasley, FRS, 1780–1861, was a distinguished soldier and director of the R E establishment at Chatham, and, after his retirement, inspector-general of railways. He wrote on many subjects connected with his profession, and his transactions with Murray in 1827 may have had to do with his works on the *Practical Operations of a Siege*, of which the first part appeared in 1829. A letter from Wordsworth to Pasley, 28 March 1811 and another, enclosing it to an unnamed friend, are included as an Appendix to the OUP edition of *The Convention of Cintra*. The letters consist of 'Comments upon Captain Pasley's lately published Essay on the Military Policy of Great Britain'.

JANUARY 1827

I shall not want your note about Goddard immediately—so you will have leisure to procure a frank.—I wish I could get one for this scrawl which is not worth postage.

*D. W to H. C. R.*

29<sup>th</sup> Jan

My dear Friend

My Brother has given me this most elegant epistle of his to fold up and finish. I have little to say but to confirm his account of poor Dora. She is now confined to her room ; but this is at present owing to the severe weather ; for the cough which first drove her thither has been subdued by a Blister.

My Brother's heart would be as much fixed as ever upon Italy, were not anxiety kept almost constantly alive. It is our decided opinion that she ought not to pass the next winter here ; and all schemes must give way to her benefit. If she be strong enough for so very long a journey, a winter in Italy might be the best.—But funds will, I am sure, be deficient ; and it is probable that some warm nook on the southern shore of England may be fixed upon when summer comes, the time for deciding.

My Brother wishes his Son John's name to be put down as a candidate for membership of the University Club. He has taken his Bachelor's Degree & is of *New College*. Perhaps you may have in Town some University Friend, a Member of the Club, whom you can oblige my Brother by asking to do this service. . . My sister & I fancy that through your acquaintance with Murray, you may dispose him to help a little in pushing the Sale of the Poems. It would, in his fashionable quarter, be of no small use if he would expose them on his Counter &c among his Tribe of popular Authors.—If you can conciliate him I am sure you will. . . It gives us great satisfaction to hear of Mr Clarkson's continued amendment—You do not mention Charles Lamb & his Sister ; I trust they continue not worse than when he wrote to me a most pleasant letter. Miss Lamb was then quite well ; but he sadly afflicted with the cramp. The detail of his sufferings was mixed with so much drollery that it was impossible not to laugh, though we were, and are

JANUARY 1827

heartily sorry that he should have such torments to endure. His connexion with the British Museum is the best thing possible—supplying every need that his withdrawing from the India House caused him to feel. Pray return him, for all of us, a thousand thanks for his letter, with our Love to him & his Sister.

. . My Sister Miss Hutchinson Dora & Willy join with me in best wishes—

Ever your affectionate & much obliged Friend  
D. Wordsworth.

Is Mr<sup>s</sup> Robinson<sup>1</sup> living? (My old schoolfellow) and, if so, in what state of mind & health?—You will tell us when you write, whether or not you know a Friend who can put Johns' name down in the U. Club

*Address* To H C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 3 Kings Bench Walk,  
Temple, London

*Post Marks* · N 2, O 31 Ja 31, 1827

*Endorsed* 29<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>r</sup> 182<sup>6</sup> ? Wordsworth, business.

1827-1829  
No 7a

87. H. C. R. to D. W.

West. Hall 13 Feb: 1827

My dear friend

I have procured a frank And Therefore forward you the insignificant note which has lain by me, for many weeks As it will cost you nothing, you cannot consider it a dear purchase.

At the same time, it is my serious opinion that if every poem were accompanied by an anecdote in prose—Or rather I would say if your excellent journal had been published And the Poems had appeared as the gems of the crown—a large class of readers w<sup>d</sup> have been led to read & enjoy the poems so accompanied which they might not have looked into as mere poetry—for I am sorry to say, pure & high poetry to the few is mere poetry to the many—This is a melancholy truth, but it is a truth. . .

p. 2, line 7 Your friend Kenyon came in with a High hand  
One single ball against him And so many for him—it is supposed

<sup>1</sup> Widow of Anthony Robinson, buried 27 Jan. 1827.

FEBRUARY 1827

180 or 140—that the balls were not counted—He had many recommendations on the prop[os]ing paper And I added mine We have had several rejection[s] both a week ago & yesterday.

I wrote a civil note to M: At the same time I made an enquiry concerning another work suspended by Gifford's<sup>1</sup> death & proposing an editor as a substitute The letter required an immediate answer I have had none—for all these & similar acts the afores<sup>d</sup> M bears the appellation of *Absolute John*

I have read with great regret on the account of yourself & brother of the death of your excellent friend Sir Geo. Beaumont. Men of his high character even when they have attained the full ripeness of advanced age and discharged the duties of life completely & exemplarily are still objects of grief—

M<sup>rs</sup> Robinson survives & bears the loss of her husband well—Her state of mind is better than it used to be

The Lambs are well I have been so busy that I have not lately seen them Charles has been occupied abo<sup>t</sup> the affairs of the Widow of his old friend Norris whose death he has felt—But the health of both is good—

Clarkson you will have heard is in an improved & I believe improving state

I have written rapidly in court during my attendance on an Argument

With best remembrances

Affectionately your friend

H. C. Robinson

*Address* London, February Thirteen 1827, Miss Wordsworth,  
Rydal Mount, Westmorland, Kendal.

*Franked by* John Wood

*Endorsed* 13<sup>th</sup> Feb 1827, H. C R to Wordsworth.

1827-1829  
No 9.

88. D. W. to H. C. R.

18th Febr[uar]y [1827]

My dear Friend,

A Frank tempts me to slip in our united thanks for your zeal in the cause of our Friend, Mr Kenyon—I assure you, as the French say it has not been bestowed upon an Ingrate—as you

<sup>1</sup> Gifford, editor of the *Quarterly*, died 31 Dec<sup>r</sup>. 1826

will yourself perceive if ever you meet him at the Club. He will then, I am sure be glad to hold discourse with you, & to tell you how much he has been pleased by your kindness & that of others of our Friends. It does indeed appear that he came in with a ' high hand '.

My Brother is much obliged to you & to your Friend Mr Rolfe<sup>1</sup> for getting John's name put on the University Club's Boards & will be further obliged if you will place him on those of the Athenæum It *may* be useful ; & can do no harm.

He is now at Oxford studying Divinity, & we hope the result will be a steady determination to apply himself to the Duties of a Minister of our Church.

The printing of the poems goes on rapidly. My Brother inserts your note<sup>2</sup> (I believe with [out ?] any alteration)—only perhaps something may be added to it ; and, besides, one or two extracts will, I think, be inserted from our journals as notes to some other poems

My Niece is much the same—not worse—but very delicate, & we are *unceasingly* anxious during this cold weather to keep her from injury. The present moon has brought that kind of fine weather which is delightful to the Strong for exercise ; but very trying to invalids, though confined wholly to the house as she is. A heavy snow is now on the ground, & still falling ;—We hope a thaw will follow—Nothing can exceed the purity of the scene now before my eyes—How different to you in London if the same snow is falling on streets & houses !

The death of Sir George Beaumont is a great affliction to us, & was also a severe shock · for when he was at Ry[d]al in the summer, & when I parted from him at Coleorton at the end of October, he was in as good health and spirits as he has ever been since we first knew him 23 years ago, and appeared as likely for life for eight years to come as any of our younger Friends, though his 78rd birthday was on the 6th of November. . . . Dear Lady Beaumont has been wonderfully supported hither-

<sup>1</sup> Robert Monsey Rolfe, afterwards lord chancellor and first baron Cranworth, was an old friend of H. C R., many of whose letters as well as some of Lady Cranworth are among H. C R.'s papers in Dr Williams's Library

<sup>2</sup> On Goddard See ante Letter 54, p 108.

FEBRUARY 1827

to ; but I fear the worst *for her* is yet to come ; & that strength and spirits may wholly fail ; for she is of a weak bodily constitution, & after having lived with a Husband 50 years in perfect harmony, sharing in all his pursuits, the change must be dreadful—and *such* a husband !

Sir George Beaumont was buried on Wednesday—just a week after his Death—His illness was short—I believe not more than ten days. Charles & Mary Lamb will I know sympathize with us. They knew & highly valued our inestimable Friend. Give our love to them.

In haste ever your affec<sup>o</sup>

D Wordsworth

*Address* To H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>o</sup>, 3, Kings Bench Walk,  
Temple.

*Endorsed* 18 Feb: 1827, Miss Wordsworth (Sir Geo: Beaumont)

1827-1829  
No. 15

89. H. C. R. to D. W.

[21<sup>st</sup> May 1827]

p 1, *line* 4 . . I have received the new edition and am indeed grateful for it. My pride & pleasure at possessing one of the author's copies are disturbed by the apprehension lest the copy has been withheld, in consequence, from some one to whom your brother ought perhaps in preference to have sent it. I have no better right to it, certainly than what my high appreciation of it can give—No one I am sure will enjoy it more than I do—My first act was to finger it as a child does a new toy—I soon made the discovery by the simple operation of counting pages that the new edition has 264 more pages than the corresponding volumes of the last—And that it has much less *fat* In the work of collation I have yet been able to make but little progress But I have seen enough to rejoice both in the quantity of the new and the quality of the altered The variations of the three editions I possess are a matter of very interesting remark—A time will come, may it be very remote ! when variorum editions will be published And the variations given—But an author himself cannot do this for obvious reasons—I have sometimes thought that Mr W on looking over his various



readings must feel as a mother does who while caressing her youngest child, doubts whether she is not wronging the elder brother that is away—For instance, in the Beggars Amid the refinement & elegance thrown into the description of the Urchins, there are passages changed with [which?] I think doub[t]ful—I think I prefer the first 4 lines of the third stanza The new (sixth) Stanza is very beautiful yet I am not reconciled to a comparison ('happier far I ween') between the actual enjoym<sup>t</sup> of boys living things and the supposed felicity of beings whose most notorious existence is Guidos glorious picture<sup>1</sup>

The new Sequel<sup>2</sup> to the beggars which I heard at Rydal Mount is exquisite I know not why your brother has struck out the chronological portion of the contents—These little notes raise very interesting suggestions—I see Peter Bell is changed—And I have no doubt very much for the better, but I have not yet read the poem—Indeed I have only had stolen intercourse with the new volumes yet—They are new in the Shop Windows, but they are likely to remain unnoticed, as they do not on the title pages purport to be a *new* edition. . .

1827-1829  
No 30

90. *Supposed Extract from*  
*H. C. R's. Diary*

[P M. Oct 5<sup>th</sup> 1827]

\* Yes! though a swimish rabble of readers unite in one unanimous grunt of censure,—I must still think Wordsworth the greatest poet that has ever lived. What I chiefly admire in him is his exquisite *Truth* I have long thought that all pleasure (not even excepting what is connected with nervous titillation) arises more or less remotely from the perception or revelation of truth. The school boy who licks his lips in testimony of the satisfaction which he derives from a practical acquaintance with the properties of a Damson tart, renders a homage as sincere to the excellence of truth, as Pythagoras

<sup>1</sup> Guido Reni's *Aurora*

<sup>2</sup> Dated 1817. *The Beggars* was written in 1802 and first published in the 1827 edition.

did when a Sacrifice of 70 oxen expressed his transport on discovering the quadratic relations of the Hypothenuse.

I know that the generality of mankind complain of Wordsworth's poetry as totally evacuated of truth—and so they will continue to think while they gaze on Nature with unpurged eyes, blind to the spiritual omnipresence of truth, and sensible of her existence only when she is presented to them in the grossness of some actual incarnation. There are two kinds of truth : or, to speak more properly, truth admits of two modes of being. There is the husk or corporeity of truth—that is, truth in a compound state—some material fact or substantial circumstance deriving a portion of the life and breath of truth from the partial & temporary inhabitation of this celestial Spirit. And there is the Spirit of truth herself, unclogged by the chains of material being, refined from the grossness of connection with substantial fact, and advanced to the dignity of uncompounded existence. The carnal integuments that disclose truth in her mortal condition to the dull eyes of the vulgar, are accounted her base disguises by those whose refined optics are capable of discerning her in her spiritual and immortal estate.

Sensible, tho' but feebly sensible of this, other poets, in proportion to their excellence, have made approaches to the delineation of spiritual truth by diminishing the resemblance between their representations of things and the gross and transient phenomena of actual nature. Hence the notion of the *beau idéal* among persons of (comparative) taste, and the persuasion of the identity of poetry and fiction so familiar to the muddy understandings of the Vulgar. With the Mass of Mankind fiction is but another name for the maiden coyness and unadulterated perfection of truth,—as Darkness is probably the epithet by which the Bat describes that solar radiance that refreshes the gaze of the Eagle.

To Wordsworth it was reserved to delineate truth in that vestal purity and incommunicable lustre which shrinks from the bare possibility of a gross copulation with the corruptions and temporalities of actual nature. The most authentic homage that has ever been rendered to the fidelity of his delineations

of truth, is the positive denial of his claim to this merit by the unanimous suffrage of the Vulgar. They who have charged other poets with falsifying truth, are consistent in charging Wordsworth with utterly forsaking it

But—

'But here the boy made sudden stand'<sup>1</sup>—Nor will I, without the express permission of H C. R. transcribe one word more from his Diary. Unless therefore he consent, and convey in an authentic form his consent to me, the world must burst in ignorance of the strange & diverting controversy respecting abstract & concrete truth that occurred between him & his ingenious adversary Councillor O'Flannagan of Ireland.

*Address* H. C. Robinson Esq., 3 Kings Bench Walk, Temple.  
*Post Mark* . 10. F. Noon. 10, Oc. 5, 1827.

*Endorsed* Papers belonging to H C R Satirical on Wordsworth.  
1797.

1827-1829  
Nos 34 35.

### 91. H. C. R. to D. W.

Decr 3. 1827

*p. 1, line 9.* . . . On my way I spent a week at *Brighton*—here I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Wordsworth—There is one subject on which we both talk with great delight, in a spirit not of opposition but of emulation—And the *new edition* furnished ample material for our expatiating on the poems, ancient and modern—

*p. 2, line 1* . . . I made a short excursion on water across the beautiful bay and contented myself with a view only of the wild island of Portland—This spot if I mistake not in my geography, is connected with painful recollections to your family— .<sup>2</sup>

*p. 5, line 17* [*of Scott's Napoleon*] . . . All the nine volumes together do not furnish so much *intellect*—in the proper sense

<sup>1</sup> The writer may be thinking of *The White Doe*, Canto vi, l 29. Francis, returns to Norton Hall

And the first object which he saw

It was the Banner in his hand<sup>1</sup>

He felt—and made a sudden stand

<sup>2</sup> John Wordsworth was wrecked off the Bill of Portland on 5 Feb. 1805.

DECEMBER 1827

of the world [*sic*]<sup>1</sup>—as the few score sonnets on the age we have passed thro', which form so delightful a portion of your brother's poems—What a work it would be & surely not to be matched by any that our age & country have witnessed, A commentary on the marvellous occurrences of the times in the spirit of the *Convention of Cintra*— . .

1827-1829  
No 48

92. W. J. Walter<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

9 Little Russell St  
Bloomsbury  
8 May. 1828

My dear Sir

I have a particular favour to request from your kindness, and as it is in the cause of charity, I do so without further preface.

The Rev<sup>d</sup> J. Addison of Tokenham (who, by the by, is the lineal descendant of the celebrated Addison,) is collecting materials for a Volume to be entitled the *Casket*.<sup>2</sup> The object of this publication is the relief of a family of great respectability, reduced to distress by a series of misfortunes; and the present mode of application to their friends and to the public is considered the most delicate, & likely to prove the most successful. You will see by the enclosed Memoranda, that several contributions of interest have been received, and that the list of literary names is considerable. But you will also see that it is mostly talent of the secondrate class. Now the Gentlemen who have interested themselves in this publication, among whom not the least zealous is Mr Murray the publisher of the work, are anxious, if possible, to have the very first name in the list of living poets; and as you have the happiness to be acquainted with Mr Wordsworth, I feel encouraged by your well known kindness, to beg of you to interest him in this

<sup>1</sup> Torlonia's tutor. Cf Letter 40. When H. C. R. visited the duke in Rome, he felt alighted by the latter's lack of attention

<sup>2</sup> *The Casket, A Miscellany consisting of Unpublished Poems.* Murray, 1829, £1 1s. The editor, not named, is referred to as feminine. Judged by the list of subscribers, which occupies 14 pp., the object of the publication was achieved.

Wordsworth's contribution was a sonnet, there entitled *The Peat Stack*, which begins 'untouched through all severity of cold',—It is now known as *Filial Piety*.

MAY 1828

work of charity, and, if it be not too bold a request, to solicit him to honour the publication with his name. It is felt that his kind compliance would be equivalent to success.

From the length of time that has elapsed since you did me the honour to introduce me to Mr Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, I cannot suppose he will recollect me ; but he may perhaps remember the Signor Torlonia, now Duke di Poli, who has more than once, and that within these few months, enquired both after yourself and Mr Wordsworth ; and I feel assured that nothing would afford the Duke greater pleasure, than to have an opportunity of repaying to Mr Wordsworth in Rome, the attention he experienced from him among the Lakes.

Awaiting, not without anxiety, the result of this application, I beg you to believe me

My Dear Sir

Your obliged

and most truly W. J. Walter

*Address* H. C. Robinson Esq., Temple.

*Endorsed* 3<sup>d</sup> May 1828, Walter. A Sonnet by Wordsworth was obtained but the book has not yet been published, May 1829.

1827-1829  
No 63b

93. W. W. to H. C. R.

[June 16<sup>th</sup> 1828]

My dear Friend

Pray meet me at Mr Aders<sup>1</sup> on Wednesday to Breakfast I shall be obliged by the loan of your Carpet Bag—which you were kind enough to offer—

Ever Yours

W. Wordsworth.

Monday Morn

12 Bryanston [St ]

*Address* H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Temple—

*Post Marks* · 16 J 8 [rest illegible], Gt. Portland St.

*Endorsed* June 1828, Wordsworth Autograph.

<sup>1</sup> A 'foreign merchant' in partnership with Jameson, both of whom were known to H. C. R. from the beginning of the century. Aders and his wife were art connoisseurs and Mrs Aders a singer of considerable reputation. They lived in Euston Sq., and were famous for their musical and artistic parties. Ultimately Aders lost his money, sold his collections, and he and Mrs Aders returned to Germany. The friendship with H. C. R. continued and he visited them whenever he was in Germany.

JUNE 1828

1827-1829  
No. 62.

94. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

12 Bryanston Street  
Monday June 23 1828

My dear Sir,

I will attend to your instructions about the verses for the Rainbow as soon as I can *do* them, which I hope to be able to effect in the course of the coming week at Lee Priory (near Wingham, Kent) to which place I go tomorrow.— Mr & Miss Wordsworth & Mr Coleridge left me on Saturday, & will be absent in Holland &c a month or 5 weeks. They go to Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Namur, perhaps Luxembourg, Treves, Coblenz, Bonn (where they stay a week, if I understood them rightly, Cologne, Nimequem, Utrecht, Amsterdam, one day for North Holland, Harlem, Leyden, the Hague, Rotterdam, Antwerp by steam, Ghent, Bruges & back by Ostend.

Have you read Mr Rogers's Italy—Part 2? <sup>1</sup> It is very delightful.—Hoping to see you soon,

Yours very faithfully  
Edward Quillinan

*Address.* H. C. Robinson Esqre, 3 King's Bench Walk, Temple.  
*Endorsed.* 23<sup>d</sup> June 1828, Quillinan.

1827-1829  
No 75b

95. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

Thursday mornng  
[Aug 6<sup>th</sup> 1828]

My dear Friend,

I write this Note in fear you may be gone. We arrived yesterday afternoon—I much regret I did not call in the Temple in passing I thought you were on the circuit. We have had a pleasant ramble—Ever faithfully yours. Your Bag is yet at the Custom house with our other things. farewell.  
bon voyage—

Bryanston street—W. Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> *Italy*, Pt. 2, appeared with Rogers's name in 1828, six years after the anonymous publication of Pt. 1

AUGUST 1828

[Underneath the address, which is not in his hand Wordsworth has written :]

how unlucky !

called just after your departure—

*Address* C. H. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 3 Kings Bench Walk, Temple.

*Endorsed* Aug<sup>t</sup> 1828, Wordsworth Autograph.

1827-1829  
No. 74

96. *Chr. Aders to H. C. R.*

[Aug. 1828]

My dear friend !

I have had Letters yesterday from Godesberg, both from my dear wife & Wordsworth The two Bards have slept a week with M<sup>rs</sup> Aders on their way up the Rhine, & they were at Godesberg again on Thursday lasst [*sic*] & I believe had been for two days & intended to travel downwards on Saturday lasst. They had not been further than Bingen. They are delighted with their Tour & more particularly with Godesberg & both are tuning their harp to immortalize it by their Song. M<sup>rs</sup> A. is delighted with Wordsworth but still claims our old affectionate friend Coleridge as 'her' Poet. Our marriage day 6 July has been celebrated by a Supper in the great Banqueting Hall of our House, when Schlegel, [<sup>1</sup> Dalton ?], some friend of yours whose name Eliza forgot—frau von Shoppenhauer & sundry minor persons met the poets, but unfortunately poor Coleridge was too unwell to take part in the feast.—Eliza makes a funny description of the Evening & the awe which the poets of the two nations had one of the other except Schlegel who 'entertained' Wordsworth in English by abusing England through thick & thin—Ellen had called upon Schlegel to repeat some Lines in honour of the Day.—but Schlegel referred to Wordsworth & W. declared that he preferred good plain prose on such occasions & proposed a toast in few words. Ellen and Mathilda Becker upon this left the room & composed some satirical Rimes upon the want of gallantry & promptness of the Poets of our Day which were read with great delight & all the Cakes & dishes were stripped of their flowers to crown the young poetesses. . . .

<sup>1</sup> illegible

1827-1829  
No 80.

97. H. C. R. to W. W.

[Nov 17<sup>th</sup> 1828]

My dear friend,

I had the pleasure of seeing Mr Quillnan lately who delivered me a message from you, desiring me to write and informing me of Miss Wordsworth's absence—I should otherwise have written to her rather than you, who being the declared no-friend of personal talk, are not the fittest receiver of a letter which partakes of the same character—Indeed I should hardly venture to write, as it is, if I had not one business object—To prevent your needlessly forwarding money to me, which Mr Qu<sup>r</sup> said, you meant to do—In Sept last £10 were left with my clerk with a piece of paper—'For Miss Wordsworth from Miss Barker'  
*This nearly amounts to the small sums laid out for you when you were here. . . .*

p. 3, line 14. . . I staid at Paris a fortnight—While there your works were published by Galignani They form a single volume and are sold for 20 francs—I meant to bring a copy, but at last declined it, not wishing to set a bad example & by inadvertence or otherwise spread the knowledge of a fact which is more injurious to your interests than flattering to a just sense of glory.—For when one sees *what* english books are reprinted there, only a coarse vanity could be pleased with the compliment. . .

1827-1829  
No 81

98. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount  
28 Nov<sup>r</sup> [1828].

My dear Friend,

Welcome to England—and thanks for your interesting Letter which will be carefully preserved with its predecessors of the same class—in my Sister's possessions. Your account of the Pyreneean Vallies falls in pretty much with my own expectation—I never heard but of one Person, Walter Savage Landor, who preferred the Pyrenees to the Alps.—Have you read



Raymond's<sup>1</sup> account of the former—it is well worth looking over, more for the beauty of particular passages, than its general interest, or its merit as far as I am able to judge, as an acquisition to Geology—It is however on this account that the Author seems to pride himself—His translation of Coxe, I think, I recommended to you before—I am now about to consult you on my Son Wm's present destination. And to come to the point at once—I want to place [? him] in some establishment on the Continent, or rather some family arrangement with a protestant Clergyman who had two or three pupils, not less than 16 or 17 years of age—though perhaps that might not be of consequence, where he might continue his classical studies, as preparatory to one of our Universities, and at the same time learn German and French or both, with a little desk-diligence but mainly by conversation. It is possible that through my friends of the Lowther family, I may be able in course of time to get him into a Government Office They have been spoken to on the subject, but should that hope fail—he must face one of our universities as his only resource. I will not tire you with further particulars, as I fancy you know a little of his history—his strong bent to the Army &c &c. He is turned 18—

Pray come & see us. I remember a Man who got a prize in the Lottery for which he was heartily sorry he was so pestered by distressed persons and their patrons with begging petitions. You are now rich in leisure, & will be exposed to as many demands upon your time, as this Unfortunate was, upon his money. We of this Household are likely to be among the number of these applicants, and our first demand, a pretty lusty one is, that you would put yourself upon the top of a Coach advanced as the season is, & brighten our fire side. We are not dull however I assure you and pretty busy in our little way, of which one proof is that last week I threw off 360 verses at a heat.—I sh[ould] like to tell you something about our

<sup>1</sup> *Travels in Switzerland and in the County of the Grisons, in a Series of Letters to William Melmoth Esq from William Coxe To which are added the Notes and Observations of Mr Ramond, translated from the French.* Baron Ramond de Carbonnières (1755–1827) also translated Coxe's book into French and, separately, wrote a continuation to his own Notes and Observations published in that work.

Rhine-trip though you do not ask—so I will put it off—the more so because you will hear of it from Mr Ardres [Aders]—to whom by the bye we are in debt for a thousand kindnesses and for one small sum of money—he paid for our Passport and on settling accounts I forgot to reimburse him. This I have mentioned to Coleridge but it may slip his memory. Therefore if you do not learn that C. has discharged the debt pray do it for me—with my kindest regards, and tell us in your next how Mrs Ardres is. Mr Quillinan<sup>1</sup> has the power to receive the amount of our debt to you—therefore get of his<sup>2</sup> the deficit at your leisure—We had not heard of my Sister[s] payment through Miss Barker—I am just told this is wrong[ly] stated—no matter—you understand me. We had yesterday a delightful Letter from my Sister who is with her Nephew, at Whitwick, between Loughborough and Ashby de la Zouche. She speaks with high delight of her journey from Buxton down Darley-dale (i. e. through Matlock) to Derby and [Nottin<sup>3</sup>]gham I am sorry I cannot secure<sup>3</sup> a frank<sup>3</sup> kindest remembrances from all here, & to the Lambs when you see them. Have your friends the Maskelynes<sup>4</sup> (do I spell right returnd from their continental Tour. Mrs Ardres told us that Mr M. had been very unwell—I hope he is recovered. farewell.

Most faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Address · Monday H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, King's Bench Walk,  
Temple, London. No 8

Endorsed : 28 Nov. 1828. Wordsworth.

1827-1829  
No. 83

99. D. W. to H. C. R.

Whitwick near Ashby de la Zouche

My dear Friend,

Nov<sup>r</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> 1828

I will not say that I like a letter the worse for being franked ; but I should have been very angry with you (could I have known of my loss) had you kept yours back, as you threatened

<sup>1</sup> W wrote first ' has received the amount ' but deleted *has* & the *d* in *received*, & inserted at the top ' has the power to ' which does not make sense.

<sup>2</sup> W. wrote *his*, but *him* seems to be required Nor does *deficit* make sense, though it is quite clearly written

<sup>3</sup> Paper torn

<sup>4</sup> Masqueriers

to do in case of not meeting with a Franker—so, once for all let me assure you that the sight of your hand-writing is always welcome to me at whatever cost ; and at the same time I beg that whenever you have the inclination to take the pen—whether you have anything new to tell me or not, you will favour me with a letter—of Chit-chat or whatever may come into your head. You are now a man of leisure, therefore I make no scruple in asking this of you. You can hardly form a notion of the pleasure it will be to me during the coming lonely winter to receive tidings of distant Friends,—lonely I mean in comparison with past years ; for my nephew John is my constant companion ; & we are very comfortable & happy together. To be sure I have only had a fortnight's trial , but I think I have already seen enough of Whitwick fireside to be justified in my belief that time will not hang heavy on our hands—yet never was there a place, though it is a crowded village, more barren of society, except at the distance of three miles, where our Rector & his Family & Lady Beaumont are always glad to see us—& a visit to them makes a pleasant termination of a walk not longer than we take daily. You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that John enters with zeal into the Duties of his profession —& gives much satisfaction both to the Parish & his Rector. He has a fine voice—reads agreeably (according to my notion at least) and is much liked in the pulpit by his hearers they having been accustomed to a spiritless humdrum Curate. I, however do not find John so much at home at preaching as in reading : but time will give him more confidence—& he is so desirous of doing his duty that I cannot doubt—if God grant him health and strength—of his becoming an effective preacher.—I know not into what quarter your English Travels may lead you this Winter or in the Spring—but we are only a few miles out of the great North road—18 miles from Leicester—8 from Loughborough—5 from Ashby de la Zouche. By the bye in future direct to me at Whitwick near Ashby de la Zouche.—It is our regular post town & we only get letters from Leicester by chance—This evening's post has brought pleasant tidings from Rydal—All well, & my Brother busy with poetical labours—and (what nearly concerns John & me)—Mr Quillinan

has thoughts of paying a visit in Derbyshire with his eldest Daughter, & if so will come to see us. This is what he tells my Sister, and I heartily wish he may put this scheme in execution.—Pray, if you see him, tell him so—indeed I must not trust to chance—If you do not see him, be so good as to write him a line by the Twopenny post to the above effect—& desire him if he comes to write a line if possible, to say when we may expect him & to direct near Ashby &c.

With respect to the £10, I find my Brother has provided for payment of his debt to you, therefore be so good as to keep that Sum a little while longer. John is ordering Books to about that amount and when he has received them I shall trouble you to pay it to the Bookseller. . Am I unreasonable in wishing to have your sketch of the Pyrannean Tour filled up with your actual adventures?—I fear I am—for I have no claim for such a favour, having not once written to thank you for the last addition to my little collection of your Tours. I will not trouble you with explanations—excuse I have none—But, believe me, I was not less interested by the last than heretofore, & that [I] do greatly prize—and always shall prize these proofs of your kindness—

Alas! for Rome—I never expect to set foot upon that sacred ground—nor do I ever visit it even in a day-dream—but once again, I do hope to see Switzerland, if we all live a few years longer—& perhaps the country of the Tyrolese—indeed, when my Brother talks of Rome—it always rather damps my hopes of even crossing the Channel again, so many circumstances must concur to make so large a scheme practicable—& years slip away—On the 25th of next Month (Xmas Day) I, the youngest of the three Elders of the house shall have completed my 56th year. . . I intend to stay at Whitwick six months without stirring from the spot—i e till May—My plans, after that time, are not fixed; but certainly before I turn northward I shall visit my Brother C. at Cambridge—& perhaps a Friend at Worcester—&, if so, shall work on to Brinsop, where Miss Hutchinson now is, so that it is probable I shall not return to Rydal till July—but, as I said, nothing is fixed but six months at Whitwick—and feeling that I am so much of

a comfort to John here—& being also myself <sup>1</sup>[ver]y comfortable, I shall not find it easy to resist coming <sup>1</sup>[to] him again next winter. This brings me to the wish that he had a good Living and a good Wife, both which Blessings I hope he will deserve . . . I wish you had seen Charles & Mary Lamb when you wrote—Pray give my kindest remembrances to them—I ask them not for a letter ; but trust that you will write ere long and tell me all about them—also the Clarksons. It is very long since I had any tidings of them—When you see Tom remember John & me to him & tell him if his Law concerns ever bring him this way we should be glad to see him. . . . When you write for me to Mr Quillman pray add John's best regards & assurances that he will be most happy to see him in his little Parsonage . . . Do excuse this long & dull, & ill-penned letter—and believe me, my dear Friend, Your much obliged

& affectionate D Wordsworth

*Address :* To H C Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup>, 3. Kings Bench Walk,  
Temple, London

*Endorsed :* 30 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1828. MISS Wordsworth.

# 100.

1827-1829  
No 85a

*Page from Catalogue of American and Foreign Autographs issued  
by Mr. George D Smith, 48 Wall St., New York, April 1910*

No 633. *Wordsworth, William.* A. L. S. to Henry Crabbe Robinson, the well known Diarist and Clubman, relating his grievances against the English Copyright Laws. Beginning with a reference to a position he is trying to secure for his son William, he then mentions a pirated edition by Galignani : <sup>2</sup> ' I agree with you that the honour is worse than nothing—but how can we expect that foreign nations will respect our literary property when our laws of copyright are so shamefully unjust—the law as it now stands is a premium upon mediocrity. My own poems have been thirty years struggling up hill, and are yet crossed in their way by Polypedes [*sic*]—Were I to die tomorrow my MSS, whatever might be their advantages to

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn

<sup>2</sup> See Letter 97.

booksellers, would in 28 yrs time be of no value to my children or their descendants,' etc. His postscript reads : ' I hope you liked the Triad, as to the other things, particularly the Wishing Gate have given pleasure ' [sic].<sup>1</sup> 4 pp. 8vo, 1828, \$45.00.

1827-1829  
No 85b

101. H. C. R. to W. W.

[Witham Dec 31<sup>st</sup> 1828.]

p. 2, line 7. . . I am indeed delighted with the Triad<sup>2</sup>—There are an elevation & a purity in the groupe quite ethereal—You did not intend that the characters should be *dramatically* contrasted—They do not differ from each other more than becomes Sisters—vide Hor Carm—? Lib.<sup>3</sup>? I will quarrel with no one who prefers the style of the Lyrical ballads to that of your later poems ; but I have no patience with those who affecting to refuse the character of poetry to those works, now are quite silent at the appearance of the later poems—This is manifest unprincipled dishonesty—The perverse & ungenerous spirit with which works of genius are received by critics, otherwise not without discernment, is really surprising & mortifying—Is it possible that Professor W:<sup>4</sup> still superintends Blackwood ? There is an article in the last Number on Sacred poetry of which all the text is taken from Montgomery except an application to your works The writer covers his reproaches with eulogies which seem to be sincere—he argues that having so intense a love of nature and so devout a Sentiment towards the God of Nature, you cannot be a Christian because in your earlier works you were silent about Christianity—And because the little you have said in your later writings has been merely in praise of the Church of *England* and in fact worse than nothing—I know

<sup>1</sup> Note by Mr Francis H Jones, late Secretary to Dr Williams's Trustees. ' This was sent to Dr Williams' Library by Mr Leonard L Mackall in 1910, & submitted to the Book Committee, but they did not feel justified in giving the price for the letter It does not appear how the letter found its way to America, but it is clear that it never was in the collection placed in the Library and indexed by Dr Sadler or under his directions '.

<sup>2</sup> Paper torn

<sup>3</sup> Probably Hor Carm III, xix 15 ' Gratia. . . iuncta sororibus,' since the line in *The Triad* reads : ' Come, like the Graces, hand in hand '.

<sup>4</sup> Blackwood himself edited the Magazine (see Mrs. Oliphant, *Annals of the House of Blackwood*) though the editorship was popularly ascribed to Lockhart or Wilson

you do not enquire about the periodicals & that you are likely to overlook them from sheer contempt & indifference. But this kind of attack is very different from one on your style & diction—You can best judge whether it is worth while ascertaining—Who has written, & Why was written so unwarrantable an attack—Was Muley Moloch the author?—For it is in substance what he said to me—Or is it mere Scotch-presbyterian malignity? <sup>1</sup>

All you say about the flagrant injustice to Authors is most true—If you looked much into Magazines you would find that it has not been overlooked of late—But in an age when *economical* principles alone are fashionable, purely moral considerations are disregarded—Public opinion out of parliament is with you in the argument—It is an old remark that singers players &c are excessively paid in money as some compensation

<sup>1</sup> The article on *Sacred Poetry* is the last in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, December 1828, Part II, No 147, vol xxiv, p 917 As H C R says, it is mainly a review of James Montgomery's *Christian Psalmist* and *Christian Poet* The most important passages referring to Wordsworth are the following —'Of all the great living poets, Wordsworth is the one whose poetry is to us the most inexplicable on the score of its religion

He certainly cannot be called a *Christian poet* the religion of this great Poet—in all his poetry, published previous to the *Excursion*—is but the "Religion of the Woods" In the *Excursion*, his religion is brought forward—prominently & conspicuously— But is it Christianity? No—it is not . . . It is true, that in his *Eccelesiastical Sonnets*, Mr Wordsworth has said many fine & noble things pertaining to religion But that Series of Sonnets is rather philosophical than religious, rarely are the essential doctrines of Christianity breathed fully forth, although sometimes beautifully touched upon there is not much in it which might not, without insincerity & hypocrisy, have been uttered, in solemn moods, by a poet who was not a Christian they are not, although all appertaining to divine things, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Christian faith Neither, we think can the devoted admirers & lovers of the *Lyrical Ballads* help wondering, either at the total absence of all feelings & thoughts in any way connected with Religious Establishments in them, or at the prevalence of such feelings in the *Eccelesiastical Sonnets* On turning from the one to the other, we do not see one Wordsworth in two different & opposite lights—but we, for our own parts, cannot help seeing two Wordsworths Now, however defective of old, & in itself insufficient to satisfy all the demands of the soul, was the religion of the woods of Wordsworth *Primus*, even now we cannot but prefer it to the religion of the cathedral of Wordsworth *Secundus*

Mulock was a frequent contributor to the *Morning Post* & other papers on literary as well as theological matters & the article in *Blackwood* to which H C R refers, might well have been contributed by him The bigotry shown is quite in his manner. But see Letter 102 in which Wordsworth ascribes it to Wilson For Muley Moloch see note to Letter 47, pp. 100–1

for the contempt which follows the profession—And I suppose therefore that poets are thought sufficiently rewarded in posthumous fame. . . .

p. 8, line 21. . . . I heartily rejoice at your poetical fertility—This is partly a selfish feeling—But whatever drawbacks there may be on the felicity of all productive & creative power It is after all the only enviable faculty given to Man And of all forms in which it manifests itself—the poetical faculty is the most enviable—It is a source of so much joy that cannot be taken away—That if in addition, the work were rewarded by the world as far inferior labours are rewarded—you poets would be at too great a distance from other men—And that which you naturally & reasonably complain of is but a part of that system of compensations of which this world is full—Therefore on your own account as well as mine own & that of your future readers—I rejoice in your late industry

I have hopes of forwarding this letter from this place by a frank today or tomorrow

My kindest remembrances to Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth &c &c &c &

Most affect<sup>ly</sup> yours

Witham 31 Dec<sup>r</sup> 1828—

H. C. Robinson.

1827-1829  
No 91

102. W. W. to H. C. R.

My dear Friend

27th Jan<sup>y</sup> Rydal Mount [1829]

What an odd view do you take of the stability of human life ' I accept your invitation '—these words set us all agog—we looked for you in ten days at most—then comes—after my return from Germany—from Italy—and the Holy Land '—but that did not follow—as it well might have done.—Within the course of the last fortnight I have heard of the death of two among the most valued of my Schoolfellows—Godfrey Sykes, Sol: of the Stamp Off.—and Mr Calvert, probably unknown to you by name—So we are thinned off—but you live in the light of Hope—and you are in the right as long as you can—but why not run down for a fortnight or three weeks—we should be so glad to see you '—and really the absence you talk of is a little formidable to a man so near 60 as I am.—



—About ten days ago I had a pop visit of ten minutes from Courtenay the Barrister, who had been at Cockermouth Sessions—I recurred to the Law-life Insurance—which you will recollect we all talked about together, he continues to affirm that it is a most excellent Investment.—Now I am expecting every week a Legacy of 160 to Mrs Wordsworth. I dont wish to touch this money—but should like to make it up to 200—and invest it in this way for her benefit—in case of my demise. Mr C—says that no interest will be received for 4 or five years—and you will recollect that you offered to lend your name ; as the Insurance must be in the name of some Barrister, whose honor may be depended upon. Will you be kind enough to call upon him, 28 Montagu street, Russel square—and settle the affair with him—if you deem it an eligible thing, of which I suppose there is little doubt—the money shall be forthcoming at Masterman’s Bank, as soon as required—Should you disapprove of the intended Insurance, pray let me know with your reasons—

I had a Letter the other day from Mr Richard Sharp, of the Corner of Park Lane Upper Grosvenor street, and of Mansion house place—about business—which I was obliged to reply to in so great a hurry—that I overlooked a notice of my Son’s Station upon the list of Candidates for the Athenæum. I do not like to trouble him with another Letter till I have an opportunity of a Frank—which may not be shortly—therefore should you be passing either of these doors—but not else, will you be kind enough to step in—and leave upon a slip of paper—that my Son being beneficed in Cumberland—there is no probability of an Election to the Athenæum being of the least use to him—so that his name may be removed from the list of Candidates.—I shall have a Letter to Mr Sharp, to this effect ready for the first opportunity.

I have seen the Article in Blackwood alluded to in your last—it is undoubtedly from the pen of Mr Wilson himself. He is a perverse Mortal,—not to say worse of him. Have you peeped into his Trials of Margaret Lyndsay<sup>1</sup>—you will there see to what an extent he has played the Plagiarist—with the very

<sup>1</sup> Wilson’s (Christopher North) *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay* appeared in 1823

tale of Margaret in the *Excursion*, which he abuses—and you will also, with a glance learn, what passes with him for poetical Christianity—more mawkish stuff I never encountered.—I certainly should think it beneath me to notice that Article in any way—my Friends and admirers I hope will take the same view of it. Mr W's pen must be kept going at any rate—I am at a loss to know why—but so it is—he is well paid twice as much, I am told as any other Contributor—In the same number of Blackwood is an Article upon Rhetoric, undoubtedly from De Quincey. Whatever he writes is worth reading—there are in it some things from my Conversation—which the Writer does not seem aware of.—Last week I passed with Southey—well (except for a Cold) and busy as usual. He is about to publish a book, two volumes of Dialogues—between the Ghost of Sir Thomas More—and Montesino—himself<sup>1</sup>—It is an interesting work—and I hope will attract some attention. But periodicals appear to have swallowed up so much money—that there is none left for more respectable Literature.—You advert to Critics that dont deal fairly with me—I do not blame them—they write as they feel—and that their feelings are no better they cannot help The older part of Critics like Gifford had he been alive, have their classical prejudices and for the younger—I am not poetical enough, they require higher seasoning than I give

Dont mind Franks in writing to me—that is never put off because you have not a Cover—I wish I had one for you—but here they are rarely to be had.

*Address* · H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, No. 3. Kings Bench Walk, Temple, London.

*Post Marks* · Kendal Penny Post & another illegible.

*Endorsed* · 27 Jan. 1829. Wordsworth. Prof Wilson, De Quincey, His other Critics.

<sup>1</sup> *Sir Thomas More, or Colloques on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, a series of interviews between himself and the ghost of More, was published by Southey in 1829 The book is written in the first person, but More on first entering, addresses the writer as *Montesinos* and the name is used for the dialogue For *Montesinos* see *Don Quixote* II, 11 5, 6. *Montesinos* was a legendary hero who retired in dudgeon to a cave in La Mancha, called the Cavern of *Montesinos* There *Don Quixote* fell into a trance, in which he believed he saw *Montesinos* and others under the spell of Merlin

1827-1829  
No. 100.

103. *H. C. R to D. W.*

3 K. B. W Temple.

17 Feb: 1829.

My dear friend—

I did not intend that so long a time should elapse after the receipt of your earlier letters, before I should answer them. But until lately lately M Ps were as scarce as Canary-birds Now they are as plentiful as Sparrows—And tho' you kindly desire me not to wait for franks, I think myself the best judge of the value of my own letters.—

Within a few hours of the receipt of yours directing me to discharge your brother's book-bill, the money was paid And if I can find the Receipt it shall be inclosed—I have settled accounts with your brother And from him therefore you will receive the few shillings balance of the account—

As to the Athenæum: That matter I did intend to write to Mr John Wordsworth about, but a letter from Rydal Mount enabled Mr Sharpe & myself to do what was necessary without troublg him with a letter of mere form We have withdrawn his name as a Candidate—I have also enquired how he stands on the books of the University Club—his Election will not come on there for some five or six years—So he may take time & consider what he will do as to that club—And even as to the Athenæum—You may comfort him by the information that Bishops may be brought on without a ballot by the Committee at any time—This is I believe the law of all the clubs—We have several pair of lawn sleeves among us—Tho' there is only one wearer that does me the honour to chat with me here—Dr Copplestone of St Asaph—

The Master of Trinity<sup>1</sup> has however a more immediate interest in this fact.

Mr Quillman I have seen repeatedly lately—He always speaks of you with great regard And he talked of coming over to Wightwick while you were there—Some circumstance connected with his daughter prevented his carrying his purpose into effect

You have asked me for a letter about my tour to the Pyrenees

<sup>1</sup> Christopher Wordsworth

FEBRUARY 1829

I had anticipated your wishes already, by sending you a brief journal of my excursion—which your brother opened—he said it would be added to the former letters of a similar kind—It was not quite so full as former letters, but a great deal fuller than a punctilious man would have sent, seeing that the preceeding account of a summer's travelling had never been noticed by you in any way whatever—

However there is the letter I hope not the worse for keeping—I have already told you of my own plans—They remain unchanged—Mr W. has very kindly invited me to go down to Westmoreland before my journey—I have thought my visit would be more acceptable after my return And have declined it—

It is *possible* that I may feel it my *duty* to go down to Scotland before I go abroad—if so, it will be a *great pleasure* to see you on my way, wherever you may be

If I do go it will be a melancholy journey—As it will be if not necessitated, at least induced by the fear that an esteemed friend<sup>1</sup> whose property is partly in my hands, who may *want* (seriously want) to see me, not for pleasure but for business, may not survive my return—And the journey that I would not take for mere enjoyment I may feel it right to take under such painful circumstances—I do not think at all events that my journey will take place till late in April

You speak about your wish to see Mrs Clarkson. What should prevent you? It is only one day's journey by the Ipswich coach My brother's family would be delighted to see you at dinner, if you would inform them of your intention to pass thro' & could not stay with them—

The Lambs I have seen They are both in good health & spirits

My respectful Comps to Dr W.

Most faithfully

Your affectionate friend

H. C. Robinson

8 K B. W. Temple, 17 Feb: 1829.

Endorsed · 17<sup>th</sup> Feb. 29. H. C. R to Mr Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Niven, a former ward of H. C. R., who, as he repeatedly writes to various correspondents, did not 'come of age' and obtain control of her property till she was fifty

1827-1829  
No. 114.

104. *H. C. R. to W. W.*

April 22. 1829.

*p. 1, line 1.*

My dear friend

Mr Quillinan called on me a few days ago and informed me of the alarm into which you have been thrown by Miss Wordsworth's dangerous illness—Tho' coupled with the joyful assurance that she is now convalescent, I could not hear this news without the deepest anxiety and concern—But I find we are now arrived at an age when such calamities are to be looked for— . . .

[Goes on to tell of a severe attack of rheumatism from which he is suffering.]

1827-1829  
No 115

105. *E. H. Barker<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.*

April 26. 1829.

*p 2, line 14* . The 2<sup>d</sup> vol of the *Parriana* is nearly finished 548 pages are printed off In it I have touched not slightly the question of Ossian, & I think that you will admit that I have put the matter in a striking, strong, & just light as far as it goes. Well, Mr Basil Montagu told to me that Wordsworth informed him some years ago that from the erroneous descriptions of the scenery of Scotland in Ossian, he was satisfied about the spuriousness of the Poems. I resolved to write to Wordsworth, & I have this day received from him a most courteous Letter, referring me to what is said in the ed<sup>n</sup> of his Poems published in 1827. He considers the Erse Fragment to have been much interpolated & corrupted, but still he is grateful to Macpherson for having collected what but for him would have perished . . .

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Henry Barker (1788-1839), a classical scholar, edited many Greek and Latin works, and dedicated his *Classical Recreations* to Dr Parr *Parriana* or *Notices of the Rev Samuel Parr* (1828-9) and his posthumous account of Porson (1852) are valuable for the information they contain about these scholars Barker also wrote a pamphlet to disprove that *Junius* was the work of Sir P Francis

APRIL 1829

1827-1829  
No. 118.

106. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount Kendal  
April 26th 1829

My dear Friend,

Dora holds the Pen for me. A month ago the east wind gave me an inflammation in my left eye-lid which led, as it always does, to great distress of the eye, so that I have been unable either to read or write, which privations I bear patiently ; and also a third, full as grievous, a necessary cessation from the amusement of composition,—and almost of thought—Truly were we grieved to hear of your illness first from Mr Quillinan, & this morning from your own account which makes the case much worse than we had apprehended—the mild weather, so slow to come, will I trust bring you about, but you must be very careful for the future, as I understand that these attacks leave a weakness & susceptibility, which dispose the frame to a recurrence of the disorder : I have at this moment an instance under my own eye : calling upon a friend the other day, whose health is in general most excellent, I found him nearly bound to the Sofa by Rheumatism in a part where several years ago he had been injured by a severe blow—I enter thoroughly into what you say of the manner in which this malady has affected your loco-motive habits, and propensities ; & I grieve still more when I bear in mind how active you have ever been In going about to serve your friends, and to do good. Motion, so mischievous in most, was in you a beneficent power indeed !

You cannot consult a better travelling guide than Mr Sharp—I would go no where, where he has been, without the benefit of his experience—Would that we could join you in Rome ! but till my son William is provided for the hope cannot be encouraged—My Sister-in-law Miss Joanna Hutchinson, & her Brother Henry an ex-sailor are about to embark at the Isle of Man for Norway, to remain till July were I not tied by the Stamp Off: I should certainly accompany them—As far as I look back I discern in my mind imaginative traces of Norway : the people are said to be simple, & worthy, the *Nature* is magnificent—I have heard Sir H. Davy affirm that there is

nothing equal to some of the Ocean Inlets of that region and lastly, the very small expense would suit my finances this last word brings me to money—Following the example of my kind Friend Mr Sharp—I have sold out of the French funds & in consequence have 2537£ lying in the Kendal bank at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent this money I am most anxious to lodge upon some unexceptionable security if possible at the rate of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent—If not I must descend in my expectations to 4. My wish is to renounce all speculation & to be secure from a fall in the Principal for the sake of those whom I may leave behind—Mr Sharp has kindly stated to me the supposed advantages & disadvantages of reinvestment in funds French, or English—The Interest in either case is something under 4 per cent but with regard to the french *threes*, there is a possibility of a rise in the Principal this however I w<sup>d</sup> waive and am inclined to prefer the English 4 if I can do no better, but here I fear a decline in the principal which, our fortune being so small, would be mortifying after having gained from interest and principal upwards of 1000£ on 1800£ since 1820 You will most likely see Mr Sharp again I am too much indebted to him to be justified in teasing him by letter about my money matters, would you be so kind as to state my wishes & consult with him & with any other Person whose experience and judgement you may rely upon—

It would have been a great joy to us to have seen you though upon a melancholy occasion—You talk of the *more* than chance of your being absent upwards of two years—I am sorry for it on my own account the more so as I have entered my 60th year—Strength must be failing & snappings off, as the danger my dear sister has just escaped, lamentably proves, ought not to be long out of sight

What a shock that was to our poor hearts Were She to depart the Phasis of my Moon would be robbed of light to a degree that I have not courage to think of—During her illness we often thought of your high esteem of her goodness, and of your kindness towards her upon all occasions—Our last account was of the 19th & that morning she had been out in the garden for ten minutes & we know that if she had not been going on well since we should certainly have heard—

APRIL 1829

We look for a letter in course tomorrow—Mrs Wordsworth is still with her & I have entreated her to stay ten days more—Dora is my house keeper, & did she not hold the Pen it would run wild in her Praises—Sara Coleridge, one of the loveliest and best of Creatures, is with me so that I am an enviable person notwithstanding our domestic impoverishment Mrs Coleridge is here also—& if pity and compassion for others anxieties were a sweet sensation I might be envied on that account also for I have enough of it—I have nothing to say of books (Newspapers having employed all the voices I could command) except that the 1st Vol of Smith's 'Nolleken's'<sup>1</sup> & his Times'<sup>2</sup> has been read to me—and I am indignant at the treachery that pervades it—Smith was once very civil to me, offering to show me anything in the Museum at any & all times when he was disengaged—I suppose he would have made a *Prey* of me as he has done of all his acquaintance, of which I had at that time no suspicion having thought myself not a little obliged to him for his offer—There are however some good Anecdotes in the book, the one which made most impression on me was that of Reynolds who is reported to have taken from the print of a half-penny ballad in the Street an effect in one of his Pictures which pleased him more than anything he had produced—

If you were here I might be tempted to talk with you about the Duke's<sup>3</sup> '[SE]TTLING' of the Catholic Question.<sup>4</sup> Yet why? for you are going<sup>3</sup> [to Ro]me, the very Centre of Light & can have no occasion for my farthing Candle—Somebody has just sent me from Oxford the 4th No: of a Literary Gazette published there from which I learn that I am a prodigiously favorite [sic] Poet with one of its Contributors at least—My kindest regards to the Lambs tell them about my sister, And say that I have long wished to write to Charles and will certainly do so as soon as I recover the use of my eyes for a little reading which will be necessary for his Play<sup>4</sup> & for the books he sent me before

<sup>1</sup> *Nollekens and his Times* by John Thomas Smith, 1828, was republished by Lane, 1920, edited and annotated by Wilfred Whitten.

<sup>2</sup> Paper torn

<sup>3</sup> The Catholic Relief Bill was passed in 1829

<sup>4</sup> Mr E. V. Lucas mentions in his notes, vol. v, pp. 372-3 that *The*



APRIL 1829

I can make acknowledgements to my wish. Farewell I wish I could command a frank—Dora joins me in aff<sup>te</sup> regards She is a staunch Anti-Papist, in a WOMAN's way, & perceives something of the retributive hand of justice in your Rhematism [*sic*]<sup>1</sup>—but nevertheless like a true Christian she prays for your speedy convalescence—

Ever most faithfully Yours  
Wm Wordsworth.

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup>., King's Bench Walk, Temple, London.

*Post Marks* Kendal Penny Post, C 28 AP 28 1829.

*Endorsed* : 26 Apl 1829, Wordsworth, Investments, His Sister, Smith's Nollekens

1827-1829  
No 120a

107. D. W. to H. C. R.

*Again excuse bad penmanship*

<sup>1</sup> [*Endorsed* : April 1829]

My dear Friend,

I cannot help slipping a note into a frank for London to thank you for your very kind letter which makes me not quite hopeless of having a sight of you before I quit the Midland part of England—yet perhaps I ought not to *hope* in this case as it seems if I *do* see you it will be at the expense of a long, perhaps tedious, and certainly to you melancholy journey into Scotland—At all events, however, I may lawfully be pleased that if you should have this journey to take you will remember me & the Curate of Whitwick, & turn aside to our lowly Vicarage .

I must have expressed myself with strange obscurity (but I wrote in great haste) since you have understood me as asking for a sketch letter concerning your journey to the Pyraenees. If I said any thing about a full account of that journey it was

*Pawnbroker's Daughter* and *The Wife's Trial*, the only plays published after the collected edition of Lamb's works, in 1818, appeared respectively in Blackwood, Jan. 1830 and Dec 1828 The former was referred to by Lamb in a letter (July 1829) to Barton as 'an old rejected farce' the latter was written in 1827 and rejected by Kemble in 1828. It is not possible therefore to be sure to which of the plays Wordsworth here alludes.

<sup>1</sup> But this letter must have been written before her illness *Vide* Nos. 104 and 100.

not as drawn up for my particular use & pleasure ; but in connexion with your previous more detailed Tours, which—with that of the Pyrenees also—I hope—now that you are aloof from the Cares of Courts of Justice—you will arrange and amplify—& at *some* time, publish—I do not recollect what I said ; but the above is what I have often thought of—and in fact I had received your very interesting pyrenean sketch &—in the ambiguous words of that hurried letter *meant* to thank you for it. . . It is of no use to rake up in your memory the contents of my—(I fear too careless) letters—still less to hunt for them in your bureau—so my dear Friend, accept my thanks for this last and all former favours—The blunder gives me no uneasiness, being well satisfied that your friendship does not hang on trifles of punctilio like these—so no more on this subject—

Probably before this reaches you you may have heard of the last honour bestowed upon my bright & amiable nephew, Christopher Wordsworth, the appointment to the Craven Scholarship. You may be sure that his good Father & all of us were made very happy last Monday morning when the unanimous Decision of the Examiners was pronounced. He had already received honours & prizes sufficient to satisfy youthful ambition but this is, besides the honour, an affair worthy of consideration,—£50 per annum for seven years. He does not intend to write for the Summer (the Brownian) Medals—I believe not for any—not even for the Chancellor's Medal (for English Verse) This I am glad of, as it will leave him time, if he have the resolution, to apply sufficiently to the Mathematics, to obtain such a rank upon the mathematical Tripos as will enable him to strive for a place on the *classical*, which his Brother John has been excluded from by being utterly unable to do anything in mathematics. I said I am glad of Christopher's determination for the above reason ; but also on other accounts—It is surely very discouraging to the competitors when *One* is sure to carry away all that he strives for, which in Chris's case has hitherto always happened.

I assure you he is not in the least set up by the congratulations he receives—quite the contrary—He is very humble

APRIL 1829

mind—& one of the happiest & cheerfulest of human Beings.—I have good accounts from Rydal. John W. is now on his road thence to Whitwick where I shall join him next Wednesday. Wilham will accompany him on his road to London, whence he will depart in April for Bremen with a Mr Papendich, under whose care he is to remain for one year at Bremen, to learn the German & French Language ; and, I hope, improve himself in other points—I have said Wilham will be on his road to *London* ; but in fact he will stay with us at Whitwick till summoned to London at the time that Mr Papendich is ready to sail for Germany.—I had intended leaving Cambridge as to-morrow, but have been tempted to stay where I am so happy & comfortable until Tuesday morning—when I shall take Coach to Leicester—sleep there, & the next morning proceed by the Ashby de la Zouche Coach to Huggleston (within two miles of Whitwick), whence I shall walk to W leaving my luggage at H. I mention this as a guidance for you in case you should visit us in your way *from* London. Should you take us on your return, you must stop at *Loughborough* (seven miles from Whitwick)—But when the time comes, of course you will apprise us, and I will again give you precise directions. . . I have heard from dear Mrs Clarkson, & am sorry to tell you that for the last six weeks she has been prevented by illness from writing to me : but she is now,

[End of page : rest of letter missing ]

*Endorsed* [at beginning] Apl 1829, Miss Wordsworth.

1827-1829  
No 120b.  
[first sheet  
missing]

108. D. W. to H. C. R.

May 2<sup>nd</sup> <sup>1</sup> [1829.]

Did I not tell you I had had a letter from Mrs Clarkson while at Cambridge, that she had been very ill, & was going from home (though recovered) for the benefit of change of air ?

<sup>1</sup> The two sheets of this letter are separated and dated in duplicate in the collection of H C R's correspondence. The letter must originally have been misfolded, and so addressed and endorsed on the first sheet instead of the last Cf date of next letter, No 109 which is also 2 May 1829. Probably this should be dated at the end of April It is later than Nos. 106 and 107.

I conclude from your saying that you are going to see her that she is returned to Playford—& I hope in *her* best state of health, & that dear Mr Clarkson continues as well as as he was when she wrote to me. Tell her that I much regretted that her time of going to Bury was not a few days later. Had she been there while I was at Cambridge, I should have met her at her Sister's which to all of us would have been a great satisfaction. Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson will have been much concerned to hear of my illness, especially as I had so recently spoken to her of my extraordinary health & strength—(My dear Friend what a lesson for us ! the old Women at my bedside talked of me to each other as if quite sure that I *must* die ! ) . . .

Tell dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson that it hurts me to turn northward without having seen her ; but I hope[,] if I live to travel southward again[,] it will not be so. John gives up his Curacy after Trinity Sunday. Perhaps he may go to London for a week or ten days & rejoin me here to accompany me to Halifax, where I shall stay a few weeks, & then go to Rydal. John is not obliged to go to his living at Moresby until the end of July. I once had thoughts of visiting my Friends in Herefordshire before my return to Rydal, but my illness has left a home-sickness behind it ; & nothing but the claims of an aged Friend, who took charge of me when a child at the request of my dying Mother could have induced me to linger on the road after *Whitwick* claims are satisfied.

I think you have heard me speak of Mr<sup>s</sup> Rawson of Halifax. Her Husband died last year They were the oldest Couple in Halifax among the upper ranks. She is now eighty three and has all her faculties perfect, except that she is a little deaf. . .

You have heard no doubt, of my poor Brother's eyes having been inflamed—Thank God they are better—& therefore my Sister has been the less wanted at home especially as Dora is unusually well. They have been very kind in sparing her to us so long.—All danger was over when she heard of my illness ; but they could not be easy—& it is well she came ; for without her I should not have myself perceived how weak I was, & how much care was needed, & I should certainly have had a relapse.

MAY 1829

. . . In case of a similar attack, however I should know better, & could of myself avoid all risks—<sup>1</sup>

If this letter should not catch you before you go to Playford pray enclose this Scrap for M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson before you leave England,—& excuse the trouble I give you by close & bad penmanship—& do not forget us when you are gone—& believe me ever your faithful & affectionate Friend

D Wordsworth

Whitwick near Ashby de la Zouhe [*sic*] May 2<sup>nd</sup>—

My sisters most affectionate good wishes & John begs to be kindly remembered to you.

I am very glad you have so good a Friend in your Chambers, and hope we shall be benefitted by him in hearing of you.

I have *not* seen the Review—but have seen enough of the cowardly manner in which people have relinquished their principles

1827-1829  
No. 121c.

109. D. W to H. C. R.

[May 2nd 1829]

My dear Friend,

Your letter, which by some strange mistake was directed to me at Rydal instead of Whitwick, has just reached me with a few words written upon it by my Niece, telling me that her Father had written to you, From him you will have heard all particulars respecting where the dispersed of the Family are, what doing & what intending, and thus I am glad of, not having time or room for a long letter. It drew tears from my eyes to read of your affectionate anxiety concerning me. In fact it is the first time in my life of fifty six years in which I have had a serious illness, therefore I never before had an opportunity of knowing how much some distant Friends care about me—Friends abroad—Friends at home—all have been anxious . . & more so, far more I am sure, than I deserve; but I attribute much of this to my having been so remarkably strong and healthy, it came like a shock to every one, to be told of a dangerous illness having attacked me.—I am now, through God's

<sup>1</sup> Half page cut away ? The 'Scrap for M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson'.

mercy, perfectly restored to health, & almost to strength ; but quiet care—for a time at least, I am assured is necessary ; & indeed my own frame admonishes me that it is. But for the sake of my kind friends I am bound to take care, & I promise them all—including you who will be far away from us, that I will be neither rash nor negligent—Indeed I never can forget what I suffered myself nor the anxiety of those around me . My Nephew Wilham was the tenderest nurse possible—It would have moved any body's heart to see him. But enough of this subject. . He is still at Whitwick, & we hear nothing of Mr Papendich's arrival in England ; but I think we shall part from Wilham finally in a week. His Uncle wishes to see him at Cambridge : There he will stay a short while & proceed to London, where he will take up his quarters with Mr Quillman (to whom, if you see him, give my kind Love & tell him I am deeply sensible of the interest I know he has taken concerning me.) I am not hopeless of Wilham's having the good fortune to see you before your departure. Yours is dated the 27th & you say in about 10 days you shall go into Suffolk, pay the Clarksons a visit, & return to London—I wish this may catch you before your departure for Suffolk—indeed I *expect* it will, otherwise I should not have troubled you with the enclosure for Rydal. You must know we sent a letter thither yesterday, & today Dora's little note arrives (written in your's) & there is something in it which it is better to answer immediately, yet we cannot find it in our hearts to tax her with a second shilling, so, recollecting that you can almost command franks through your LOYAL Friends I take the chance ; & shall be much obliged to you & the worthy Alderman if by your joint services it can be forwarded. The other letter is for the Twopenny post-office. . My dear Friend, I am truly concerned to hear of your lameness ; for lameness it may still be called though removed from the leg to the arms ; but have no doubt that the warm & dry air of the Continent will speedily remove it ; however, even with that assurance, I am concerned ; for the Rheumatism is a visitant that *will* return—again & yet again : however obstinately you may try to expel it : however this year a first visit is less discouraging than at other times Those

MAY 1829

who are accustomed to it have it more severely than usual—& many who never felt its touch before have been visited. . . . Myself for instance—at the beginning of the cold weather . . . and now again during my illness, I felt rheumatic pains of which till this winter I had not in my whole life had the slightest feeling. . I wish you would now & then write to us when you are abroad—How long do you mean to stay? God grant that we may all be alive & in good health at your return! And what a joyful welcome shall we give you at Rydal Mount! . . . If my Brother ever should be able to take us into Italy, we shall call on you to fulfil your promise of accompanying us—and what an accomplished guide you will be!

*Address* H C Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 8 King's Bench Walk, Temple.  
*Post Marks* 4 Even 4, 4 My 1829, and another, illegible  
*Endorsed* May 2<sup>nd</sup> 1829, Miss Wordsworth, Recovery.

1827-1829  
No. 126

110. W. W. to H. C. R.

[May 18th 1829]

My dear Friend

Mrs W holds the pen for me, having returned from Whitwick, where she left our dear Sister improving gradually last Monday.

I am almost ashamed to trouble you about my concerns, now that you must be so busy in settling your own. I have heard from Mr Courtenay to day, & he gives so flattering an account of the Law-Lives that notwithstanding the rise, I mean to avail myself of your kind offer—his words are, 'I firmly believe that Law-Live shares will pay you, if bought at any price under £11 per share, will pay excellent interest—tho' nothing will be touched for the first 4 years—but the property will be encreasing, &c, &c.'

I have therefore placed £300 at your disposal in Masterman's Bank, & I beg that you will take the trouble of going thro' the forms necessary to effect for me this security—not omitting such considerations as will naturally suggest themselves to a Lawyer about to reside a couple of years in foreign parts. I am most sincere in the expression of my regret at imposing so much trouble upon you at this time, & am also truly thankful

for your last interesting letter. Will it tend in any way to repay you, if Mrs W transcribes the opinion of Mr Rathbone the first American Merch<sup>t</sup> in Liverpool upon American Securities.

'I can only say, that my opinion is very favourable. Their habits of legislature are oeconomical, they are not troubled with any refined feeling that should make them give any one of their public servants one farthing more than they think his services worth. In their public engagements they have been very punctual their rapid improvement in public wealth has left them without temptation to be otherwise—and their States to the Westward are growing with such accelerated encrease in population, that I consider the security either of the Stock of the States or of the federation as undoubted. The rate of Interest must depend upon the rate of Exchange at which the dividends are remitted, which varies from 8 to 12 pr Cent. My Sister has some money in Stocks of the United States by our advice. Some of the Stocks are more saleable than others, which is an object of consideration to those who may want their money, but where income is the Object, some of the heavy stocks pay the best Interest, The Ohio Stock is one of these latter. Of the Louisiana, I can only speak generally, not particularly. It is however a rapidly increasing State.'

Against the above opinion, which was asked for in consequence of your letter, I have nothing to say, but that Mr Rathbone being a Quaker may be somewhat biassed towards the Americans. Mr Courtenay in conclusion says 'he should be sorry to risk the welfare of those deer [*sic*] to him by investment in French funds', & as his final opinion bids me look out for a good mortgage in England. 'I should prefer that says he to any other security.' This is what I, W W. wish for—but where am I to find it?

Why did not you mention your Rheumatism—when you are abroad pray write to us & not unfrequently—Be assured I shall not grudge Postage; & do not trouble yourself about franks during your short stay in England

If I excursionize at all this summer, it will be by Steam to Staffa Iona &c. My eye that has plagued me so long is improving daily but I wish I had seen Rome, Florence, & the



Bay of <sup>1</sup> N[apl]es, as the recurrence of these attacks throws  
<sup>1</sup> [?]de over the future. Mrs W. <sup>1</sup> wro[?] this very <sup>1</sup> [?]ly & says  
 I am ungrateful to Providence & ought to take example by your  
 cheerfulness.

Be it known however in my excuse that I have not opened  
 a book for nine weeks—a fine holiday!! Have you seen  
 Southey's colloques, if so how do you like them. Pray effect  
 a meeting with my Son Wm<sup>2</sup>, who will be at Mr Quillinans in  
 a few days—write him a note, & he will call upon you when,  
 & wherever you may appoint—Otherwise he will not seek you  
 out, as he imagines you have left Town. I grieve that you  
 are going without our seeing you at Rydal. Mrs W. travelled  
 from Loughboro' to Kendal for less than two pounds—inside  
 fare from Manchester to Kendal in a beautiful Coach, the  
 'Fair Trader' 2 horses in 9 hours 14/. outside 10/ Would this  
 might tempt you to come down for a fortnight, & join Dora  
 & myself in a Tour to the Duddon, &—which we meditate.  
 Farewell—Mary & Dora join me in best wishes.

Wm Wordsworth.

Mr Courtenay's letter rec<sup>d</sup> this morning is dated Manchester—  
 but most likely he will soon return to town—can the shares  
 be purchased without seeing him—when you see him read the  
<sup>1</sup> E[xt] from Mr Rathbone.

*Address* H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, (13 Kings Bench Walk. Temple.  
 London. *erased*) Bury, Suffolk.

*Post Marks* Kendal Penny Post, D [?] 18 My 18 1829.

*Endorsed.* 18<sup>th</sup> May 1829, Wordsworth, Investments &  
 American Securities

1830-1831  
 No 14

111. D. W. to H. C. R.

My dear Friend

Rydal Mount—April 22nd 1830

Your scrap of a letter gave us more satisfaction than I can  
 express; and it allayed anxieties which had often troubled us  
 on the score of your health; but I assure you we had much

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn

<sup>2</sup> H C R. wrote on 9 June to say what had been done about the invest-  
 ments & also that he had missed William Wordsworth jr.

rather you had not been so sparing of our money and had given us a real letter bearing the Post mark of the '*eternal City*'. I ought I will confess, however, in gratitude for the very great pleasure your few lines gave, to have complied with your request, & written immediately: but as that feeling did not serve to spur me on, it is *strange* that the selfish one of insuring a return—a real letter—one of your own animating & cheering kind—and bearing the glorious Stamp of *Rome* did not impel me instantly to take the pen—Well! I shall not take up your time or my own with explanations—still less with *excuses*—for I have none to offer that satisfy myself—though no doubt, while all this long time has been passing away, I have found a hundred -----<sup>1</sup> such as a stupid head—or having nothing to tell that was worthy of being sent so far—or having some other occupation which *must* be ended—&c &c . . and, besides, I have wished my *Brother* to write, as thinking a letter from him would be more worthy of the honour of travelling so far, & being read on classic ground—and he *did* promise me that he *would* write. A message which, at third hand, has reached me from Mr Owen Lloyd determines me to wait no longer for my *Brother*, though I should have wished first to see Mr L to learn further particulars. The message was simply this, that you 'expected to hear from us' We conclude you were well—or he would have added something about your health—for I doubt not, we shall find that you are further spoken of in the letter—either directly or *indirectly*—so that we may gather some information respecting your goings-on—and perhaps your *plans* for the future. . . . My dear Friend, now that I am actually beginning my letter—I know not what I have to say—I seem to have nothing to *tell*: whereas if you had been all the winter at home & I writing to you once a month, I should have found a thousand things—I will, however, begin with a sober review of the Autumn & Winter, as they have passed away with us in our quiet home—leaving all public & general matters to the newspapers, which, no doubt, you read more regularly than *we* do. . . . I think you left England about the time of John's exchanging his Leicestershire Curacy for the small Rectory of

<sup>1</sup> These nine dashes are D. W.'s, concealing an obliteration.

Moresby in Cumberland. We left Whitwick with regret ; but have now many reasons for rejoicing in the change—; and but three weeks after parting with our kind Friend Lady Beaumont, her sudden death tended to reconcile us—for without *her* Coleorton & Whitwick would not have been the same places they used to be. An unusually severe winter, & low wages & want of work in the stocking factory on which Whitwick depends, in a few months *completely* reconciled us to our removal from a place where poverty and distress that we could not effectually relieve would have daily met our eyes John is very happy at Moresby, in a small parish—yet sufficiently peopled both by poor & rich to require & call forth constant moderate exertion, without that depressing accompanying conviction that all we can do is of no avail for permanent relief. John's income is not much larger than Whitwick ; but he is a richer man ; & is comfortably situated in lodgings where he can at any time receive one or two of us—His Mother spent three weeks with him in the Winter—and Dora is now his Companion, & will remain till fetched home by her Father—who finds a sad want of her , but he willingly submits, the young people being so very happy, and her health improving with sea-air—& horse-exercise with her Brother. They have each a poney. Her winter's cough has dealt more gently with her than usual , yet she has been very far from well, though with an inexhaustible [*sic*] stock of lively spirits—& of activity within doors though utterly unable to follow the example of her Mother's youth & mine in *walking*. The Family *summer plans* are not yet fixed ; but I think the Father and Daughter will be tripping off to Cambridge before the Commencement—and *perhaps* my Sister may visit her own Relations in the County of Durham at the same time. As for me, it seems to be decreed that I must stay at home—and surely it is no punishment to be confined to this beautiful spot—I have been enacting the Invalid ever since the month of November, though, in truth I have had no one ailment since the beginning of January. Whenever the weather has been tolerable I have gone out in the poney-chaise—or walked ; but not farther than the Terrace. Since the trees began to bud I have extended my walks a little

further ; and do indeed feel myself equal to much more than I venture to attempt. In compliance with the judgment & advice of those who I suppose are much better judges of what is safe than I am myself, I shall continue to use similar caution during the whole of next summer—& the following winter, if I live so long,—and after that time I hope I may be safely trusted to my own feelings as a Guide in ascertaining the measure of my strength. In the mean time it is certainly my duty to submit to be guided by those who have already suffered so much anxiety on my account, and there is no hardship in it—for this different mode of life has no effect whatever upon my spirits—and certainly it has agreed with my health ; for, as I have told you, I am, and have been since January, perfectly well. . . It was a sad illness I had at Whitwick—and again I was very ill at Halifax—whence I came to Rydal the first week of September, & since have not slept one night from home. My Brother has enjoyed his accustomed good health—& though he passed his sixtieth Birth-day on the 7th of this month—is really as active—in as good walking plight as when we crossed the Alps in 1820. My Sister too retains *her* strength & activity wonderfully, though with some drawbacks from rheumatism, & a weak arm that was sprained above twenty years ago. Dora longs to go to Rome—the Father would dearly like it—the Mother would fall into any plans that could reasonably be formed for such a purpose—and, as for me—I think I should lack none of the Zeal which would have accompanied me thither twenty years ago. But we say not much about it—We are past the scheming age (except Dora) and there seem to be so many obstacles, that I cannot think we shall ever accomplish a journey of such magnitude,—and, indeed—whenever I venture upon a *wish* it carries me no further than dear Switzerland—but who knows what *circumstances* may do for us ! When you come home you will so rouse [*sw*] & inspire my Brother's aged heart by his own fireside that strange schemes may arise—& all be realized with as much ease as our journey of 1820 ! . . . This leads my thoughts to the woful state of money & the 'Money Market' Every year we grow poorer—interest so low—Rents not paid &c. &c. &c ! But in this happy remote

corner little do we see of what is endured among the lower orders, though we see & know that all who are of our own condition sensibly experience a change. . . Mr Owen is instructing the Londoners in ' the Science of Society '—& *he* is to point out a remedy.—The Parliament Folks seem to be quite easy in the discovery that *they* can do nothing—It seems that emigrations are numerous both from the manufacturing & farming Districts—The latter are in a wretched state—Mrs Hutchinson writes that prices are so low & poor rates so heavy she knows not what will become of them in a few years. They have long had to pay Rent from their stock property.—We have had one most delightful letter from Charles & Mary Lamb since you left England. *She* writes as if very happy & contented in being released from house-keeping cares—and gives on the whole a good account of her Brother, though from his own letter (written with great spirit & humour) we could hardly know whether he was oppressed by being turned out of his usual course or not—S T Coleridge continues to live at Highgate, as usual—attacked by occasional fits of sharp illness ; but always, to a certain point, recovering from them—and I believe, he is publishing some new Work—upon the old abstruse subjects. His Daughter is happily settled near him in London, but they cannot see much of each other. To *walk* is impossible—and to be otherwise<sup>1</sup> [co]nveyed far too expensive for a young Lawy[er's] wife who has his [1?fortune] to make. Mrs Coleridge is with her son D[erwent<sup>1</sup>] & does well in his Curacy & school in<sup>1</sup>

at Grasmere writing now & then<sup>2</sup> for Blackwood and the Annuals—and when he has money in his pocket wandering off nobody knows whither. Miss Hutchinson is with the Southneys. They have all had a bad Influenza. Southey was off his work ; but is better, & as busy as ever. What he does is wonderful. *He* was much affected by the Death of his Brother's Wife, Mr<sup>s</sup> Dr Southey. My Brother has laid his poetry aside for two or three months. He has enough of new matter for a small volume, which we wish

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn

<sup>2</sup> This passage comes at the bottom of the page out of which a small piece is torn Mr Gordon Wordsworth believes Derwent was at Helston in Cornwall, and Hartley teaching at a school in Ambleside (i. e. not Grasmere).

APRIL 1830

him to publish ; but I think he *will not*, he so dislikes publishing. A new Edition of his poems will soon be called for. He has lately been busied day after day out of doors among workmen who are making us another new & most delightful Terrace. I hope you will soon come & walk on it, so I shall not describe. We have good news of William from Bremen ; but his health (in common with that of all of Mr Papendich's Family) suffered much from the severity of the winter. William was an eye witness of the loss of lives & houses from inundations when the ice broke. He seems to be much beloved in Mr P's family, & is exceedingly attached to them. I had lately a long ; but melancholy letter from Dear Mrs Clarkson. She had been very unwell all winter—never leaving her own bed-room & an adjoining sitting-room ; but was then hoping to get out among her flowers, which she could see from her window ready to welcome her again to the fresh air Mr Clarkson was well—but her Daughter-in-law very delicate. No doubt you have seen our nephew Chris's name at the top of his Classical Tripes. The first Classical Medal has since been adjudged to him. The Master of Trinity enjoys better health than a year or two ago. I hope, my dear Friend, that you receive comfortable letters from your Brother I was much concerned to hear of the death of your Nephew's Son—both for his sake, & his Father's & yours . . This is a poor dull letter to travel so far ; but I know you will be glad to hear of us & to receive our assurances of affectionate remembrances—in which we three—(the only ones at home) do heartily join. Pray give our kind regards to Mr & Miss Harden<sup>1</sup> & their Family & write immediately—Tell us all about yourself & mention the Hardens with what news of them you can send. Adieu, my dear Friend, Believe me ever

Yours affectionately  
Dorothy Wordsworth.

We have a very wet and mostly *cold* spring after an unrelenting winter. How is it with you ? Our Shrubs are budding—larches green but the trees very backward & the soil is so soddened with wet that even the flowers look comfortless.

<sup>1</sup> Neighbours who lived at Field Hall

APRIL 1830

23rd April. I have just asked my Brother what message for our Friend H. C. R. 'Nothing' he replies but remembrances & good wishes ; & tell him I have better hopes, that with life & health I may see Rome.—I can, I find, get leave from [the] Stamp Office.

*Address* à Monsieur, Monsieur H. C. Robinson, la Poste restante, à Rome.

*Post Marks* : Various, mostly undecipherable, but 30 Avril 1830 is clear.

*Endorsed* · April 22<sup>d</sup> 1830. Recd May 20. Ans<sup>d</sup> Miss Wordsworth.

1830-1831  
No 60

112. H. C. R. to T. R.

Sept. 25<sup>th</sup> 1830.

p. 3, line 31. . . In his [Landon's] admiration & love of Wordsworth he goes beyond me .

lines 33, 39 L: is the very opposite of a general liker. . . And yet he says—Scarcely any thing in Wordsworth is bad—Almost all is good & first rate ' ' ' .

1830-1831  
No 33

113. Mrs Aders to H. C. R.

London Dec<sup>r</sup> 14. 1830

11 Euston Square

p. 3, line 8 I know not if I told you that Wordsworth's son is at Godesberg and that we have had several letters from the Parents Miss Wordsworth was ill in the summer but all are well now . .

1830-1831  
No. 149

114. Landon to H. C. R.

[P. M. Oct. 20<sup>th</sup> 1831]

p. 3, line 21. . . Let me hear what Wordsworth is doing—and Southey too—. . .

OCTOBER 1831

1830-1831  
No. 151.

115. H. C. R. to D. W.

Bury St Edmunds  
27<sup>th</sup> October 1831

p. 8, *line* 26. . . [Landon] . . . The bond which united us so cordially was our common love and admiration of the works of your brother—I never met with any one who is so warm and eloquent in the expression of his judgement in favour of Mr Wordsworth's poetry—And it is the more remarkable because Landon is with respect to all the *idols* of the public so unsparing in the expression of his contempt—Indeed towards the really great poets, he is severe not to say unmerciful in his censures—And I am very far from concurring with him in many of his opinions. . . . And therefore from such a *murderous* critic, I expected of course that he would limit the praise of your brother to a few favorite works only To my Surprise however I found him an Admirer *en masse*—he will scarcely give up a page to the enemies!!! Now one thing is certain that there is no affectation in all this I never met with a sincerer man, nor one in whom all the higher qualities of the heart are to be met with so strangely combined with a violent temper. . . .

1830-1831  
No 154.

116. Landon to H. C. R.

[Nov 6<sup>th</sup> 1831]

p. 1, *line* 18 . . . What you tell me about our literary men very much concerns me. Important as I think the bill,<sup>1</sup> I would rather it were lost than the mind of Southey or Wordsworth discomposed. I am afraid that neither of them ever got my poems ;—I grieve at the illness of Coleridge tho I never knew him.—I hope he may recover ; for Death will do less mischief with the Cholera than with the blow that deprives the world of Coleridge—A million blades of grass, renewable yearly, are blighted with less injury than one rich fruit-tree.

I am in the habit of considering Coleridge, Wordsworth & Southey as three towers of one castle, and whichever tower falls must shake the other two. . . .

<sup>1</sup> The Copyright Bill.



My dear Friend,

Friday December 1<sup>st</sup> [1831]

Had a rumour of your arrival in England reached us before your letter of yesterday's post you would ere this have received a welcoming from me in the name of each member of this family ; & further, would have been reminded of your promise to come to Rydal as soon as possible after again setting foot on English ground. . When Dora heard of your return & of my intention to write, she exclaimed after a charge that I would recal to your mind your written promise, ' He must come & spend Christmas with us—I wish he would ! ' Thus you see ; notwithstanding your petty jarrings Dora was always, and now is, a loving Friend of yours—I am sure I need not add that if you can come at the time mentioned, so much the more agreeable to us all, for it is fast approaching , but that *whenever* it suits you—(for you may have Christmas engagements with your own Family) to travel *so far* Northward we shall be rejoiced to see you ; and whatever other visitors we may chance to have, we shall always be able to find a Corner for you.—At present, though our Nephew John of Cambridge is here, we have a vacant spare Room which will most likely, if you do not come to occupy it, remain so during most part of the winter.—We are thankful that you are returned with health unimpaired—I may say, indeed amended ; for you were not perfectly well when you left England—You do not mention rheumatic pains so I trust they have entirely left you.—As to your being grown older—if you mean to say *feebler* in mind . . my Brother says ' No such thing—your judgment has only now attained autumnal ripeness.' . . . Indeed my dear Friend I wonder not at your alarms or those of any good Man, whatever may have been the course of his politics from youth to middle age and onward to the decline of Life . . but I will not enter on this sad & perplexing subject. I find it much more easy to look with calmness on the approach of pestilence or any affliction which it may please God to cast upon us without the intervention of man—than on the dreadful results of sudden & rash changes . . whether arising from ambition—or ignorance—or brute force,—

but I am getting into the subject without intending it—so will conclude with a prayer that God may enlighten the heads & hearts of our Men of power—whether Whigs or Tories—and that the madness of the deluded people may settle.—This last effect can only be produced I fear, by exactly & severely executing the Law<sup>1</sup>—seeking out & punishing the guilty—and letting all persons see that we do not *willingly* oppress the Poor. One visible Blessing seems already to be coming upon us through the alarm of the Cholera. Every rich man is now obliged to look into the miserable bye-lanes & corners inhabited by the Poor; & many crying abuses are (even in our little Town of Ambleside) about to be remedied—But to return to pleasant Rydal Mount—still cheerful & peaceful. If it were not for the newspapers, we should know nothing of the turbulence of our great Towns and Cities. Yet my poor Brother is often heart-sick & almost desponding—and no wonder—for until this point at which we are arrived he has been a true prophet as to the course of events—dating from the ‘Great Days of July’ & the appearance of the Reform Bill, ‘the whole Bill and nothing *but* the Bill’—It remains now for us to hope that Parliament may meet in a different Temper from that in which they parted—and that the late dreadful events may make each man seek only to promote the peace & prosperity of the country.—You will say that my Brother *looks* older—He is certainly thinner—and has lost some of his teeth; but his bodily activity is not at all diminished; & if it were not for public affairs his spirits would be as cheerful as ever. He & Dora visited Sir Walter Scott just before his departure, & made a little Tour in the Western Highlands—and such was his leaning to old pedestrian habits—he often *walked* from 15 to 20 miles in a day following or by the side of the little carriage of which his daughter was the Charioteer. They both very much enjoyed the Tour & my Brother actually brought home a Set of poems, the product of that journey—When they left home my Brother’s eyes were much inflamed—and had been worse than useless to him for more than a fortnight; but, according to expectation

<sup>1</sup> ‘Of late the greatest criminals have gone on undiscovered—or if discovered unpunished.’ [Note by D W. at bottom of MS.]

change of air & the pleasant exercise of travelling soon abated the inflammation ; & he has since his return suffered but little, though he is not able to read by candle-light or to use his eyes for a long time together for any purpose. My dear Sister is now perfectly well ; but in the Spring she had a severe attack of Lumbago & Sciatica, & the effects hung upon her for some time ; at present, however, she looks as well as she has done for many years—& is strong & active—You will be glad to hear also that my health is good ; & that my Niece is grown strong & healthy . . Her Brother John is happily married, & lives at Moresby, near Whitehaven, being rector of M. . His Wife is one of the best of good creatures—William returned from Germany much improved, and with strong likings to that Country. He is now living at Carlisle very contented if our Financiers will suffer him so to remain, on an Income of 150£ per ann<sup>m</sup> as his Father's subdistributor. Miss Hutchinson is well & begs her kind regards to you. It reconciled me in some degree to my misdoings to hear that some of your Friends' letters had miscarried during your wanderings. The truth is that in spite of wishes & intentions & of gratitude & pleasure for your most interesting letter from Rome I did not once write. The causes of this you may easily grasp, therefore I will not trouble you with them—You have forgiven me, though I have not quite forgiven myself. We were glad you had seen Charles & Mary Lamb—& Mrs Clarkson—& thankful for as good a report of them as we had a right to expect—You do not mention Mr Clarkson, nor your Brother. . My Brother, Dr Wordsworth, is in *much* better health than last winter—His son John was ill for some time after getting his Fellowship : but is now in tolerable health, and seems to be very happy among us—though we have each and all our share of apprehension & uneasiness . . . Fires—Riots—& Burking<sup>1</sup>—not to speak of the Cholera—*will* haunt every Family circle. . . This morning is so warm & sunny that I now sit opposite to an open window. Were you here on this day you would say our country wants not summer & leafy trees to make it beautiful. . .

<sup>1</sup> Burke was executed in 1829 for smothering people in order to sell their bodies for dissection

DECEMBER 1831

. . We shall expect, & wish for your promised long letter if you do not write a short one to tell us that you are coming . . I could fill my scraps of paper<sup>1</sup> . . under the Seal, &c but am called away,—So God bless you—Ever your affecto Friend

D Wordsworth

Chris<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth is in Italy—Charles has pupils at Oxford. The Hardens will be glad to hear of you

*Address* : To Henry C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Plowden's Buildings,  
Middle Temple Lane, London.

*Post Marks* · Kendal Penny Post, C 5 D° 5 1831.

*Endorsed* : 1<sup>st</sup> Dec. 1831, Miss Wordsworth.

1831-1833  
No 15

118. H. C. R. to D. W.

2 Plowden Buildings Temple  
6<sup>th</sup> Mar: 1832

p 3, line 14 . . . To set myself in credit with you I must tell you that I am now steadily reading *Dante*—I am in Purgatory—So *wonderful* a poem certainly does not exist, And it is delightful too beyond all anticipation—If I had needed a corrobor[ati]on of your brothers theory of poetical diction I should have found it in *Dante*—I do not recollect that Mr W: has printed much about him, but he must have studied him—I was delighted in finding the original of a fine line the other day—tho' probably unconsciously written—And after all—

And if old judgements have not lost their course—  
is better than

Se corso di giudicio non s'arresta—<sup>2</sup>

By the bye I am not sure that my citation from memory is correct—A few days since I met with a very interesting young man setting out for India—he was full of youthful ardour fond of poetry So that I thought I should be giving him a charm on his perilous journey which might not perhaps be among the cadets of the service And sent him the five volumes—His grateful thanks satisfied me that I had done a good action—

<sup>1</sup> This is, unfortunately, her practice.

<sup>2</sup> Purg viii. 139. The quotation is correct.

On sending to Longman's I found that there was not a copy left—I was glad to hear this, because of course the want will be soon supplied—The works are now arrived at that state that every new edition becomes more mobile than the preceding—And it is to be hoped that the French Edition has not been so injurious as one might have feared—I have just got the Selections. . . . I quite approve of the plan—And cannot but think that except with the few who for mere parsimony content themselves with the single volume it must serve as the best of advertisements.—Moxon is a very worthy man

I was rather mortified that in your letter you did not mention *Lander*—There may be much about him that you would not approve of, but his love of Mr Wordsworth is so intense that this proves indisputably *congeniality* of sentiment—he has besides talents of no common order—Perhaps it was mere forgetfulness. . . .

1832-1833  
No. 26 119. Miss Frances C. Mackenzie<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

Ap 24 1832

p. 1, line 17. . . . there have been several persons here this winter who you w<sup>d</sup> have liked. . . . p. 2, line 5. . . . Just now we have Sir W. Scott who is a very amiable *sick Lion* & has I believe been much annoyd by being *honized* at Naples—poor man it is sad to see him so changed as his memory fails, & he is very feeble & variable, occasionally with somewhat of his former spirit. he has a daughter & son here who are of course very attentive to him. She show'd me a very pretty sonnet<sup>2</sup> that your friend Wordsworth had written to him fr the Trossachs. . . .

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R. made her acquaintance at Rome in 1830. She 'was the Hon. Miss Mackenzie, a descendant of the Earl of Seaforth. . . . I found however that her distinction at Rome did not depend merely on her family; but that she had the reputation of being a woman of taste and sense and the friend of artists' [Sadler II 104-5]. H. C. R. and she became intimate and he deeply lamented her death which occurred on Feb. 26, 1840. He wrote of her that 'She had a love of all excellence, and was grateful to me for having enabled her to make Wordsworth happy for a month at Rome' [in 1837]. See Wordsworth's letter of March 16, 1840 in which he comments on the news of her death.

<sup>2</sup> 'A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain'. . . . Composed September 1831, first published 1833, *Literary Souvenir* of Alario Watts; and in 1835 volume, p. 9.

JULY 1832

1832-1833  
No. 36.

120. H. C. R. to W. W.

2 Plowden Buildings 18 July 1832.—

My dear Friend

Melancholy as the tone of your last letter was,<sup>1</sup> the account it gave of Miss Wordsworth was so much better than I feared it would be, that it was a relief to me And I felt quite grateful to you for writing ; the more so, as I know that the mechanical labour of writing is a burthen to you—Indeed at times I fear that even the reading a letter may be unpleasant—You may however put this into the hands of any one. It contains no secret—And would indeed have been addressed to your sister, had I been quite sure that she would be quite well enough to read it.—I have been for some time desirous of an excuse for writing tho' I had only to thank you for your letter, And to say that not myself only, but so many are deeply interested in the health of your excellent sister, that occasional information concerning her is very much desired—

p. 2, last line.—Thinking of old age, and writing to You—I am by a natural association of ideas reminded of the great poet lately dead in Germany<sup>2</sup>—As one of his great admirers I wished but for one quality in addition to his marvellous powers That he had as uniformly directed those powers in behalf of the best interests of mankind as you have done—Deeply interested in your welfare, & fully aware that your continued health and activity of mind is the concern, not of your private friends and family, but of the country, And of the literature of our language ; I have no other desire than that you may retain your powers as he did his—Gothe began his studies of Oriental literature and wrote his West-Eastern Divan in his 64<sup>th</sup> year ! He died in his 88<sup>rd</sup> year . . .<sup>3</sup> in the full possession not of his imaginative powers, but of his powers of thought And he interested himself [in<sup>4</sup>] all the current literature of Europe to the last—

He<sup>4</sup> [was v]ery animated in the discussion of some points

<sup>1</sup> It is not preserved among H. C. R.'s papers

<sup>2</sup> Goethe died 22 March 1832.

<sup>3</sup> H. C. R.'s dots : no omission

<sup>4</sup> Paper torn.

of natural history the evening before his death And died with a book in his hand His last words<sup>1</sup> were an expression of his enjoyment of the Sun-shine and return of Spring—When Ludwig Tieck was in England some eight years ago—(he is incomparably the greatest living poet in Germany now) I read to him the two sonnets on Twilight and Sir Geo. Beaumont's picture—He exclaimed 'Das ist ein Englischer Gothe!!! . . . But I am warned to close . . . Whenever you have leisure to favour me with a line—tho' I own it will give me even greater pleasure to receive a letter under Miss Wordsworth's hand—pray let me know when we may expect the new edition of the poems—

Coleridge I understand is better—Poor Mary Lamb is again ill—Charles was lately in town—in very good bodily health. . . .

121. *W. W. to H. C. R.*<sup>2</sup>

Rydal Mount,

July 21st, [Postmark, 1832.]

My Dear Friend,

We were truly glad to hear from you after so long a silence. The ladies you mention are distant relations of ours, and we should have been glad to serve them had it been in our power. One of them wrote to my sister above a year ago, and several letters passed between them. Long after my sister had fallen ill, and only a few weeks ago, Mrs. Wordsworth took up the correspondence, and told them, in reply to a like request, that there were no collections of pictures in this neighbourhood that she was acquainted with save the Earl of Lonsdale's, which by the bye is very small. Mrs. W. added such observations as she thought right upon the subject Mr. Bolton, of Storrs upon Windermere, has also some pictures, and I am told that a Mr. Maucker of Liverpool, who has lately settled near Ambleside, has also some good ones, but I have never seen them. I regret not being able to do anything to further the views of these ladies. This country holds out little temptation in their way. Should it suit them to take a lodging at Bowness, there

<sup>1</sup> 'Mehr Licht'

<sup>2</sup> This letter is reprinted from Knight, ii, p 499. The original is not forthcoming

would be no difficulty in getting access to Mr. Bolton's pictures ; nor, were the ladies at Ambleside, to Mr. Maucker's, though I cannot say he is of my acquaintance. As to the pictures at Lowther, they could only be copied by some person staying in the house, there being no accommodation for lodgers in the neighbourhood.

There used to be a few Claude's at Lord George Cavendish's (Holkar Hall), near Cartmell, not far from their present abode ; and, as the family are seldom there, these might easily be got at.

You will grieve to hear that your invalid friend, my dear sister, never quits her room but for a few minutes, and we think is always weakened by the exertion. She is, however, God be praised, in a contented and happy state of mind. . . .

To my great surprise and pleasure Landor appeared at Moresby near Whitehaven (having come by steam from Liverpool), when I was on a visit there to my son. I followed him to Wastdale, where I spent a day in the same house with him. We went on through Borrowdale to Mr. Southey's. He appears to be a most warm-hearted man, his conversation very animated, and he has the heartiest and happiest laugh I ever heard from a man of his years.

You designate yourself ' a conservative Whig '. I could not but smile at both substantive and adjective. You and men of your opinions have piloted the vessel, and navigated her into the breakers, where neither Whig nor Tory can prevent her being dashed to pieces. I shall look out for the quietest nook I can find in the center of Austria, where I shall be glad to give you welcome to a crust when you shall be tired of improving a thankless world.

You would observe that a cheap edition of my poems is advertised in four volumes.<sup>1</sup> Help the sale, if you can, till I get back my own money, which I shall have to advance to the amount of four or five hundred pounds. My terms of publication are two thirds of the risk and expense for what the publisher calls two thirds of the profit—but thus if I recollect right I told you before.

<sup>1</sup> *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. A new edition in four volumes. Longman, 1832, Fcap, 8vo Paper boards*



JULY 1832

Yesterday I was on the top of Helvellyn with my friend Mr. Julius Hare of Trinity College, Dr. Arnold, Master of Rugby,—as keen a reformer as yourself, or any other dissenting Tory,—and Mr. Hamilton,<sup>1</sup> author of *Cyril Thornton*, etc., etc., also a brother of Professor Buckland.<sup>2</sup> We tempered our brandy with water from the highest, and we will therefore infer the purest, spring in England, and had as pleasant a day as any middle-aged gentlemen need wish for, except for certain sad recollections that weighed upon my heart. Once I was upon this summit with Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Walter Scott; and many times have I trod it with my nearest and dearest relatives and friends, several of whom are gone—and others going—to their last abode. But I have touched upon too melancholy a string. Life is at best but a dream, and in times of political commotion it is too often crowded with ghostly images. God preserve us all!

Affectionately yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

1832-1833  
No. 91

122. W. W. to H. C. R.

Feb. 5<sup>th</sup> 1833.

My dear Friend,

On the other page you have Extracts from one of your Letters and from one of Mr Courtenay—The number of shares is small;—more I suppose could not be procured.—

Many thanks for your Letter—we had frequently been wondering and regretting why we did not hear from you, and asking ourselves where you could be—My Son as you conjecture has no desire to be a member of the U. Club, so let his name be struck off. There must I think be some mistake in your account of poor Coleridge—He is *still* confined to his bed you say—Perhaps the word ought to have been he is *again* confined &c—for not long ago he was at Highgate New Church, attending divine service the day it was consecrated—We have also heard of his

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Hamilton (1789-1842), a friend of Scott and his circle, and a contributor to *Blackwood*. *Cyril Thornton* appeared in 1827, was very popular and is included among *Blackwood's Standard Novels*.

<sup>2</sup> William Buckland, the geologist.

being out several times His Daughter Mrs Henry Coleridge has been for some time suffering from a sad derangement of nerves.—

We rejoice to hear that the Lambs are well—pray give our kindest love to them—Mr Clarkson has long been looking very old, as we knew, but we were not aware that Mrs Clarkson had been so unwell—, it is long since we heard of them.

I am now brought to my own family. My Daughter caught cold in the beginning of the Winter, and has been very unwell, but is recovered in a great measure—but for my poor dear Sister, she has not left her room for five weeks & scarcely her bed—but merely to return to it. She is you will grieve to hear deplorable weak; and cannot we fear remain long with us. But do not speak of this to any body, further than to say that she is very poorly. For she anxiously inquires after all the Letters that come to the house, and depressing allusions to the state of her health would be made; therefore, in your reply, do not write in a desponding tone.—The origin of her complaint was an inflammation in the Bowels, caught by imprudent exposure, during a long walk, when she lived with her Nephew in Leicestershire three years ago. She had a relapse above 12 months past and never has been well or strong since.—But no more of this sad subject. I am come to that time of life, when I must be prepared to part with or precede my dearest Friends; and God's will be done—

The fate <sup>1</sup> of your poor Friend Pattison I had noticed as every body did, with sincere sympathy, but I was ignorant that either you or I had any connection with her whatsoever.

You mistake in supposing me an Anti Reformer - - *that* I never was—but an Anti-Bill man; heart and soul. - - It is a fixed judgement of my mind, that an unbridled Democracy is the worst of all Tyrannies. Our Constitution had provided a check for the Democracy, in the regal prerogative influence & power, and in the house of Lords acting directly through its own Body and indirectly by the influence of individual Peers

<sup>1</sup> W. Pattison jr and his bride, while upon their honeymoon, were drowned in the Lac de Gaube. The lady was a Miss Thomas, a sister of a partner in Esdaile's bank.

FEBRUARY 1833

over a certain portion of the House of Commons --- the old system provided in practise a check—both without & *within*. The extinction of the nomination-boroughs has nearly destroyed the internal check. The House of Lords, as a body, have been trampled upon, by the way in which the Bill has been carried, and they are brought to that point that the Peers will prove useless as an external check—while the regal power & influence has become, or soon will, mere shadows—

‘She opened—but to shut

Exceeded her power,’ as your friends, the Bill-men of all denominations have found or soon will find. ever affectionately yours

W Wordsworth.

In passing thro Soho Sq. it may amuse you to call in upon Mr Pickersgill<sup>1</sup> the Portrait Painter where he will will [*sic*] be gratified to introduce you to the face of an old Friend—take Ch. & M. Lamb there also.

This Household all send affec. remembrances

Address : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowden Buildings, Temple, London.

Post Marks : Kendal Penny Post, C 6 Fe 6 1833.

Endorsed : 5 Feb: 1833, W. Wordsworth, Opinion on the Reform bill.

1832-1833  
No 115

123. H. C. R. to W. W.

Athenæum. 28<sup>th</sup> Apl 1833

p. 3, line 7. . . . You are I dare say supremely indifferent to the literature of the day. Tom Moore, you may have heard, has come out with a grave work of argument in defence of the Church of Rome—<sup>2</sup>!!! Who can read on such a subject from

<sup>1</sup> Pickersgill (1782-1875) was an R A and a fashionable portrait-painter His portrait of Wordsworth is in the National Portrait Gallery

<sup>2</sup> *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*, 2 vols., 8vo 1833, *The Letters & Journals of Lord Byron with Notices of his Life*, 1st ed. 1830, 3d ed 1833, *The Works of Lord Byron with his Letters, Journals and his Life*, 17 vols., 1832-3.

such a writer ? he is the best maker of squibs in verse that we have had for a long time—his jeux d'esprit are delightful ; but how low are his attempts at high composition ! With what compounded feelings of disgust towards hero and author do we lay down his life of Lord Byron ! What man who reverences religion—even without being religious—can take up with hope or expectation of truth or the love of truth any elaborate work by such a pen ? . . .—Pray did the verses on Rogers<sup>1</sup> reach you in your solitude ? I suppose they did—For my part I was almost glad at their appearance—So infamous a lampoon was just the punishment which a man deserved who had degraded himself by becoming the literary satellite of such an evil spirit.

' Il Parnaso anche ha suoi Antichristi '

And after all these verses against Rogers which are abused by those who apologise for everything else from the same quarter are only one degree worse than the great body of the author's works.—Or rather only worse because of the hypocritical friendship affected by the satirist towards the object of his satire—After all, these verses have had a salutary effect on the public mind—otherwise what a crowing there would have been over the Dedication to Don Juan which nobody talks about. The poison has spent itself. . .

I have been delighted at the novelties scatterd over the new edition of the poems—The Sonnet on the Thanksgiving had escaped me before—By the bye, reading over to a young Bostonian the beautiful lines on poor Goddard I was struck with the *impropriety* of '*Virginian*' dews. I now know more of the United States than I did—And holding as I do in extreme abhorrence all the Southern & slave-states of which Virginia is one—While Goddard was a New-Englander—I wish that you could find an appropriate word to designate his the better division of America his country—There ought to be a line of demarcation drawn between the Slave and free states—Indeed I think there ought to be at once a separation .

<sup>1</sup> *Thoughts on Patrons, Puffs, and other Matters* in an epistle from T. M. to S R.

1832-1833  
No. 117.

124. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

My dear Friend,

[May 5th 1833]

I sit down to thank you for your last with so much uneasiness in one of my poor eyes that I know not how soon it may be necessary or at least proper to lay down the pen—We are much obliged by your care of our little money concern ; and before I proceed let me beg of you to do me a small service in one of your walks, and as early as convenient. This morning I have received a Letter from a Mr Dewhurst 16 Wilhm Str Waterloo Bridge, Lambeth who gives a wretched account of himself and his affairs, and requests me to subscribe to a book of his upon Whales, and other creatures of the Ar[c]tic Regions. I have no money that can be well spared, and nothing can be more out of my way—but the poor Man seems so heavily distressed, not being able to pay even the postage of his Letter, that I beg you would call at his house, and put my name down—and you shall be repaid by the first opportunity—How he has fallen into such distress, I cannot guess as his subscription is numerous and of the first respectability—But could you previously enquire into the case, & use your discretion whether I ought to subscribe or not.<sup>1</sup>

We are thankful with our whole hearts, and we do hope for further improvement—but that is all I dare venture to say—It is in the hands of God & we must be prepared—I do not think that she has any organic disease—but the functions of the stomach and bowels are pitably impaired—her Ancles are still a good deal swoln but the blackness from which the medical attendant apprehended gangrene & mortification has entirely disappeared. I have been thus particular to you, knowing how strong a frie[n]dship you have for this excellent Person, and how much we all must feel on her account.

Public affairs are going on just as I apprehended. Nothing, I am persuaded but a course of affliction will bring back this Nation to its senses. And when it recovers then it will be a long time under the necessity of sacrificing liberty to order, probably

<sup>1</sup> About two inches of the [foolscap] sheet has been deliberately cut away, so mutilating the letter.

under a military government but at least under one unavoidably despotic. It would give me much pleasure to talk over these matters with you, and some, to write upon them, if my eyes were better, & my scrawl legible. And this—<sup>1</sup>

p. 8, *line* 1. ... What think you of 'Columbian'<sup>2</sup> as a substitute for the faulty word—I was well aware of its impropriety—but the sweet [?] sound & the want of a fit term seduced me into the use of it. The word Columbian is undoubtedly at present connected mainly in English ears with the sad sound of Columbian bonds, to which one of Mrs Wordsworths sisters five or six years ago entrusted 1,500 pounds the better half of her fortune.

A neighbour of ours, Mr Ham[il]ton Author of a novel called Cyril Thornton, has in the Press, the result of a year's tour in America. The subject is rather hackneyed—but I hope his Book, of which I have read the first Vol: will be of some use in correcting the errors of those, who are inclined to think that a Government such as the American might be advantageously adopted in our Country. Hume may really believe this as he is a narrow-minded stupid Fellow, but Cobbet who is a most able and sagacious Man [when] he talks in that strain is a wilful deceiver, for selfish purposes. Cobbett was asked how he liked the Reform Bill—he replied I am more than satisfied—but I would say to the Minister—' Father forgive them for they know not what they do ' But replied the Interrogator—I thought you were for triennial perhaps annual parliament, & universal suffrage. All that will follow & more if desirable, it is a Revolution, a bloody one would it have been if the Bill had not passed but a Revolution it is, to all intents & purposes.

Why should not you come down to see us during the summer ? & let us talk about your travels . . . Love to the Lambs & the Clarksons when you see them pray tell them about my Sister. I saw Byron's execrable Lampoon—what an unhappy mortal he was—With love from all here affectionately

yours  
W. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> See Note *ante* The sheet has been cut.

<sup>2</sup> *Virginsian* is the reading of the text as printed.

MAY 1833

To fill up the paper I [<sup>1</sup>] these verses composed or rather thrown off this morning.

TO THE UTILITARIANS<sup>2</sup>

Avaunt this economic rage !  
What would it bring ?—an iron age,  
When Fact with heartless search explored  
Shall be Imagination's Lord,  
And away with absolute controul  
The god like Functions of the Soul  
Not *thus* can Knowledge elevate  
Our Nature from her fallen state  
With sober Reason Faith unites  
To vindicate the ideal rights  
Of Human kind—the true agreeing  
Of objects with internal seeing,  
Of effort with the end of Being —

Is the above intelligible—I fear not—I know however my own meaning—and that's enough [?] On Manuscripts.

*Address* : Henry Crabbe Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Athæneum, London.

*Post Marks* . Kendal Penny Post. C. 6 My 6 1833.

*Endorsed* · 5<sup>th</sup> May 1833. Wordsworth Politics Verses “Avaunt this economic rage.

1832-1833  
No 124a

125. W. W. to H. C. R.

[May 18 or 28 1833]

My dear Friend

I have this moment received your Letter, and am induced to reply to it so speedily by the opportunity of sending my Letter to Southey, so that you may receive it with the twopenny Post charge only.—

We shall be most happy to see you whenever it suits it [you?] & the sooner the better—And if my Sister should go on tolerable I will accompany you on your Hebridean Tour—

My subscription I meant to be nothing more than the price of the Mans Book one guinea I believe—but I did not wish

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn

<sup>2</sup> Knight's *Poems of Wordsworth*, viii, p 299, where he misprints 'tone' for 'true'.

MAY 1833

even that this should be done unless the case would bear enquiry. His Letter has unfortunately been mislaid, or I could have put you in the way of hearing about the book at his Bookseller's—

In the extempore lines I filled up the Corner of my paper with were two execrably bad, mere stop gaps, in which the word 'elevate' was used improperly

—My poor Sister is better today, but for the last five or six days she has been losing ground., Thunder always used to disorder her, and we had some very hot weather which produced that state of Atmosphere.—I fear the Influenza on her account—At Ambleside are 40 people confined to Bed by it—

We will talk about your Lodging when you come. I must conclude to save [?] the Coach for the parcel by which this goes.—

A Coach comes <sup>1</sup> here <sup>1</sup> from Kendal and <sup>1</sup> passes us every <sup>1</sup> Monday Wednesday, & Friday at ten o'clock in the morning—ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

[In pencil] C Cox.

Address . H C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowden Buildings, Temple.

Post Mark . 2. A Noon 2 [1?] 8 [?] 1833.

Endorsed . May 1833. Wordsworth.

1832-1833  
No 124b

126. W. W. to H. C. R.

Friday—

[P. M. June 4. 1833]

My dear Friend,

Having an opportunity of sending this note to London, I write with a request from my Sister, that you would bring down for her a Copy of Whites Natural History of Selborne which she has long wished to possess—The Book, as originally published was in Quarto entitled Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne, but the antiquities being of less general interest have not in many Editions been Reprinted. I think I have seen an Edition of the Natural History, alone, advertized, by

<sup>1</sup> These four words are deleted in the manuscript.



JUNE 1833

Sir Wm Jardine, with Notes and a few Engravings—this is probably the Book which would besett [*sic*] suit my Sister, and I believe it is not expensive. Before you come could you contrive to call at Longmans, & learn if the last Edition of my Poems has had a tolerable sale, also, if they have my parcel of books, or any Book, to send me be so kind as bring it.

Alaric Watts used to send me his Souvenirs, and as the last year's contained a Sonnet of mine on the departure of Sir Walter Scott, for Naples, I hope[d]<sup>1</sup> they would have sent m[e]<sup>1</sup> a copy as an acknowledgment [*sic*] which they have not done—though I wrote a few weeks ago to tell them I have not received such a thing. Perhaps they have it prepared to send down if so, be so good as bring it . . The weather continues still unfavorable to my poor Sister—We have had thunder to day, and several times since. I wrote you a few days ago and she is not yet any better—We shall be *most* happy to see you

faithfully your

W W

*Address* : Henry C Robinson Esq, Plowden's Buildings,  
Temple.

*Post Marks* : T. P Piccadilly, A. Noon 2 20. My 1833, Even.  
4. Ju 1833.

*Endorsed* : Wordsworth.

1832-1833  
No. 125.

127. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount

Wednesday—5th June [1833]

My dear Friend,

As Mrs Wordsworth & my Daughter are absent, & will not return till this day week at the earliest, & they would wish to see as much of you as may be, while you are here, there is quite time enough for your trip to the Isle of Man, which my Sister thinks that for other reasons, as it falls in your way, it would be worth your while to make, only I must observe, that there is only one *fixed* conveyance, & that by Steam between the Isle of Man & Whitehaven, but there are fishing smacks, & private

<sup>1</sup> Seal.

traders, going very frequently especially in the summer season—To us the sooner you come the better you would please us, only you *must* make your stay so much *longer* on account of Mrs W & D's absence.—

We are truly sorry for Mr Gilman's state of health, and Charles Lamb's account of his Sister is most deplorable. Poor Fellow what he has to endure ; and surely, on his own account, his situation, so near his Sister in such a place must be doleful—  
- - My dear Sister, is upon the whole considerably better, but sadly subject to injury from the changes of the Weather. She can walk about 20 or 30 steps, but always with exhaustion—nevertheless when the weather is favorable she is always wheeled about in a chair, for an hour or two, in the Garden. Miss Hutchinson is here & quite well.—We shall have a bed for you, and cannot consent to your being at an Inn nearly 2 miles from us, unless something unforeseen should happen.—

To account for this wretched penmanship, I must tell you that I have been using a Hatchet this morning, for a long time, which has made my hand shake—ever affectionately yours

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth.

#### ISLE OF MAN.

I write from my Sister's dictation, who has been there.—Pleasant road from Douglas to Ramsey—Maughold head is on the right, go to the Church and along the cliffs or steepes. Go from Ramsey direct to Bishop's Court, avoiding the Point of Ayre, which is flat & wholly uninteresting—from Peele to Castle Town—Back to Douglas - - which is all my sister has seen, but I should be inclined to ascend from Laxey to the Snow-Fell the highest point of the Island.—Our Sister Joanna Hutchinson is in Lodgings at Ramsey : it would give her & us great pleasure that you should see each other. Mr & Mrs Cookson Kendal Friends of ours, driven by Reverse of Fortune to the Island for economy's sake are now at Ballasalla near Castle Town, they would also be glad to see you ; but do not put yourself to inconvenience on either account. With respect to the attractions of the Isle of Man, my Sister does not think them sufficient to justify a long journey but as they fall in your way, she

JUNE 1833

thinks the place worth looking at for you—My Son John lives at Moresby three miles on this side of Whitehaven ; his house is small, and having Visitors he could not offer you a bed, but he and his amiable wife would be truly happy to see you, and make you acquainted with my Grandchild. He would also, most likely, be able to accompany you on your way towards Keswick, in his little Carriage, if he be recovered from the Influenza. At Whitehaven by all means, see the new Pier—And as you were so unfortunate in weather the last time you were here, pray go to Keswick by way of Loweswater ; Scale Hill, & Butter Mere and by Homster Crag into Borrowdale, at Scale Hill is a good Inn, & at Buttermere also. But John will direct you, &, I hope accompany you part of the way.—

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq, Post office, Liverpool.

*Post Mark* : Kendal Penny Post.

*Endorsed* . 7<sup>th</sup> June 1833. Wordsworth abo<sup>t</sup> the Isle of Man.

1832-1833  
No 129

128. M. W. to H. C. R.

[July 8<sup>th</sup> 1833.]

My dear Friend

The Staffa expedition has been the last thing, & you among the first, in our thoughts, during the miserable weather which has passed since you left us—& though this day is very hopeful, W<sup>m</sup> says he can come to no resolution until encouraged by a succession of at least three fine days. So that Saturdays being the only days for crossing to the Isle of Man—your departure cannot be *this* week. We therefore all join in the hope that you will meanwhile return to us—I plead this in the name of all the Party—who last evening were planning a petition which was to be sent, to induce you to come to brighten our gloomy hall by your animating conversation. But of course if you have any strong inducement to ramble we are not so selfish as to wish to bring you here—only understand that we shall be delighted if it is otherwise.

Miss W. continues much the same as when you left her. She sadly fears, hearing that I am writing to you, that I am

JULY 1833

about fixing the time for your encountering these 'boisterous winds'—My Sister and Niece left us yesterday.

With kindest remembrances from all believe me to be affly yours

Rydal Mount

M Wordsworth

July 8<sup>d</sup>

Will you tell Bertha S.<sup>1</sup> with my love that they are not to expect Janetta till Friday. She has rather a large Parcel from Rydal for them

Endorsed : 3 July 1833, M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth

1832-1833  
No 130.

129. H. C. R. to T. R.

Keswick 4<sup>th</sup> July 1833

p. 2, line 16. . . . I sent off my portmanteau by the coach on the 14<sup>th</sup> And walked to *Ambleside* over the Troutbeck heath, & having stationed myself there I went on in the Evening to *Rydal Mount*—I continued between *Ambleside* and *Rydal* to the 26<sup>th</sup>—During about half the time Wordsworths' house was full and during that time I was permitted to sleep & breakfast at the *Salutation*—The rest of the time I was the inmate of Wordsworth—Miss W. is wonderfully recovered from a state of such debility that her death was looked for from day to day. Still I co<sup>d</sup> only see her for an hour at a time—She was able to be drawn in a carriage in the garden And co<sup>d</sup> partake of conversation, but was too nervous to bear disputation—I found Wordsworth very agreeable—he is an alarmist And the great difference between him & me is that he is a *despairing* and I am a *hoping* alarmist He thinks that nothing can save this country from perdition but an interposition of providence He believes that the national church will be annihilated—that the funds will be attacked All aristocratical distinctions & privileges as well as the rights of property invaded—And then . . . 'Not must, but may' is my reply to all this—And then we discuss the means of averting the evil—I have found *Southey* pretty much in the same mood as Wordsworth—With only that difference which flows from their personal peculiarities—There

<sup>1</sup> Southey's daughter.

is a solemnity & an earnestness about W: which inspire respect ; A more chearful & dashing polemical tone in Southey, which provokes hostility But I know on the other side, no individuals so perfectly candid and essentially liberal as they are—

Southey has given me a list of *all* his articles in the Quarterly Review, which prove what I before suspected that he is innocent of a great number of imputed charges—he has reprinted 2 Vols of them—political & moral essays—Which I have read with great pleasure & almost unqualified approbation No one public writer has so invariably advocated the cause of the *poor* nor is there any one who is more eminently philanthropic than he is—And excepting on the Catholic Emancipation I never differ from him except in occasionally objecting to violence in his epithets—which are matters of feeling and taste—I have had plenty of opportunities of discussion with him . .

1832-1833  
No. 131

130. H. C. R. to T. R.

Inverary. 23<sup>rd</sup> July 1833.

p. 1, line 6. . . . The next day I reached Ambleside which I again left on the 12<sup>th</sup> accomp<sup>d</sup> by Mr Wordsw: and his Son a clergyman. We passed thro' Keswick where I enquired for a letter but was not sorry not to find one as I wished you to write only on business. We reached *Whitehaven* that day—a place supported only by the Lonsdale mining property which darkens the atmosphere with smoke & fills the public mind with toryism.

On the 13<sup>th</sup> we embarked for the Isle of Man which we reached in a few hours in a steamer And where I remained 4 days I slept successively at *Douglass Castletown Peel & Ramsay*—Mona is hardly worth visiting by a merely curious traveller but it is a cheap residence and Douglas is an agreeable watering place—The country has no great beauty—It is bare of trees—and the language & peculiar manners are fast dying away—I was amused by looking over their laws which contain some amusing illustrations of Etymology—But I abstain—It abounds in Quayles,<sup>1</sup> who seem to have been principle [*sic*] people several centuries ago—On the 17<sup>th</sup> we were landed from a steamer at

<sup>1</sup> H. C R probably implies that his friends of that name were of the same stock. See note *ante*, p. 58

that most disagreeable of all places *Greenock* but we left it in a few hours for another steamer which took us to *Oban*—we passed the Canal of Crinan, but the greater part of our journey was a threading of the Scotch isles of which I have now had more than enough—When I was very young I was fond of *Ossian* & then *Morven* sounded magnificently in my ears—So *Mull* and *Coll* and *Bute* and *Arran* &c &c &c have all excited various sensations. . . . A very vague sense of diversity is now left on my mind The general impression is that of bareness and roughness—Rocks are pretty in pictures, will do very well in poems, but one does not want them for daily companions. There are only two of these Scotch isles which for the present have any individuality in my memory These are *Staffa* and *Iona*—We embarked on this excursion on the 19<sup>th</sup> and slept at *Tobermory* the capital of *Mull*—There I saw a street of mud walled huts and the people seemed very poor but they do not beg—at least very little—[In *Man* no one begs]—At *Tobermory* there is a sort of beginning of civilisation—Steam will fertilise their land more than muck—

Of *Staffa* I will spare you a description You may consult any book you like Enough for me to say that it is truly a marvellous sight and well worth a voyage to be seen It is much more than the *Antrim Causeway*—The *Cave of Fingal* is especially curious but the whole island is of basalt formation At a few leagues distance lies *Iona* 'Far from me and my friends be that' scornful derision of all sentiment which would insinuate any reproach to the 'great moralist' for that piece of *crack* rhetoric which has caused hundreds & will cause thousands to visit a spot that would otherwise have been already forgotten The *Sentiment of Johnson* is essentially true but it requires peculiar excitement to be raised in a place generally known—In a *discovered* place it suggests itself easily enough—The fact is that elsewhere the ruins of *Iona* would be unheeded (Except some Crosses which are said to contain Runic inscriptions & of which there are some in *Man* : but which I know nothing about tho' I am an F. A. S.)<sup>1</sup> We have hundreds of

<sup>1</sup> *Diary*, Feb. 12, 1829 : ' . . . I went to the Antiquarian Society, to consummate an act of folly by being admitted an F.S.A' In his *Reminiscences*

monastic & Cathedral relics of ancient Architecture equally worthy of notice ; but then they are not to be found in a spot preeminently desolate & ugly—The whole island has not a tree—Stones are its' chief produce—Its population are ragged fishermen who beget numberless children who plague the visitors by tendering little plates of shells & stones—There is one good house the *Manse*. Holofernes attended to expatiate on the awful ruins—and he alone had the air of a civilised being—The rest were semi-barbarians—he breaks nobodys bones but Priscian's <sup>1</sup>

On the 21<sup>st</sup> We (& including an agreeable man we picked up to form a *partie quarrée*) in a car had a delightful drive from Oban to this pleasing little place—We had a fine row on *Loch Awe* And the whole days journey was delightful—I cannot complain of the Season for it has allowed me to see Staffa to advantage but this morning the appearance was so gloomy that I did not as I intended accompany the W<sup>s</sup> to *Lochlomond* and Glasgow, but have resolved to wait here until the weather changes— . . . .

1832-1833  
No. 134.

131. W. W. to H. C. R.

[July 29<sup>th</sup> 1833]

Reached home on Thursday last, our Invalid much improved, unfortunately however had a seizure of spasm that night which weakened her much—she is rallying though slowly—every body else well—

Monday

July 29<sup>th</sup>.

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup>, Post off., Edinburgh.

*Post Marks* : Kendal Penny Post, Jul C 30 E 1833.

*Endorsed* : Jul 29<sup>th</sup> 1833, Wordsworth, Autograph.

*cences*, he writes in 1852, ' I have since made some agreeable acquaintance from my connexion with the Antiquarian Society, and its proceedings have not been without incidents of interest '

<sup>1</sup> i e the rules of grammar Priscian was a grammarian of the fifth century. The Latin phrase is ' *diminuere Prisciani caput* '. Compare *Dunciad* (1728), iii. 161 :

Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,  
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck.

1832-1833  
No. 145.132. *H. C. R. to T. R.*Bath 6<sup>th</sup> October 1833.

p. 1, line 3. . . . I left Rydal on the 20<sup>th</sup> with encreased love for the excellent friends there And enhanced admiration of the great man, yet so ill appreciated. I have brought with me some delightful specimens of his recent compositions which I am not at liberty to copy. The most painful feeling on parting was the perilous state of Miss W's health—It is very improbable that I shall see her again. . . .

1832-1833  
No. 148.133. *H. C. R. to J. Masquerier*<sup>1</sup>Plowden: Buildings 19<sup>th</sup> October 1833

p. 3, line 1. . . . The south of Scotland has also its beauties.—W's poems *Yarrow unvisited & visited* made me quite long to see that district Accordingly after visiting a hospitable laird on the Tweed I went over the mountain on a cignet chase—

‘ The Swan on *still* Saint Mary's lake  
Floats double, Swan & Shadow ’

But alas there were no Swans to be seen. W: says they ought to have been there—but I did recognise the Lines—What's Yarrow but a river bare Sliding the dark hills under?—

. . . . .

1832-1833  
No. 151.134. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*West Stow Hall Oct 23<sup>rd</sup> 1833

p. 2, line 20. . . . It does seem to me that Wordsworth as a Poet is becoming better appreciated & as far as my limited observations go I think that party prejudices are giving way. Miss Hutchinson tells me that Coleridge was at Cambridge at the late assemblage of *wise men* & though not able to rise till

<sup>1</sup> James Masquerier (1778-1855) was a portrait painter with a considerable reputation in his day. He and H. C. R. were intimate for many years, and Robinson frequently stayed with him at Brighton, whither he retired in 1823. The friends also made a tour together in Germany in 1851. Masquerier's name constantly recurs among H. C. R.'s papers, the readers of which have no difficulty in understanding his popularity in contemporary, literary, artistic, and social circles.



the afternoon he had a crowded levee at his bedside. I grieve to hear of the situation in which his daughter is & feel hurt at her Husbands father for not furnishing the means to enable them to try the effect of change of scene. I hope that by this time poor Mary Lamb is recovered from the attack which came on soon after you saw them & as you said thought them too well. Before I left home I had been reading over heaps of old Letters—Dear Dorothy Wordsworths contain the History of the family & of her exertions—I felt compelled to destroy some of them but many of them are too good to be hastily disposed of—What a heart & what a head they discover! What puffs we hear of women & even of men who have made books & done charities & all that whose doings & thinkings & feelings are not to be compared with hers. Yet one man deserves all the incense which his memory has received good Mr Wilberforce. . . .  
*p. 8, line 31.* . . . I have hopes that dear Dorothy Wordsworth may be spared a few years longer though unless there should be evidence of more vigour in the system there will be much to fear but the advance since the last attack is great. I am sorry that Wordsworth takes such a gloomy view of things. I own that I have better hopes. His depression I should think arises partly from want of animal spirits. If he were to travel in a stage coach as a relation of mine did with the celebrated *Crockford*<sup>1</sup> it might lower his estimate of nobility somewhat.—

135. *H. C. R. to D. W.*

[16 and 24 Oct. 1833]

*p. 1, line 4.* . . . I left you with a strong feeling of gratitude towards you all for the hospitality & kindness with which I had been entertained at Rydal Mount, with an anxious hope that I may at some future day have a renewal of the high enjoyment; And a cheerful resolution, not to let the opportunities still in my way on the London road remain unimproved, but

<sup>1</sup> William Crockford (1775–1844) kept a notorious gambling hell in St. James's St. which was frequented by the 'nobility' and all the best-known society people. As much as £23,000 were sometimes lost at hazard in a single evening. The scandal became so great that it led to the partial suppression of public gambling houses.

tho' I could not hope for any pleasure - - any social pleasure so pure as that which I had just experienced, make the most of what might lay within my reach - - - In conformity with this determination, I alighted from the Leeds stage at Settle and found my way on foot over the moors to Malham - - - I found in the *Cove* the worthy object of one exquisite Sonnet,<sup>1</sup> which bears a striking resemblance to the *Vauchuse* which another great poet<sup>2</sup> has rendered as illustrious as its own natural charms have made attractive - - - The Gordale-scar<sup>3</sup> is of a still higher character - - I know few domestick scenes of equal sublimity - - The succeeding two days were also of high enjoyment - - On the first I continued on my walk to Skipton, - - thence to Bolton Abbey - - the strid - - within sight of Barden tower - - All spots consecrated both by nature - - & natures lawful offspring in man's art<sup>3</sup> - - - I saw the Abbey both evening and morning - - - And on the second day I pursued my way down the Wharfedale to Offley - - I pass over Leeds - - Manchester - - The railway - - notwithstanding the generous patronage it has been so unexpectedly honoured with and Liverpool - -

p. 4, *line* 18 . . . A [*sic*] trust a paragraph in the last Lit: Eng abot your brother's eyes is a mere exaggeration - -

1832-1833  
No. 155.

136. H. C. R. to W. W.

2 Plowden Buildings 9<sup>d</sup> November 1833

My dear friend

You cannot tell how I chuckled internally when by mere accident I discovered that you wanted a Biographical Dictionary, for I was desirous of transferring some valuable volumes from my shelves where they are of so little use, to your's where they will be of a great deal ; Accordingly early in the week a box was sent to Pickfords waggon containing Chalmers' work and I understand that this letter will reach you about the same time —I wished to send you some of the books which you had commissioned me to procure for you, but I could not find any one to my mind. . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Miscellaneous Sonnets, xxxv.-v Malham Cove, Gordale.*

<sup>2</sup> Petrarch.

<sup>3</sup> The reference is to *The White Doe of Rylstone.*

NOVEMBER 1833

Yesterday I had a long & chearful letter from M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson—She as well as all your friends have been alarmed by the paragraph in the Literary Gazette about your eyes—It is the only occasion on which they are annoyed by an allusion to & comparison of you with Milton—And I at first took the liberty to deny the report altogether But Moxon so far confirmed the report as to say that your eyes had been worse since I left you—Nevertheless I hope I have been warranted in denying that there has been any *organical* complaint - - - And declaring it to be a merely continued & aggravated attack of inflammation which we may reasonably hope to be transitory—I have gone so far as to say that I thought the tones coming into office might do as much and more for you than any oculist - - - But I do sincerely hope that your disease whatever it be, will not wait for that remedy—Of which I see no chance of its occurring ; Nor on my part is there any hope or wish on the subject . . .

p. 8, *line* 1. . . . I shall be glad to hear of your whole family & your common welfare Perhaps if no one else has strength in the fingers and eyesight sufficient to write with comfort Miss Dorothy may have the good nature to let me know how you all are—She will inform me whether the man with the bad name has made his appearance, Which not to excite disgust I do not write

My sincerest regards to your whole household

Affectionately and gratefully yours

H. C. Robinson

I have learned by heart the three Sonnets I brought away and am never tired of repeating them to the great pleasure of all my friends—The two which exist only in M S: I take care not to repeat to the same individuals for fear of fraudulent memories—

*Endorsed* : 8<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 1833, H. C. R. to M<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth.

1832-1833  
No. 164.

137. W. W. to H. C. R.

[Post-mark Nov. 15th 1833]

My dear Friend

Your valuable Present is arrived, valuable for its own sake, & still more for the most friendly & affectionate terms in which

the gift is recorded by your own pen. The book furthermore will be of great use to us, who have not access to many original authorities. We have placed it upon the third shelf from the bottom, in the first compartment of the bookcase (nearest the door) in the drawing room—where the 16 books look substantially handsome. Southey's books have been forwarded. If I had had the use of my eyes I would have taken the liberty to skim them, before I had parted with them.

Now let me take you to task about a small matter. How came you to say, as you tell me you did, that the return of the Tories to Place would be the best thing that could happen for my eyes? I not only have never uttered a wish to that effect, but have over & over again spoken to the contrary—my opinion is, that the People are bent upon the destruction of their ancient Institutions, & that nothing since, I will not say the *passing*, but since the breaching of the Reform Bill could, or can prevent it. I would bend my endeavours to strengthen to the utmost the rational portion of the Tory Party, but from no other hope than this, that the march toward destruction may be less rapid by their interposing something of a check—and the destruction of the Monarchy thereby attended with less injury to social order. They are more blind than bats or moles who cannot see that it is a change or rather an overthrow of social order, as dependent upon the present distribution of property which is the object of the Radicals—they care nothing what may be the form of Gov<sup>t</sup> but as the changes may lead to that. As to France & your juste milieu it is not worth talking about - - (and *I m. w. will not* write another word on this subject)

My eye has had another relapse, tho nothing like so bad as the former, but I recover from it more slowly. My dear Sister is rallying, tho' she has only risen from her bed, to sit up, once. Did we tell you that Mr Hamilton is to be married to Lady Farquhar ere long.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Diary*, Jan 7, 1836. 'After an early luncheon I walked partly, and partly drove with Wordsworth to Elleray, the residence of Lady Farquhar and Mr. Hamilton, the property of Professor Wilson. It stands above Windermere, and enjoys a very wide view of the lake. . . Hamilton was the author of *Cyril Thornton*. Lady Farquhar, widow of a baronet, was his second wife. See Wordsworth's letter of May 5, 1833 p 237.

I forgot which the three sonnets were that you say have pleased your friends ?

A fortnight ago I rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from an unknow[n] Person who signs himself Tho<sup>s</sup> Forbes Kelsall, dated Fareham Hants—whose attention had been attracted by a notice, in Lockart's [sic] Memoir of Sir W. Scott, of my M.S. Poem of Yarrow revisited—professing himself to have been an early admired [sic] of my works, & having derived great benefit from them—& understanding that this Poem was not likely to soon see the light, he with many apologies, for the liberty, requested that I would favor him with a copy—adding that upon the honor of an english Gentleman he would confine the perusal to one or two of his particular friends. As the request seemed a bold & somewhat unusual one—our first determination was not to comply with it—but good nature got the better, & the Poem was sent with a letter, a fortnight ago—& no acknowledgement has been rec<sup>d</sup>. What do you think of this ? we begin to suspect that the Poem has been got under false pretences, & that it may appear in Frazer's Mag. or some other as respectable Publication. I much regret I did not keep a copy of my accompan[ying]<sup>1</sup> letter ; which, tho' it hinted at the possibility of a ho[ax ?]<sup>1</sup> was frank & confiding—in a spirit natural to my character—If you happen to have any acquaintance in that part of the Country, pray enquire if such a Person lives there, & who he is.

We were delighted to have so good an account of the Lambs—Give our kindest love when you see them, & tell L. that his Works are our delight, as is evidenced better than by words—by April weather of smiles & tears whenever we read them. Mr Kenyon's book<sup>2</sup> has pleased me exceedingly, and surprized me still more. I never suspected him of being a *sunner in verse-writing*. The work does him great credit, less as a whole, than from the spirit of particular parts. Christians, however, will justly think that Tolerance is carried too far, by a philosophy that places all creeds so much upon the same footing. God

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn

<sup>2</sup> *A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance* was published in 1833. It is a poem in heroic couplets 'on the duty of tempering religious zeal with charity'.

NOVEMBER 1833

bless you, say *we* all.—do not fail to let us hear from you frequently & if you can tell us how we may reply under cover, so that you may not be charged for letters so trifling as ours. farewell most affly

Yrs

W Wordsworth—

*Address* : H. C. Robinson, 2 Plowden Buildings, London.

*Post Marks* : Kendal Penny Post, C 15 No 1833.

*Endorsed* : Nov<sup>r</sup> 1833, Wordsworth (books received) Politics & Opinions of the Tories.

1832-1833  
No 163a

138. M. W. to H. C. R.

My dear Friend

[Nov. 23. 1833]

Having an opportunity to enclose this wee note, I wish to prevent your taking any trouble to make out whether Tho<sup>s</sup> Forbes Kelsall Esq, was a true man or a Counterfiet—we having received a satisfactory & gentlemanly letter from him, which had been written immediately upon his receiving W<sup>m</sup>'s communication—but had been delayed 3 weeks waiting for a frank.

I have the pleasure to add that our Invalids are going on hopefully—Still however the most minute caution is required to guard against injury to the eyes which are left in a delicate state.

If it should fall in your way to pick up *for me, dog cheap* the Quarto Ed of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, & of Rokeby—I should be well pleased—as I do not think that these should *not* be found in a Poet's house—we have copies of Sir W's other larger Poems.

We have already found your valuable present most useful—& now that the Hall is our sitting room we take a walk to look at them upon their shelves very often.

Let us hear from you, & believe me to be sincerely & affectionately yours

M. Wordsworth

Rydal Mount

Nov<sup>r</sup> 23<sup>d</sup>

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup>, Plowden Buildings, Temple.

*Endorsed* : 23<sup>d</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 1833, M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth.

1832-1833  
No. 165b.

139. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

My dear Friend

[Dec 1<sup>st</sup> 1833.]

My missing Vol: of Modern Drama about which I troubled you has been found so think no more of seeking to replace it.

My Sister is doing very well again—& my eyes are also strengthening—but the remembrance of their last relapse about a month ago, makes me so afraid of exposure that I do not get anything like my usual exercise out of doors—the weather having been so very blustering—nor have I thought it prudent to attempt either to read or write—or indulge myself in composition.

This note being written in haste merely to save you trouble with regard to the book—I conclude with a hundred good wishes *from us all* your sincere & affec friend

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

Rydal Mount

Dec<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> 1833

*Address* : H. C Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Plowden's Buildings, Temple.

*Post Marks* : 12. Noon. 12. 5 De. 1833, & another illegible.

*Endorsed* · 1<sup>st</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 1833, Wordsworth Autograph [but it is in M<sup>rs</sup> W's hand.]

1832-1833  
No. 174

140. *Landon to H. C. R.*

Dec. 1833

p. 1, line 22 . . . When do you & Wordsworth come again into Italy ? . . .

p. 2, line 84. . . Mr Cary<sup>1</sup> has favored me with his Pindar—pray read it. Never was anything so like the original. Never was poet so judicious in his selection of topics, but Milton and Wordsworth are much greater lyric poets than Pindar—Mind, I place the Sonnet under the head of lyric poetry. . . .

<sup>1</sup> H. F Cary (1772-1844), the translator of Dante, published a translation of Pindar in 1833.

*1st letter  
in album.*<sup>1</sup>

141. *H. C. R. to J. Masquerier.*

N. D. [1884 ?]

*p. 1, line 10.* . . . On my arriving I found Wordsworth here [in London] And I have spent a good deal of time with him very pleasantly—in spite of his being in the dolefuls—He is coming out with a volume which will sharpen the animosity of all his enemies—If not for the verse, at least for the prose—It will contain some poems on Scotch subjects—The proper names will give Mrs M: great pleasure—I dare say you can wait with patience till I read to you the Yarrow Revisited. . . .

*p. 2, line 2.* . . . I have not yet seen poor Mary Lamb but I trust we shall find a place in London for her. . . .

1834-1835  
No. 11.

142. *Londor to H. C. R.*

TO WORDSWORTH.

Those who have laid the harp aside  
And turned to idler things,  
From very restlessness have tried  
The loose and dusty strings,  
And, catching back some favorite strain,  
Run with it o'er the chords again

2

But Memory is not a Muse,  
O Wordsworth ! tho tis said  
They all descend from her, and use  
To haunt her fountain-head.  
That other men sh<sup>d</sup> work for me  
In the rich mines of Poesy

3

Pleases me better than the toil  
Of smoothing under hardend hand

<sup>1</sup> A large album of autographs and portraits which originally belonged to Masquerier and was left by him to H. Crabb Robinson. Subsequently it was given by his executors to Miss Grace Field. Her descendants, Miss Mary, Miss Susan, and Miss Emily Field, presented it to Dr. Williams's Library in 1916.



With attic emery and oil  
 The shining point for Wisdom's wand,  
 Like those thou temperest in <sup>1</sup> the rills  
 Descending from thy native hills.

4

Without his governance, in vain  
 Manhood is strong & Youth is bold ;  
 If oftentimes the o'er-piled strain  
 Clogs in the furnace, and grows cold  
 Beneath his pinions deep and frore,  
 And swells & melts & glows <sup>2</sup> no more,

5

That is because the heat beneath  
 Pants in its furnace <sup>3</sup> poorly fed  
 Life springs not from the couch of Death,  
 Nor Muse nor Grace can raise the dead ;  
 Unturn'd then let the mass remain,  
 Intractable to sun or rain.

6

A marsh, where only flat leaves lie,  
 And shewing but the broken sky,  
 Too surely is the sweetest lay  
 That wins the ear and wastes the day,  
 Where youthful Fancy pouts alone  
 And lets not Wisdom touch her zone.  
 He who would build his name <sup>4</sup> up high  
 The rule and plummet must apply,  
 Nor say, ' I'll do what I have plann'd ' <sup>5</sup>  
 Before he try if loom, <sup>6</sup> or sand  
 Be stil remaining in the place  
 Delvd for each polisht pillar's base.  
 With skillful eye and fit device  
 Thou raisest every edifice,

<sup>1</sup> Forster's *Landor*, vol. viii, p. 136, reads *mid*.

<sup>2</sup> Forster, *loc cit.*, *flows*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, *fame*.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, *cavern*

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, *loam*

JANUARY 1834

Whether in sheltered vale it stand  
 Or overlook the Dardan strand,  
 And <sup>1</sup> the tall <sup>1</sup> cypresses that mourn  
 Laodamia's love forlorn.  
 Long have we <sup>2</sup> run o'er half the space  
 Listed for mortalls' earthly race ;  
 Long have we crost life's fervid line,  
 And other stars before us shine,  
 May they be bright and prosperous  
 As those that have been stars for us !  
 Our course by Miltons light was sped  
 And Shakespear shining overhead :  
 Chatting on deck was Dryden too,  
 The Bacon of the rhyming crew.<sup>3</sup>  
 Tho never tender nor sublime,  
 He wrestles with & conquers Time.  
 To learn my lore at Chaucer's knee  
 I've left much prouder company :  
 Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,  
 But me he mostly sent to bed.  
 I wish them every joy above  
 That only highest <sup>4</sup> spirits prove,  
 Save one . . . and that too shall be theirs,  
 But after many rolling years,  
 When mid their light thy light appears

I wrote an Ode to Southey—I thought that one was also due to Wordsworth—Neither of them cost me ten hours—and I know not in which I have best succeeded. A question more important is, when do you & Wordsworth come into Italy Let me hear how Charles Lamb does, and, above all, his sister. Your last account pained me much.

W. S. L.

*Address* : Henry C. Robinson Esq., Garden Court, Temple,  
 London. *Post Mark* : F P O, F E 22 1834, Firenze.

*Endorsed* : Feb: 1834, Landor, Verses.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, *tall* omitted : *amid* for *and*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, *We both have run*.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, has two lines in this place which are not in the MS. sent to H. C R.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid*, *highly blessed*.

1834-1835  
No. 19.

143. W. W. to H. C. R. [*Mary's writing*]

Rydal Mount Apr. 3<sup>d</sup>. [1834]

My dear Friend

Having often wondered what was become of you, we were all glad that, wishing to know something about us put you upon writing.—As you infer the mild air tho' the gift of a stormy winter, has proved singularly beneficial to my Sister's health, who has suffered much less pain than heretofore, has several favorable symptoms, but does not gather strength as might be expected, indeed she will not allow that she is any stronger at all—but in this we all think that she deceives herself.

My eyes tho' they have not been in an active state of inflammation for many months, are still alarmingly susceptible to changes in the weather, & the late sharp east winds have troubled them.

During a stay of upwards of a fortnight with my Son in Moresby—from which Mrs W. & I have just returned—(together with Willy, who joined us there, & who by the bye is quite well)—I had much enjoyment in seeing him & his wife so happy, & in making a more intimate acquaintance with my granddaughter. She has just entered the dramatic age—& is within a day or two of walking; a lively Creature as ever was seen, which strikes one the more in contrast with the manners of her Parents—& her Nurse, all still & quiet as trees, whose branches *may* have been light & flexible, but are now less so than one of my dispositions could wish. One calm & beautiful day John & I took a long & most delightful walk, following from Whitehaven, along the top of the Cliffs the indentings of the Coast, as far as the Monastery of St. Bees. Our last summer's acquaintance the Isle of Man was full in sight—so were the Scotch Hills,—& when we came to a point of the Headlands which shewed the Bay of St. Bees, the whole line of the Cumberland coast, to its extreme Southern point, with Black Comb & Scafell presiding over the view—the effect was magnificent.

A day or two since I had a letter from Dr Vose, who formerly practised medicine with much distinction at Liverpool. He

has retired from his profession, but, fortunately for me, was residing last autumn in Ambleside . . & kindly undertook, as a friend . . the care of my diseased eyes. I deem myself greatly indebted to him, & am glad of an occasion to prove my gratitude by endeavouring upon his application, to furnish his Son Dr James Vose, who is about to travel on the Continent, with such few letters of introduction as I can command. His main object is, to complete his medical education by adding to such knowledge as may be acquired in England, what the most celebrated Foreign Schools of medicine supply—& with this view his Father requested me to furnish him with some letters of introduction to Men of letters & science. Unluckily I have little or no acquaintance in that line, I ventured however to send him a note for Prof: Schlegel at Bonn—and one to Mr Landor—and also a sort of circular for any of my rambling friends, with whom he might meet. I also took the liberty of giving him your address, telling him I should write to you—not without a hope that yr long & wide acquaintance with the Continent might enable you to render him more substantial service. No doubt he will call upon you in a few days, & if you can serve him, I shall deem it a great favor to myself. I ought to add, that I have never seen the Young Person—but his Father is so amiable & excellent a Man, that I am sure he would not ask a favor of this kind, unless he knew that his Son were worthy of it.

You are quite at liberty to send my Sonnets to Landor if you think it worth while—but his antipathies are strong; & I know he has a particular dislike to the *Sonnet*.

The Ode addressed to me, I never heard of till you named it, nor could I obtain a sight either of it, or the one to Southey till yesterday. They have both been read to me—but owing to a press of business, & much company on my return home only *once*. Mr Southey seemed to be more happily treated than myself—My Sister was particularly pleased with the last Stan: but one in the address to him. Dora tells me, for as yet I have been able to form no opinion myself, that *I* am complimented upon my *wisdom* & upon my *workmanship*—what more I say could a Poet desire—for no Man can be wise who writes verses to any extent without some degree of inspiration. The daughter

APRIL 1834

however is not satisfied—& as the old Ballad says 'I like her the better *therefore*'.

In much that you say about the Dissenters, I concur. But not in your opinion 'that the sooner any purposed change takes place the better chance there is that that change may have a conservative character'. Surely that maxim must be qualified by a consideration of *what* is to be changed & to what extent change is desirable. For myself I would oppose tooth & nail the petition from Cam: in behalf of the Diss<sup>rs</sup> because it is hypocritical—& if granted will inevitably lead to a demand for Degrees, which will give Votes—open to them the emoluments & offices of the University & make them a part of the governing Body. An event which for innumerable reasons—& not the least for its tendency to overthrow the Est. Ch. I earnestly deprecate. There is a fallacy in one of yr suppositions,—you think Diss<sup>rs</sup> if admitted upon equal terms with Churchmen—w<sup>d</sup> go over to the Ch. in numbers—now it is the very exclusion which induces them to go over. Mrs Barbauld, an acute observer tells as you<sup>1</sup> know<sup>1</sup> [?] that she never knew a family of Dis<sup>rs</sup> who kept a Carriage thro' 3 generations, & continued such. Why was this? because having got so high in the World's ladder they wished to be higher. And the ready way was to step over their consciences, if they had any religious scruples left. Take away the exclusions & dissent & Carriages will go very comfortably together for many generations if a church should survive to dissent from.

Ever affly yours

Wm Wordsworth.

My Sister Sarah H. is now at Playford busily employed by Mr C. She will shortly be at [Hendon<sup>1</sup>?] & in a few weeks return to Rydal.

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowdens Buildings, Temple, London.

*Post Marks* : Kendal Penny Post, C 7 Ap. 7 1834.

*Endorsed* : April 8<sup>th</sup> 1834, Wordsworth, Landor Ode on Wordsworth & Southey.

<sup>1</sup> This word is probably correct, but is nearly illegible.

APRIL 1834

1834-1835  
No. 25.

144. *H. C. R. to Landor.*<sup>1</sup>

April 30<sup>th</sup> 1834

My dear Sir

A thousand petty occupations have long prevented my writing to you, by diverting my mind to uncongenial matters. Now I sit down, after an unwarrantable delay, to write what will be no compensation for the postponement.

I have to thank you for several favors, the value of which however had been greatly diminished, unintended by you before they reached me—The Verses to Wordsworth, which formed the whole of one dispatch had been already read by every body, before I broke open the tantalising seal. And the others of your poems sent by you to Kenyon had been already given to me by him—Did it never occur to you, that all who have the pleasure of knowing you would be too proud of the acquaintance, not to make you the subject of conversation when they meet. You did me the honour of speaking kindly of me to K: A circumstance which has occasioned a very slight acquaintance to ripen lately into something approaching to intimacy. He is an excellent man whom I like exceedingly. We have the same tastes in literature and pretty nearly the same opinions in politics—The two points of attraction or repulsion in social life—He consulted me about asking Southey's permission to print the Ode to him. His opinion ought not to be asked - - I thought . . . Why expose him to the temptation of imitating the bishops? *Nolo episcopari* cannot be more hypocritical than *nolo laudari* . . . a *laudato viro* . . of course.—I have not heard how he took the liberty—You ask me in which I think you have best succeeded. I unaffectedly answer that I am conscious of not having a right to give any opinion that shall be more than the declaration of a personal sentiment—A man who could never write a line himself, worth being repeated, has not the right to sit in judgement on the works of the masters—Nevertheless I answer that I greatly prefer the ode to Southey—And your remark to me explains the cause 'I thought that one was also due to

<sup>1</sup> Part of a draft 'altered in copying'. See endorsement.

Wordsworth'. . There is a tone of cordiality and heartiness in that you wrote first.—The second reads like a task-performance. The allusions to Southey's beautiful family—to his habitation, the unworthy treatment he has met with from the mob—the peculiarly graceful recognition of the compliment received from him—All these give an appropriateness to the poem which is very pleasing.—While on the other hand there is scarcely anything said to Wordsworth which might not have been said to any one—I suppose by the line 'And other stars before us shine'—you meant to express the thought in the great Ode—'And other palms are won'—but the immediate reference to Milton and the other poets would seem to imply the opinion that amid the rising generation were new stars arisen which were now shining before you—If you meant this; Who are they? It is always to be supposed when one poet addresses another that it is on points on which they agree—Now the praise of Dryden to which you have allotted more lines than to any other of the poets is such as W: cannot sympathise with—The conclusion is very elegant and happy. . .

*Endorsed*: Ap<sup>1</sup> 1834, P<sup>t</sup> of letter to Landor altered in copying.

145. *H. C. R. to W. W.*

[4 June 1834]

p. 1, line 14. . . . I have had the good fortune to pick up a very nice copy of Filicaja<sup>1</sup> at Heber's sale which I have great pleasure in sending you - - He is indeed a poet of the first rank - - I had a delightful morning with my Italian friend<sup>2</sup> a few days ago we intermingled our reading which consisted of his magnificent patriotic and pious war odes and the Unique English - - Thanksgiving Ode<sup>3</sup> - - And Sonnets in both languages - - - By the bye I wish you could have found room for Filicaja in your happy enumeration in the prefatory Sonnet. There are several also among his, so perfect and delicious that I wish you could

<sup>1</sup> A Florentine poet, (1642-1707) See Macaulay's essay on Addison.

<sup>2</sup> Prandi came but we read little—Compared Filicaja and Wordsworth.  
*Unpublished Diary, 2 June, 1834.*

<sup>3</sup> Wordsworth's *Thanksgiving Ode*, 18 Jan., 1816

JUNE 1834

perform on them what you have satisfactorily done thrice for Michael Angelo. Let me set down one

Qual madre i figli con pietoso affetto (266)

You wont think it a *base use* of yours - - I brought the other day by aid of one, my poor Italian refugee friend to reason - - Who is a high minded virtuous patriot, but on his own national politics rather wildish - - I made him confess the duty of striving at least to 'keep the unvanquished Soul'<sup>1</sup> - - beneath the stern control of *awful prudence*<sup>1</sup> - - Not an Italian virtue in this age - - Before I quit the Sonnet let me here say that I have had a formal application from John Kenyon for a copy of the *Steam engine Sonnet*<sup>2</sup> for your old friend Mr Poole,<sup>3</sup> with assurances of the greatest possible care - - But without your *EXPRESS* permission I shall not give it.

1834-1835  
No 39

146. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount  
June 10th [1834]

My dear Friend

Many thanks for your very agreeable letter—*very* agreeable it was for it contained much good news & nothing else,<sup>4</sup> which rarely happens. We congratulate you sincerely upon your Brothers convalescence;<sup>5</sup> & rejoice to hear of Mr Clarkson's recovery of sight—For ourselves, we ought not to complain, tho' Dora's digestion is a good deal deranged & my Sister does not gain strength—she is God be thanked much freer from pain—and for her is looking well. We expect Miss Hutchinson at the end of the week. From my using Mary's pen you will see that I deem it prudent not to use my eyes much—indeed orders

<sup>1</sup> Cf *On the Final Submission of the Tyrolese*

<sup>2</sup> 'Motions and Means, on land and sea at war', &c.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Poole of Nether Stowey, 1765-1837.

<sup>4</sup> But he had written. 'Of Coleridge I hear but a very poor account—Indeed, it is not expected by the Gilmans that he can recover.' H. C. R. to W. 4 June 1834

<sup>5</sup> He had had a carbuncle in the neck. H. C. R. to W. 4 June 1834.



JUNE 1834

have been given me that I am not to do so—but since the sharp east winds disappeared they have been quite free from inflammation.

Your intended expedition to the United States was news to us—and partly in contradiction of what was said above, it was not altogether good new [*sic*]. We are rather too old to think without some pain of our friends being separated so far from us. You yourself are no longer young—and casualties as we advance are not easily recovered from. Indeed the more I look into this scheme the less I relish it—There are not many things in America which can be called sights. Niagara it is true, is a first rate one—but not worth crossing the Atlantic for—and as to American Manners & Society—we have it in so many books, that it seems as well to be contented with what may be collected from them while at ease upon ones own Sofa—or under the shade of an English Oak, in this sweet summer weather—At all events, whether you go or not—come to us. Which you may do with little cost of time or trouble—as you will no doubt embark at Liverpool if you do not give up your scheme.

Poole is quite welcome to my Sonnet—and if you chuse to add the Lowther Ch. & State<sup>1</sup> one—you have my free consent.

How could I proceed so far without thanking you for the choice presents which we are to receive thro' Miss H's hands—You are much too good to us—but with truth we can affirm that your generosity is not wasted—the Biography is daily consulted by us—and of the greatest use—both for new information—and removing uncertainties about Old things. We are afraid you have not met with a Blackstone to your mind—W<sup>m</sup> often recurs to this subject, from a sincere wish I believe to read the book—I will therefore in the meanwhile send him mine, tho' it is somewhat cumbersome, being an Oxford Quarto in 4 Vols from the Clarendon Press.

The Gentleman who was going abroad did not I believe pass thro London.

Thanks for all that you say about the Dissenters. An Appeal to the English Dissenters—in a letter to William Howitt by a Lay Dissenter—(London, Longman & Co) has been sent me

<sup>1</sup> 'Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen . . .'

JUNE 1834

by the Author. it is well worth your reading. The style is somewhat verbose, but the philosophy is sound & the spirit truly Christian—If you like it, as I am confident you will, pray recommend it among your friends. We are always glad to hear of the Lambs—and pray give our love to them—and remember me to Moxon and his Wife, if you ever look in upon them.

Ever sincerely and affly  
with best wishes from all.                      your's  
[no signature]

<sup>1</sup> This is a season of resignations, and on thursday I go to Kendal to put off my dignity of Chapel-Warden & Overseer.

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Plowden Buildings, Temple.

*Post Marks* : 8 Morn. 8 .13. Ju. 1834, P W. OP [illegible].

*Endorsed* : 16<sup>th</sup> June 1834, M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth, Latter end by W.

1834-1835  
Nos. 46b & 47.

147. *Dora and D. W. to H. C. R.*

[July 24th 1834.]

My dear Mr Robinson,

I can no longer allow your kind & beautiful present <sup>2</sup> to remain unacknowledged ; my thanks would have been sent ere this had I not been prevented troubling you with a letter from a hope that my Father or Aunt might be writing to you in which case my thanks might have been conveyed to you in a manner more agreeable to yourself & more satisfactory to me for I feel I cannot half express the pleasure which this delightful gift of yours has afforded me. My Father & I look over the prints again & again till we really fancy ourselves floating on that grand River & thank you, both with our hearts & our tongues for putting us in the way of making that pleasant trip so easily.

You will be glad to hear that my Aunt Miss Wordsworth continues tolerably well—certainly stronger on the whole than when you were with us last year. My Father too has had no return of inflammation in his eyes—yet they are but of little service to him either for reading or writing which at this time he feels a more than usual inconvenience as he has at last

<sup>1</sup> In W's own hand.

<sup>2</sup> He had sent her a copy of Tomblason's *Rhine* on 3 June.

JULY 1834

yielded to our oft-repeated entreaties & is about to send his short M.S. Poems to press which when collected we expect will with a little *stuffing* make a Vol: about the size of those of the last Edition which Ed: Longman tells us has sold better than any former one—The Title of the new Vol. is to be 'Yarrow Revis[i]ted with other Poems'—so you will soon have all your favorite new Scotch sonnets without the trouble of transcribing.

We are well pleased to have dear Aunt Sarah at home again & she is looking so well after her travels—my brother William is with us—& *young* Mary Monkhouse. I was going to write *little* but that would be absurd she is so very tall for her years. Her Preston relatives with whom she is passing her holydays have kindly spared her to us for a week—she is very pretty but so like her Mother that it is quite startling—I have in vain watched for a look or a motion which might recall her dear Father—Of course you know that her Mother Mrs Dick is dead she was carried off suddenly by Typhus fever a few days before Aunt Sarah left London.

The Arnolds are all come to Fox How—& delighted with their Westmoreland home as well they may ; the Dr gave us a sermon yesterday which I dare say would have been more to your taste than it was to ours—good as it was in parts & all of it tersely and beautifully expressed.

*Cyril & Maria*<sup>1</sup> are as happy & happier than the day is long—they frequently inquire after you as do the Hardens whenever they see us but we have lost them from our immediate neighbourhood they have left Brathey & taken a house near Hawkshead Mrs Luff's house is at present empty & she on a visit to the Askews we hope to have it occupied next month by some excellent friends of ours from Hampstead—Mrs & Miss Hoare—

I ought to apologise for troubling you with such a long gossiping letter but I will not make bad worse by so doing—

With very affectionate remembrances from all in this house believe me ever my dear Mr Robinson

Yours very sincerely & much obliged  
Dora Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Presumably the Hamiltons, but the heroine of *Cyril Thornton* was called *Laura*, not *Maria*.

JULY 1834

I think I will try to persuade Aunt to add a few lines as a reward for your patience in *wading* thro' the above but perhaps I ought not to tell her of my impertinence in writing to you at all

My dear Friend,

I comply, not for the reason assigned by Dora, for I can say nothing so well as she has said her Say ; but because I want to assure you of my affectionate regards, & I may say, *daily* remembrances. It would be a great delight to me if you would come again, & drag me on the green Terrace—for alas ! my legs are but of little use except in helping me to steer an enfeebled Body from one part of the room to the other. The longest walk I have attempted has been once round the Gravel Front of the House

London John is coming to us from Keswick for a short time before his return to Mr Gardiner. He is an amiable youth, & we think him much improved—I congratulate you on your good Brother's recovery of health, & on dear Mr Clarkson's recovery of eye-sight. Miss Hutchinson is grown almost as much younger during her absence, as I *older* in the course of the last 8 years.

Are not you glad about the Poems ? God bless you !

Ever your affecte

D W Sr.

*Address* : H: C: Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Plowden's Buildings, Temple.

*Post Marks* . T. P E. O Strand, 2 A. Noon. 2 25. Jy. .1834.

*Endorsed* : 24<sup>th</sup> July 1834, The Miss Wordsworths.

1834-1835  
No 65.

148. H. C. R. to W. W.

[18 Nov. 1834]

p. 4, *line* 1. . . . The best news I have long heard is from Moxon to day - - And that comes from you - - The new Volume will soon be out - - This I heartily rejoice at. - - -

NOVEMBER 1834

149 and 150

1834-1835  
No. 68.

W. W., M. W. and D. W. to H. C. R.

[P.M. Nov. 24 1834.]

My dear Friend

Before I advert to business, I will tell you how we are—My Sister does not gain strength, & had about a month ago a back-cast, from which she is in a good measure recovered—So upon the whole she cannot be said to be worse than when you saw her.

My daughter suffered so much from want of appetite & indigestion, & pains in her neck & shoulder—that we were much depressed & not a little alarmed about her. Our Medical Attendant, having no doubt that an inflammation on the spine exists, has put her under a course of treatment—bleeding, blustering, & an almost perpetual recumbent posture: She is now at full length upon the Sofa in the room where this is written—and is becoming a great student, particularly in novels—at present she is better engaged reading La Borde's account of Spain, & I am in hopes that by & bye she will attack Herodotus & Thucydidees [sic]. Miss Hutchinson has been seven weeks with Mr Southey's family, she is in excellent health—the Accounts of Mrs Southey, now at York in the Retreat in consequence of depression of Spirits, & alienation of mind are upon the whole rather encouraging. M<sup>rs</sup> W. is well & so am I—except that my eyes are of little or no use to me, for either reading or writing. They are however thank God, but little subject at present, to inflammation & answer all other purposes of seeing—except looking at strong and dazzling lights—very well. I dare not expose them however to keen winds—

The publication of my little volume has been retarded by the printing being put into the most careless hands, acting under the most inattentive minds, with which I was ever concerned—The delay is lucky, as neither Othello, Mackbeth nor the Paradise Lost, if now first produced, would be attended to—

The Dissolution of the Melbourne Ministry<sup>1</sup> was by me

<sup>1</sup> Lord Melbourne became Prime Minister on 17 July, 1834, and was suddenly dismissed by the King on 15th Nov., though 'all the accustomed grounds for dismissing a ministry were wanting'.

NOVEMBER 1834

received rather with fear than pleasure. You have known from the first my opinion of the reform bill—to speak of it in the mildest terms, it was an unwise measure carried by unworthy means: the composition of the present Ho: of C. shews, what will ever be the case where Democracy is predominant, that the people prefer their flatterers to their friends—& they will go on shewing more or less of that preference, till the Govt by King Lords & Commons & the ancient Constitution of England in Ch & State are destroyd. Not being able to escape from this conviction I ought not to have used the word fear as above—for my mind is calmly made up to the worst: it is simply, in my estimation, a question of time. So no more about it, but let us be as chearful as we can & each act guided by the best lights he can procure.

Now for business. Law Shares are so unreasonably high, as Mr Courtenay thinks, that for this cause & others which he names, he advises me to sell. As I have entire confidence in his sagacity & judgement in money matters, I mean to act upon his opinion; & should be much obliged, as you have probably more leisure than he has, if you would transact this business for me—I have told Mr C. that I would beg you call upon him at the Temple—& perhaps it might save him some trouble, if you would receive from him information respecting Govern<sup>t</sup> annuities, & transmit it to me, as I really feel anxious to save him any trouble I can. In addition to the proceeds of the Law Shares I wish to place £400 at his disposal as I told him, to be invested as he may think proper.

Your account of Germany<sup>1</sup>, for which I thank you is satisfactory—be assured of the kind regards of us all—& believe me to be my dear friend

ever faithfully yours

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> ' . . . The political state of the country is on the whole better than I feared—The German radicals are very low & very weak The Prussian government is, if a despotism, which may be disputed, unquestionably a wise government And the high character of the administration, together with the practical mildness of the greater part of the thirty & odd other governments, have greatly improved the public mind in Germany . . . ' H. C. R. to W. W. 18 Nov 1834.

NOVEMBER 1834

Rydal Mount

Nov 21<sup>st</sup>

Cannot you my dear Sir come down & pass your Christmas with us—you have never seen, nor can you guess, how beautiful our mountains are in the Winter—and how much you would cheer our fire side—and Dora in her confinement, not to speak of Miss W., I will not say—Pray come & let us hear of your adventures—

affly

Yours M. W.

Dear Mr Robinson do come to us at Christmas—I cannot say how glad I should be to see you.

Alas, poor Mary & Charles Lamb !

ever your affect<sup>ed</sup> Friend

D Wordsworth

*Address :* H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowden's Buildings, Temple, London.

*Post Marks :* Kendal Penny Post, C 24 No 24 1834.

*Endorsement :* Dec<sup>r</sup> 3. 1834, Wordsworth politics, Invitation, L Life Insurce.

N.B. The name only by the poet—M<sup>rs</sup> W— Dorothy &c the rest of the letter.

*Receipt on back*

£117 10 received for M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth of M<sup>r</sup> Robinson as the price of 5 Law Life shares at £23 10 each being the price fixed upon by me as their mutual friend

P. Courtenay

Dec<sup>r</sup> 3. 1834

1834-1835  
No 69.

151. H. C. R. to W. W.

[5 December 1834]

p. 3, line 1. . . I have just had a very feeling letter from Landor - - He makes anxious enquiries concerning you and your family - - he speaks of the death of Lord Byron & Scott as of the pattering of the rain before the storm began when the far greater Gothe & Coleridge perished - - he will grieve to hear that your house like Southey's is so much afflicted . . .

*line 18.* . . . I wish I could dissent more than I can from your political *conclusions*. They are mournful but you are gaining converts every day to your opinion - - - Last year I wrote - - And I would now gladly repeat - - ' You are a despairing I am a hoping alarmist ' - - - My hopes grow every day fainter . . .

[*P.S.*] When and from whose house are the poems to issue ?

1834-1835  
No. 95.

152. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

[Rydal Mount : Spring 1835]

My dear Friend,

We arrived here on Friday last an hour or two before sunset. We found our two invalids not worse than we feared. My Sister is indeed a good deal thinner, and continues to be troubled with squeamish sickness, but putting all things together, we have reason to hope that milder weather will benefit her. Poor Dora ! occasions us much anxiety ; she looks much worse than when we left her ; and her stomach is deplorably deranged. For my own part I have no hope of any amendment, nor has her medical attendant, till the inflammation of the spine can be so far subdued, as to allow her of going Southward. So that you see nothing is left for us but patiently to wait God's will, using our best endeavours in the meanwhile, to forward the attainment of our wish, her removal for change of air &c.—

We found your Letter <sup>1</sup> here, which removed a weight of anxiety from my mind. The thing may now be considered as settled, and my duty done—In this matter as in a hundred others I feel deeply obliged to your ever-ready Friendship - - -

We took three days to come down the weather being good, & I travelled on the outside, which gave me a sight of the Town of Coventry with its three spires gilded by a declining Sun.—Upon comparing notes at Birmingham with Mrs W— I found

<sup>1</sup> The latest letter of H. C. R. to W before the date of this one from W. to H. C. R., preserved in the collection at Dr Williams's Library, is that of 5 Dec. 1834. This records the purchase of the law shares, but that can scarcely be the matter referred to here, since later on Wordsworth speaks of ' blossoms & twigs ' on the trees. H. C. R.'s answer is dated May 4. See *infra*



that she had known nothing of our having passed through Coventry, and, like other *Insiders* had seen little. I was pleased also with the Country about Trentham the Duke of Sutherlands—near it is a valley prettily named the ‘Vale of Springs—or Spring Vale—what a throng of poetic feelings does such a name prompt!—When I was at Hampstead the accidental sight of the Words ‘Goulders Hill’ painted on a Board, as you see the names of streets, in London, stirred my mind agreeably in the same way, by recalling an Ode<sup>1</sup> of Akenside’s written at that place, where, on recovery from a severe sickness, he visited his Friend Dyson, who had been so generous to him in the earlier part of his life when the Poet started in London as a Physician.—The weather here is very sharp and today we have a blustering wind, tearing off the blossoms & twigs from the trees, with almost equal disregard.

—At Breakfast this morning we received from some unknown Friend the Examiner, containing a friendly notice of my late Vol.—Is it discreditable to say that these things interest me little, but as they may tend to promote the sale; which with the prospects of unavoidable expense before me, is a greater object to me<sup>2</sup> much greater than it would otherwise have been.—The private testimonies which I receive very frequently of the effect of my writings upon the hearts & minds of men, are indeed very gratifying—because I am sure *they* must be written under *pure* influences—but it is not necessarily or even probably so with strictures intended for the public. The one are *effusions*, the other *compositions*, and liable in various degrees to inter-mixtures that take from their value—It is amusing to me to have proofs how Critics & Authors differ in judgement, both as to fundamentals and Incidentals.—As an instance of the latter—see the passage where I speak of Horace,<sup>3</sup>—quoted in the Examiner. The Critic marks in Italics for approbation, certain passages—but he takes no notice of three words, in delicacy

<sup>1</sup> *Odes on Several Subjects*, Book II, Ode xii. *On Recovering from a Fit of Sickness In the Country* 1758. It begins.

Thy verdant scenes, O Goulder’s hill,  
Once more I seek, a languid guest.

<sup>2</sup> Three words deleted here.

<sup>3</sup> *Yarrow Revisited and other Poems* 1835. *Liberty*. The passage about

of feeling worth in my estimation, all the rest—' he only listening ' ! Again what he observes in praise of my mode of dealing with Nature, as opposed to my treatment of human life, which as he says is not to be trusted, would be reversed as it has been by many who maintain that I run into excess in my pictures of the influence of natural objects, and assign to them an importance which they are not entitled to ; while in my treatment of the intellectual instincts affections & passions of mankind, I am nobly distinguished by having drawn out into notice the points in which they resemble each other, in preference to dwelling, as dramatic Authors must do, upon those in which they differ. If my writings are to last, it will I myself believe, be mainly owing to this characteristic. They will please for the single cause, ' That we have all of us one human heart ! '

farewell.

Do let us hear from you pretty often. And as you can get franks you can write as briefly as you like.

Ever affectionately yours

W W.

My dear friend,

I must correct what W. says about Dora. The inflammation *is* in a great measure subdued. But the stomach & power of digestion seem worse than ever—& my only hope is from change of air. How that is to be effected I do not see—She is so bound to home ! We have scarcely yet ventured on the subject.

God bless you.

affly yr obliged friend

M Wordsworth.

*No address or post mark. Endorsed: Spring 1835, Wordsworth, Opinion of his own Works.*

Horace is on pp 155-6 of the volume, and includes the following lines

Give me the humblest note of those sad strains  
Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,  
As a chance sunbeam from his memory fell  
Upon the Sabine Farm he loved so well,  
Or when the prattle of Bandusia's spring  
Haunted his ear—he only listening—  
He proud to please, above all rivals, fit  
To win the palm of gaiety and wit, .

MAY 1835

1834-1835  
No. 102.

153. H. C. R. to W. W.

4<sup>th</sup> May 1835.

p. 2, line 1. . . . It was I who sent you the Examiner—The article was written by one Foster<sup>1</sup> the sub-editor. I did not send it because I thought the article one of great sagacity, but because it was written manifestly in a spirit of honest love—The praise was not grudgingly given—Indeed it is pleasing to remark this everywhere—I have not yet heard of a hostile review.—I quite assent to your remarks on criticism

Among Gothes significant poems, having much of the enigma in them there is one called *Geheimnisse* in which there is a line that I have applied equally to his works and yours—

‘ Das ganze Lied es kann doch Niemand kennen ’

No one can know the *whole* song—Portions are enjoyed variously by readers in their several stages of refinement—There is no one not even an Edinburg reviewer who cannot enjoy some—Who can presume to think he has comprehended all—? I have only one wish as far as you are concerned, that you would condescend occasionally to assist in the parturition—As Socrates said he did, borrowing the art from his mother—

My personal enjoyment of these new poems has been great even beyond hope, You have all the peculiar graces which distinguish your early works And you at the same time have been making inroads on the walks of others—

I am called away—

I shall write again in a few days

My affectionate remembrance to the two Invalids Mrs Wordsworth &c &c

&c &c &c

H. C. Robinson.

2 Plowden Buildings

4 May 1835.—

Address: London May fourth 1835, W. Wordsworth Esq.,

Rydal Mount, Kendal. [franked by] Ja<sup>s</sup> Stephen.

Post Mark: Free 4 May 4 1835.

Endorsed: May 1835, H. C. R to Wordsworth.

‘ Mr. Forster was not sub-editor, but at a later time he was literary editor, and still later political editor.’ [Sadler.]

1834-1835  
No. 104.

154. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[Endorsed: 15<sup>th</sup> May 1835.]

p. 8, line 19. . . . All this time I have said nothing of our dear afflicted friends at Rydal. I cannot however believe that the case is so desperate as you represent it—but what a struggle will they have before they can decide who is to accompany the Invalid who must be removed.—Perhaps the choice is made. The danger I presume arises from the Patient not having strength to bear the remedies necessary to cure the Inflammation on the Spine. The Change must have been sudden for I had a letter from Miss Hutchinson just before Wordsworth left London for Cambridge when she spoke only of the Invalids being stationary. I am looking for a letter—longing yet dreading to receive it. . . Just after the bad news from Rydal the new Vol: of Poems were sent me ‘from the Author’ It was a sad damper to my Pleasure. It will be long before I shall be able to vanquish the mournful feeling connected with the Volume unless I hear better tidings. . .

1834-1835  
Nos 105 & 106.

155. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

[May 1835.]

My dear Friend

You will be surprized at not hearing from us ; in fact we have been in sad distress. Miss Hutchinson has been dangerously ill in a severe rheumatic fever from which we *trust* she is recovering though slowly and somewhat doubtfully. My poor Sister grows weaker and weaker, more & more emaciated. The last month was very hard upon all our Invalids, Dora included, who in common with both her poor Aunts suffered grievously from Influenza, caused by the changeableness of the weather. She is however, God be thanked, better in a stomach which has been much injured by a preparation of steel recommended as a trial, by Dr Holland. Her restlessness & anxiety for her aunts have thrown her back, but upon the whole she is not so ill as when we arrived from Town.

MAY 1835

Had not my family been in so distressing a state, I should have gone to London by Cambridge about the beginning of next month which probably would have allowed me the pleasure of seeing you before your departure for the Continent. At present I can entertain no such project, as it seems impossible that my beloved Sister can put on for any length of time. The extreme heat has been very unfavorable to all our invalids ; the thermometer for these last three days has never been under 68 in my sisters room in any of the 24 hours, and often at 78— notwithstanding all our endeavours to moderate the heat. Will you pardon me when I mention that in the midst of all this sorrow and anxiety I have not yet had the courage to look at the Italian Verses you sent me. They are however carefully preserved, & shall be studied as soon as I can command myself so as to take any interest in literature of that kind.—

Pray Do not fail to see Mr Courtenay before you go respecting any thing he may have to say, of my little temporalities, especially what relates to the Government Annuities and the disposal of any money which might become due from that quarter. I mention this point as I don't like to tease him with Letters, and as in all probability he will be absent from London during great part of the ensuing summer.—

Messrs Bell

are my Brokers, and should you be passing that way, you might learn from them how the account stands, and when any thing is likely to be due. I am very unwilling to worry Mr Courtenay about this affair—Pray let us know how dear Miss Lamb is—& believe me with much regret that I am obliged to write in this sad strain

ever your affectionate Friend

Wm Wordsworth

*Address :* H. C. Robinson Esq., Temple—

*No Post Mark.*

*Endorsed :* May 1835, Wordsworth family matters

JUNE 1835

1834-1835  
No. 111.

156. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

[24 June 1835.]

My dear Friend,

I will not distress you with a detail of all that we have feared & hoped, and suffered during these last five weeks. One of our anxieties is over and not that which we thought would first cease. Dear Miss Hutchinson, was seized with illness five weeks ago, and expired yesterday. A sharp attack of Lumbago with which her illness began, was followed by rheumatic fever; that was subdued by medicine, but she never recovered her strength—on Monday she sunk alarmingly, yesterday at noon a change took place that left no hope of saving her life, and before seven all was over, leaving upon her face as heavenly an expression in the peace & silence of death as ever human Creature had. I write through tears, but they are not the tears of sorrow. Break this matter to dear Mr & Mrs Clarkson as well as you can. My poor Sister is very feeble but we are all in health much better than our friends could think possible—Mrs Thomas Hutchinson, tell Mrs Clarkson, has been here some time, and but for her, my Wife must have sunk under watching & over-exertion. Farewell—God bless you—

Most affectionately yours

Wm Wordsworth

Rydal Mount

Wednesday June 24<sup>th</sup>

Pray call at Henry Coleridges Chambers and tell him what has happened, & how we are, I hope we shall some of us be able to write to them soon—H. C. will be so good as to inform our good friend Mrs Hoare, and also Mrs Gillman; Mrs Hoare, or dear Sarah, will be so good as to write to Mrs Gee - - And pray tell Miss Lamb.—

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup>, 2. Plowden's Buildings, Temple, London.

*Post Marks* : C 26 Ju 26 1835, Kendal Penny Post.

*Endorsed* : 24<sup>th</sup> June 1835, Wordsworth Death of Miss Hutchinson

JULY 1835

1834-1835  
No. 113.

157. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

Monday 6<sup>th</sup> July

My dear Friend

Gladly would I have replied instantly to your two last affectionate Letters, but I could not muster courage.

—It will be a week to-morrow since our dear Friend <sup>1</sup> was laid in Grasmere Churchyard, near two of her Sister's Children, & where in all probability we shall all be laid one after another—When a beloved Friend departs in this way without any organic disease, it is difficult to carry about with one the habit of feeling that she will never be seen again on earth. But no more of this—You are anxious to hear how we are going on

My Daughter has lost ground considerably—My sisters health of body seems to have suffered less than her mind. Her recollection is greatly impaired since the event, I mean her recollection of recent events. She complains of weakness & foolishness of mind which is sad to hear of—the bilious sickness and cough & expectoration which harrassed her and weakened her so much are gone; but no doubt will return. The sickness without catching cold & the coughing with it when change of weather comes. At present she complains of faintness & hollowness & has an incessant craving for some thing to support her. Such is her sad condition, nevertheless I should say that upon the whole her bodily health is better. . . I return to my Daughter—she has lost ground considerably as I said—It would be utterly in vain to attempt getting her from here as long as her Aunt continues in this feeble way; therefore I have only to thank you for your most kind offer of service in connection with her supposed Journey to Leamington, where I wish with all my Soul, I had her. But at present I am sure she could not move—therefore pray consider yourself at Liberty to make any excursions which may tempt you—How I wish I could go along with you, as I stand much in need of change of scene, but that is impossible. My dear & excellent Wife supports herself admirably under all these trials—

Now for a few words of business—it is already July—I leave

<sup>1</sup> Sarah Hutchinson.

JULY 1835

the disposal of the sum from the annuities to Mr Courtenays judgement, and yours if you think proper to suggest any thing.

Messrs Longman have paid 280 on my account into the Kendal Bank—but I know not what part of that sum could be added to the 300 from the Annuities, as my expenses, owing to so much sickness in the family have been very heavy, and money owing me for my annual expenses has not been paid.

I fear you cannot read this Letter. I feel my hand-shaking. I have had so much agitation to-day, in attempting to quiet my poor Sister, and from being under the necessity of refusing her things that would be improper for her. She has a great craving for oatmeal porridge principal[ly] for the sake of the butter that she eats along with it and butter is sure to bring on a fit of bile sooner or later. Her memory is excellent, this morning I chanced to mutter a line from Dyers Grongar Hill - - she immedia[tely <sup>1</sup>] finished the passage—reciting the previous line & the two following. - - Speaking of her faculties she told me that Miss Hutchinson's vanishing had be[en] a sad *shattering* to them.

God bless you—Let me repeat my thanks for all your zealous & devoted acts of friendship. My Sister begged me to send you her tender love - - again & again most Affectionately yours.—

I do not invite you to this House of mourning—you could not be of any use & it would only afflict you—

W. Wordsworth

*Address* : Henry Crabbe Robinson Esq., Temple, London.

*Post Marks* . Kendal Penny Post, C 8 Jy 8 1835.

*Endorsed* · 6<sup>th</sup> July 1835, Wordsworth.

1834-1835  
No 118.

158. H. C. R. to W. W.

31<sup>st</sup> July 1835

p. 2, *line* 7. . . . One likes to read the confessions of the *wrong* he [Mackintosh] did Godwin in his lectures And of his *foolishly* suffering himself to be prejudiced against the poet whom his countrymen,<sup>2</sup> more than any other have defrauded of his fame.— Did I ever tell you what Madame de Stael said once to me—

<sup>1</sup> Torn away.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the reviewers.



'Does W: write a good style? For it is style after all that immortalises a poet'—I intimated that you had written a great deal to shew that there is a great deal of *prestige* in what the modern French and English call poetical style—She then said—'Mackintosh tells me that W: is not the greatest living poet (this was anno 15) but the greatest man among the poets'—For an adversary a pretty large concession—However to the last, Gray was his idol—Mackintosh's humility is remarkable—His journals must be sincere—I was astonished to read two thoughts which tho' I have often *uttered* them myself I did not think any one ever did before or would again—He says that some one had a great dislike to him And adds—I think it more likely that I should have disreputable & disagreeable qualities than that — should have taken an unreasonable prejudice against me'—!!!

And he adds elsewhere—I should not respect my own character in another person. . . .

1834-1835  
No 145.

159. M. W. to H. C. R.

[Endorsed · Nov. 1835]

My dear Friend

We heard by a letter from Moxon<sup>1</sup> dated the 9<sup>th</sup> of your arrival in England—& you should not have remained so long without welcome salutation from Rydal Mount, but that W<sup>m</sup> was from home, & I forwarded the letter to him—& depended upon his writing a few lines of greeting to you from Whitehaven—however he is returned, not having done so—finding that writing was inconvenient to him, from a sprain he got some weeks ago in his right arm, & for which he has been using hot sea-baths, & is better—but yet it devolves upon me to send you a few hasty lines, which I readily do—hoping I may induce

<sup>1</sup> In 1834 H C R was instrumental in first making Wordsworth acquainted with Edward Moxon, afterwards his friend and publisher. Moxon became sufficiently intimate with Wordsworth to join him and H. C. R. in their trip to Paris in 1837, and he also visited the poet at Rydal Mount. There are repeated references to him in H C R's *Diary* and correspondence. Moxon himself essayed to write poetry, and published two volumes of rather poor sonnets, one of which he dedicated to Wordsworth.

you to come at *your convenience* the sooner the better—& cheer us by a detail of your adventures. It must be purely a work of charity—Your presence to W. would be inestimable—he wants such a friend to take him out of himself & to divert his thoughts from the melancholy state in which our poor Sister is *struggling* (to use her own word)—You will be surprized to hear that her *bodily health* is good—but her mind is, I may say in a state of childishness—From the *wonderful change* that has taken place in her constitution—our medical attendant has been induced to attempt to withdraw *gradually all stimulants*—& this has nearly been effected without bad consequences—& we look with somewhat of *hope*, to the time, when she is restored to the diet of a Person in health. Her memory for *passing* events, which at one period was quite gone, (tho' *retrospectively* it was perfect, & her mind if it *could be fixed* on books or serious matters as vigorous as ever) is much recovered—& this encourages us to trust that her intellect also may be restored—but alas at PRESENT her thoughts and manners are quite child-like. She has much wild pleasure in her sallies—yet almost at the same time bemoans her sufferings which it is difficult for us to understand. But this slight sketch must satisfy you—at present. Dora thank God is better—but still an invalid.

In a few days we shall have an opportunity to forward (which Moxon's letter asked us to do) *such portions* of Ch. Lamb's letters as W. chuses to part with—We should like your judgmt to be exercised regarding any thing that should be withheld from the public—You know we are very delicate upon the point of publishing the letters of private friends—but we feel that in the case of dear Ch. L.— the objections are not so forcible—The Essays he himself gave to the public are so much in the character of his letters.

Should you find it convenient to come to us, we shall expect & *insist* upon, your being an inmate during the day at R. M.—but it would neither be comfortable to you nor to ourselves, for you to lodge under this roof—I have no scruple in telling you this—knowing your habits, & that you like the liberty of a lodging of your own—& such are to be had as will exactly suit you at the foot of our hill—where you alight from the

NOVEMBER 1835

Coach—*observe* that one runs 8 times a week from Kendal & arrives here at 10 o.c. on the Monday & Wed: & Fridy Mg<sup>a</sup>  
—Let us hear from you, & believe me with affec regards from all to be very sincerely but in haste

Yours

M. Wordsworth.

Dora, upon asking what I have said about y<sup>r</sup> coming to see us, suggests that—as I have put it upon Charity—your good nature may induce you to set off at y<sup>r</sup> own inconvenience—but I do not mean you to do this on any account—& in fact y<sup>r</sup> company would be to us more valuable a month hence when we shall lose a little niece of mine who has been sojourning with us during the last melancholy twelvemonths—& who has been an interesting Companion to her Uncle on his Walks.

We have not heard from M<sup>r</sup> Courtenay since you went away.

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Plowdens Build<sup>gs</sup>, Temple, London.

*Post Mark* : Kendal Penny Post, C 21 No 21 1835.

*Endorsed* : Nov 1835, M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth—& W. W.

1834-1835  
No 141.

160. H. C. R. to M. W.

[22 Nov. 1835.]

p. 2, *line* 15. . . . I have read with great pain the sad account of Miss W: These are most distressing & humiliating evidences of our infirm & perishable nature—But the temporary obscurations of a noble mind can never obliterate the recollection of its inherent & essential worth—There are two fine lines in Gothes Tasso which occur perpetually to my mind, And are peculiarly applicble here. I can give them to you only in this shape—

‘ These are not phantoms bred within the brain :  
I know they are eternal, for they are ’

Your letter does not exclude the hope that even here and for us the veil will be lifted up. I shall rejoice indeed if I can see her as she was, If I can not, it will be a consolation to assist in withdrawing you from the too painful contemplation of an irremediable calamity. . . .

NOVEMBER 1835

1834-1835  
No. 142.

161. H. C. R. to T. R.

23<sup>rd</sup> Nov. 1835.

p. 1, line 12. . . . I have received a most pressing letter from Mrs Wordsworth urging me to go down in about a month—She says that she asks me to go as an act of charity—W. wanting the relief of a friend like me under a sad depression of spirits—Dora however, the daughter, is recovering but poor Miss W: is sinking into imbecility—This entre nous . . .

1834-1835  
No. 143.

162. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount Nov<sup>r</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> 1835

My dear friend

(I M. W hold the pen for my Husband)

Your prompt acceptance of our united invitation was nothing more than your long & oft experienced kindness had led us to expect. We shall rejoice to see you, but upon one condition—that having been so long abroad lately, you do not on our account set aside the claims which your Relatives and friends in the South, particularly your Brother, have upon you—by putting off, or shortening your visits to them. And with respect to the ensuing three weeks, I think it right to let you know, that it would add to our distress if you should be a witness of the anxiety we are undergoing on account of the experiment now in progress, & drawing towards a conclusion—I allude to our dear Sister - - You know I believe how much Opium has been thought necessary for her—we expect in the course of a fortnight to get rid of it altogether—and shal do so, if a diarrhea[sic] does not come on—but her present sufferings appear to be, from withdrawing this medicine so severe, that we would rather you were not conscious of them to the extent that would be unavoidable, if you were with us.

At the lodging where the Coach will set you down at the foot of our hill you can be accommodated also with a sitting room—and attendance. I have been to look at the house this morning—the rooms are well-sized, tho' low—for a single Person, & neatly furnished—the only objection to them is, that the situation is too low, & somewhat confined—but at this season of the year far less so than in summer, when the leaves are on

the trees—the better sitting room, for you have a choice of two; looks directly up our hill, & commands, now that the trees are bare, rather a cheerful view of Lady Fleming's Park. But the great advantage of this lodging lies in being so near us that our intercourse need not be at all dependent upon weather.

Before this reaches you you may probably have seen Moxon or heard from him about our late communication with him.—& have learnt our determination upon dear Lamb's letters & our wishes respecting them—therefore I need not touch further upon that point—As to the lines sent—the more I think of them, the more do I feel that their number renders it little less than impossible that they should be used as an Epitaph—so convinced am I of this, that I feel strongly impelled, as I hinted to Moxon in my yesterday's letter, containing a revised copy of the lines, to convert them into a Meditation supposed to be uttered by his Graveside<sup>1</sup>; which would give me an opportunity of endeavouring to do some little justice to a part of the subject, which no one can treat *adequately*—viz—the sacred friendship which bound the Brother & sister together, under circumstances so affecting. Entertaining this view, I have *hoped* rather than expected that I might be able to put into ten or twelve couplets, a thought or feeling which might not be wholly unworthy of being inscribed upon a stone—consecrated to his memory & placed near his remains. Having however thrown off my first feeling already, in a shape so different—I wish that some one else, Mr Talfourd, Mr Moxon, Mr Southey, or any other of his friends accustomed to write verse would write the Epitaph.—Miss L. herself, if the state of her mind did not disqualify her for the undertaking.—*She* might probably do it better than any of us.

Before you set off northwards pray call at Longmans & enquire about my Poems—whether the Yarrow has been re-printed & if it has, bring down a Copy—& if not finished as many of the Sheets as are struck off—also learn if you can

<sup>1</sup> The lines *Written after the Death of Charles Lamb*, composed in Nov. 1835, were not published until 1837. There is a break at l 38, and the poet goes on to say that he has given up the ' - - doubting hope that they might serve fitly to guard the precious dust of him Whose virtues called them forth. - - ' He therefore continues the poem. There are now 131 ll in all and they include a record of 'the sacred friendship which bound the brother and sister together.

NOVEMBER 1835

what number of the 4 Vols are still on hand. See also Mr Courtenay & ask Moxon if the engraving from my Portrait has been begun—It is often enquired after. You will see Mr Moxon of course. My Nephew John Wordsworth—now lodges at 7 Howard St. Strand—pray drop him a line by the 2nd Post, telling him *when* you set off—he may have something to send.—We write these requests with a smile at what y<sup>r</sup> good nature has brought upon you. My Sister lived some time in Norfolk when she was young, & fancies that she should like some Norfolk Beefins,<sup>1</sup> & has often said she was sure if Mr Robinson knew how *she longed* for them, you would send her some—Could you contrive to bring her a Box—all kinds of fruit are grateful to her—but none are left now, & oranges are not yet eatable.

With affec remembrances from all here, ever faithfully  
Yours Wm Wordsworth

P.S. If it be not disagreeable, call & make enquiries in our name after Mr Rogers and his Sister—& thank him for his letter to me from Ramsgate, which I will answer as soon as I have anything comfortable to say -- tell him I luckily escaped Wilks<sup>2</sup> -- as did, I believe, Southey—he has however reported some impertinencies concerning us both -- from the mouth as he affirms of Prof: Wilson. Upon which point if you have any pleasure in observing inconsistencies in character, I will amuse you when you come.

Poor dear Miss Lamb! We gather from both you & Moxon that she is better—but as neither of you have spoken definitely—we know not how to address ourselves to her—so leave it to your judgment to say every thing tender and affectionate at a fit opportunity for us—we do feel for and love her dearly.

Address: H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowdens Build<sup>g</sup>, Temple,  
London.

Post Mark: None.

Endorsed: 25 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1835, Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> 'Biffin written beffin in East Anglia. A kind of large rosy winter apple, preserved by being dried in bakers' ovens and occasionally pressed till it becomes soft and flat.' *Dialect Dictionary*

<sup>2</sup> N. P. Wilks, American poet and man of letters. See unpubl<sup>d</sup>. diary, 3 and 5 June, 1834.

8<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1885

p. 2, line 2. . . . As to poor dear Mary Lamb I saw her lately at Moxon's She was quite comfortable and talked on indifferent subjects with cheerfulness—I was afraid to repeat your kind message lest kindness should soften & affect her Perhaps this was a groundless apprehension—Moxon says he sent her your letter and that she was gratified and delighted

As to your beautiful Epitaph which reads like one of your own delightful translations from Chiabrera) we are all agreed—We are sure you will work up the already beautiful materials into a form of higher beauty—And produce a contemplative poem worthy the subject—

Dear Mary with all her excellencies is not without a tinge of vanity. She does not take pleasure in seeing the *servile* state & humble life of her brother recorded And she shrinks naturally enough from all allusion to calamities or sufferings—Talfourd promised me a sight of the letters but he has not yet offered them to me—If I come to you before Christmas, as we purpose, I perhaps shall not be able—but I will try to get a sight of them

I shall make the due enquiries at Longmans'

I rejoice to hear that Yarrow revisited is reprinted, or under the press tho' I may lose an opportunity of proposing a correction in punctuation In one of your finest sonnets, at least one of my favorites, you say

Heaven out of sight, Our Wishes what are they ?  
Or fond regrets impatient in their grasp ?

Now it seems to me that however *impatient* and *grasping wishes* may be, these are inappropriate qualities when extended to *regrets*—The former are essentially active, the latter passive—Why not thus ?

Heaven out of sight, our wishes what are they  
(Or fond regrets) impatient in their grasp ?

I have been busy lately or I should have called on Mr Rogers before, but I shall call soon—I breakfasted with him about ten days ago and found him tête à tête very kind And in a more

DECEMBER 1835

seriously contemplative & sentimental mood than I had supposed habitual to him—

Moxon has a book in the press about Coleridge which will contain things that you will di[sap<sup>1</sup>]prove of—But much, very much more offensive are the passages which he has been able to suppress—Had he refused the publication all would have appeared. . . .

1834-1835  
No. 148

164. W. W. to H. C. R.

[Dec. 16th 1835]

My dear Friend (I write for William)

If you have seen Mr Moxon lately he will have told you that whenever it suits you to be here, we shall be glad to see you. Your letter of yesterday was very welcome, & I prepare this to take with me to Kendal tomorrow, where I shall gain the best knowledge about Coaches—to enable me to give advice for your journey—I may say however at present that in order to avoid the expence of a special conveyance—a Car or Chaise—you must contrive to be at Kendal—on the Tuesday, Thursday, or the Sunday even<sup>s</sup>—so as to benefit by the Coach the next morn<sup>s</sup>. But after all this might be no great object, as if you were to reach K. on the intermediate days, by the earlier coaches, some of which arrive at 2 or 3 oc—you might come on in a Gig or Car (stipulate as you have a right to do for 9d a mile, but they may attempt to make you pay 1/) which would not make your travelling expenses more than lodging at Kendal. Agnes Atkinson's is the house where you must stop. Thank you for the proposal about the Tamarinds. Our poor Sister smiled at the passage in your kind letter where you speak of your wish to bring her aught to 'stimulate her appetite'—that alas! is keen enough, for she told me poor Creature this morn<sup>s</sup> that 'she is never happy but when she is eating' It would be wrong to conceal from you that the great experiment we have made—(tho' its effects upon the body have not disappointed us—or indeed made any material change, the *bodily* improvement had taken place before—or what has been done *could not* have been

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.



effected) has brought no comfort with respect to the *mind*—The recollection of passing objects is indeed greatly restored—but is more than counterbalanced by increasing irritability, which when her wishes are necessarily opposed amounts to rage & fury.

I have been very uneasy since I sent off the selection of Lamb's Letters, as by so doing I seem to sanction a practice, which I hold, for the most part, in utter detestation—viz—that of publishing the casual effusions (& most letters are nothing more) of men recently dead—I was much pleased to learn from the life of Mackintosh that Sir Ja<sup>s</sup> Scarlet destroyed all letters but those upon business, I wish this to be done towards myself & I would do it towards others, unless where I thought the Writer himself wished for their preservation. I earnestly desire you would get a sight of those of L, which I have sent to Mr M.—& if they are to be used at all, after what I have said to you & Mr M., that you and He would strike out every passage which you think L or his Sister would object to—above all, such as you think would give pain to any living individual [*sic*]~~—~~or the Persons connections, after his death

I rather grieve for what you report of Miss L's spice of vanity His submitting to that mechanical employment, placed him in fine moral contrast with other men of genius, his cotemporaries, who in sacrificing personal independence, have made a wreck of morality & honour to a degree which it is painful to consider. To me this was a noble feature in Lamb's life & furnishes an admirable lesson by which thousands might profit.

Your critical objection is valid—it is true that regret is in its nature a passive quality, & deep regret or deeply-seated regret would be a better expression, than *strong* regrets: but I used the word in connection with what follows to designate regret as spreading itself over a large portion of past time & including multifarious objects with an active & unsatisfied appetite. But this meaning is not sufficiently brought out Your parenthesis is so unimpassioned & awk[w]ard that the faulty passage had better [stand] as at present with a chance of being overlooked—besides I have no doubt that the sheet is struck off long since.—I should even prefer to your parenthesis,

DECEMBER 1835

omitting regrets altogether, & leaving the passage thus weakened the line thus ' And our fond hopes, so eager in their grasp.'

or read the whole thus

Heaven out of sight—hopes, wishes, what are they ?

And what is knowledge with its eager grasp ?

The Sages theory ' &c

Still better,

Our hopes, our aims, so eager in their grasp,

The ' Red Rover ' from Bull & Mouth London at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7 or eight in the evening arrives in Manchester at 4 following evening.

' Telegraph ' leaves London at 5 in the Morning arrives in Manc<sup>r</sup> at 11 same evening.

Coaches from Manchester to Kendal at 6 8 &  $\frac{1}{2}$  before 12 A M from the Royal Hotel Swan & Commercial—the Mail at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 P M arrives in Kendal  $\frac{1}{2}$  before 12 - -

[No signature or conclusion]

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Plowdens Build<sup>gs</sup>, Temple, London.

*Post Mark* : Kendal De. 16 1835, C 18 D 18 1835.

*Endorsed* : 18 (Dec<sup>r</sup> 1835.), M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth on publishing the letters of the deceased.

1836-1837  
No 76

165. H. C. R. to T. R.

Rydal Cottage 7<sup>th</sup> Jan 1836.

p. 1, line 16. . . . Then I breakfast & read till One when the Wordsworths dine—With them I remain regularly from 1 to 9 O Clock In the afternoon I walk with W. for several hours And after tea I read out—W:s eyes render reading unpleasant to him Our book for the present is De Toqueville on Democracy in America. By far the best book that it has given rise to—The author is a profound thinker And by no means a party man—It is hard to say whether his book favours or not the Democratic cause—He writes about it like a *fatalist*—But read it by all means. We have also here a copious supply of Tory journals—A little whiggery only by chance. The Examiner

for me. I ordered it here as a set off to the other papers—Politics occupy a great deal of our talking as well as reading time And W. and I manage to differ without any acrimony—Were I not so good natured a man as I am I could not quarrel with an adversary who seems to be made absolutely unhappy by the apprehension of a victory from my own party—

*p. 2, line 7.* . . . Here is W: every day affirming with the solemnity of a Hebrew prophet that he would rather dye a thousand deaths than consent to yield any part of the Established Church in Ireland—And opposed to him I heard Dr Arnold (the Rugby Schoolmaster who has built himself a house here for the vacations) avow his opinion that the Catholic Church ought as a matter of mere political right, to be established in Ireland as Episcopacy is in England & Presbyterianism is in Scotland being the religion of the nation—And I nearly agree with him. . . .

*p 3, line 29* . Poor Miss W: is in a very melancholy state—I have seen her once Yet she is likely to live years as I am told by the medical man here—I do not consider this as good news - - -

1836-1837  
No 97a

166. M. W. to H. C. R.

Sat. Feb 20<sup>th</sup> [1836]

My dear Friend

Thanks for your letter, which I assure you has been long looked for (not that we did not receive your short one on your arrival in Town)—& for its enclosures. But I wish you had told us something more of yourself—if you have got thro' your business, & whether your plan of travel is arranged<sup>1</sup>—or if you have determined upon your new Quarters? We feel as if we ought to know something more about you *Personally*. For ourselves we are going on just as you left us—I cannot report of the least change either for better or worse. We have had both our Sons over for a week or little more—which interrupted the sadness that followed upon our parting with you—they left us together last Tuesday, & had a stormy drive poor fellows! to Workington—their place was in part filled up by Sockbridge

<sup>1</sup> He had just decided not to go to Spain to Barron Field.

John<sup>1</sup> next Coach-day, who is now with us—The sale is advertized for the 9th of next Month.

We have now delightful weather—. W<sup>m</sup> & I drove to Bowness on Thursday—to call upon the Pasleys,<sup>2</sup> who are come there to superintend the building of their house—thence round by Elleray where we found Mr Hamilton quite recovered. Lady F. & he enquired most particularly after you, as indeed do all our neighbours.

Your radical friends of Fox How were detained a few days by the illness of their Baby—but all was well again—& I have had a good report of their safe arrival at Rugby. Mrs A speaks of a number of new Admissions, so that John Bull's<sup>3</sup> spite does not promise to injure the School.

Your news of Mr Monkhouse is very encouraging, having a while ago heard from his Sister, who was somewhat hopeless on the subject of his eyes. He will have left Town, or Wm would have requested you to order for *him* of Longman's (*at trade price*) a copy of Johnson's life which Mr M. wished to be sent to his lodgings, & for the Messenger to receive pay on delivery.

Dora with her tender love bids me tell you that your unlucky pocket Hf<sup>r</sup> is safe in her hands, which she will take care of till she can restore it to you herself—She bids me add, that 'she has hitherto considered you a *true* friend, and ho[pe<sup>4</sup>] you still are so—but if you are aw[are<sup>4</sup>] of the flatteries which almost every other day her Father has poured in upon him you would be slow to encrease, *for our sakes*, the number. For he is really, she says, growing so vain *she* cannot keep him in any kind of order.

W. has just said to me that it is rather odd he should learn that the Church is strengthened *spiritually* by his humble exertions, at the moment when under many discouraging circumstances, he is doing his utmost for having an additional

<sup>1</sup> The poet's nephew, owner of the Sockbridge estate.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the Sir Thomas Pasley several times mentioned in H C R's. Diary as a friend of Wordsworth and of the Arnolds. For Sir Charles Pasley see p. 178.

<sup>3</sup> Arnold's pamphlet on *The Principles of Church Reform*, 1833, & other writings which followed, roused a storm of opposition which lasted at least four years. See Stanley's *Life*, i. 296 f.

<sup>4</sup> Paper torn.

FEBRUARY 1836

Church built in his Native Town of Cockermouth. He has nothing further to say than that the conduct of the Minister[?] & Radicals in the Carlo[w] affair<sup>1</sup> proves [?] that Hume knew what he was about when he said that he would vote Black White & White Black, as suited his purpose.

God bless you my very dr F<sup>d</sup>  
affly yours

M Wordsworth

Do you know anything of Mr Higgins<sup>2</sup>—Sec<sup>r</sup> of Nat His. [?] at Guys Hospital? He has just sent us his little B[ook<sup>3</sup>] upon 'the Earth.

*Crossings on p 1.*

[In W's writing.] Your Friend Mr Painter<sup>4</sup> may be told that it is admitted by Johnians that the Nephew of the Poet and Son of the master was the better Man. He may therefore be quite easy about his Vote. W W

[In M<sup>rs</sup> W's hand.] Miss W sends her love & bids me say that 'she has had many a *sad tug* since you went & that she has been very ill used, & has wanted you to protect her.'

*Address* · H C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Plowden's Buildings, Temple.  
*Post Mark* None.

*Endorsed*: 20 feb. 1836, M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth.

1836-1837  
No. 104

167. H. C. R. to M. W.

2 Plowden Buildings Temple

My dear friend—

8 March 1836.

You will receive within a day or two, if you have not received already a quarter chest of oranges. And I will replace the quantity when these shall be exhausted—I believe it is necessary to take the oranges out, for the sake of preserving them, otherwise it is not necessary to dive into the chest on account of any hidden treasure I told Dora that I should put some books

<sup>1</sup> County Carlow Election Petition, 1835 6

<sup>2</sup> William Mullinger Higgins, *The Earth, its physical condition and most remarkable phenomena*, 1836 The *DNB* knows nothing of him

<sup>3</sup> Paper torn

<sup>4</sup> Paynter was a barrister and an intimate friend of H. C. R.

into the chest, but I found this impracticable ; first I should have encroached too much on the space intended for the oranges, and then I must have delayed too long sending them—I have collected a small parcel of books, but I found an old copy of a work I heard Mr W: express a desire to have, among my books too bad to be sent in its present state And my book binder is unluckily very dilatory.

The Oranges, you will not forget to let Miss Wordsworth know are sent to *her*.—The odd thing that you will find stuck somewhere in the middle, on the other hand, you will understand to be sent to yourself—I wish you to know also that this has been sent, not in the usual way, out of mere good nature to give you a moment's pleasure, but as a matter of conscience.—Having seen you more than once do an act by which it seems to me that your life is endangered, And aware that at the cost of a few shillings the necessity of performing the act may be obviated, I attempted to make the purchase in Kendal, but found you so far back in civilisation that the article is unknown in your county town.—

'May you lift it a thousand years'—A Spaniard would say

Thank Dora for preserving my pocket handkerchief I see she has not read Sterne to no purpose And has borrowed a hint from *Maria*—I hope she keeps it as tenderly as her predecessor did—I shall not be less grateful than Yorick was—.

*p 4, line 9.* . . . (I interrupt our good friend H. C. R. to send my love to you and Dora—my best wishes for your loved invalid—and all proper regards to your husband—that is to say my affectionate remembrances—John Kenyon—)

The interrupted lines speak for themselves—There is a ballot at the Athenaeum this evening—And that brings a considerable party together.

. . . Remember me *appropriately* to all the kind people of Ambleside, who for your sakes have been so friendly to me—your good Doctor, the Cooksons Hamiltons &c To your household as *one* I desire my affectionate remembrances—

&c &c &c. &c.

H. C. Robinson

Endorsed. 8<sup>th</sup> March 1836, H. C. R. to Wordsworth

MARCH 1836

1836-1837  
No. 106

168. W. W. to H. C. R.

March 16<sup>th</sup> I *think* [1836]  
Thursday however.

My dear Friend,

The oranges arrived safe and have proved most delicious to the Invalids of this House, to Miss Cookson, and that poor young creature Miss Jackson who we fear is dying of a consumption.

My Daughter guessed what your present would prove, which her Mother could not, nor could I when your Letter was forwarded to me. it has proved useful and also is ornamental, though Jane thinks it much too good for the purpose. My best News is that our dear Sister is mightily improved in bodily health since your departure; her mind however is still feeble in all that relates to her illness, of which she has a strangely confused recollection. She now makes some little progress in walking though not without support.

We had no sale at Penrith for John's lands, there being no competition. he is endeavouring to do better by private Contract—Mr Lightfoot I do not much like, and he is of a bad stock, but he *seems* well disposed.—in this matter. [last three words in Mr<sup>s</sup> W's handwriting.]

I am not sorry that you have given up the Spanish scheme.— Could I afford it I should take an Excursion upon the Continent in the summer, and should be heartily glad of your company. But my Stamp Off. income appears to be in such a rapid course of reduction, that I shrink from avoidable expense. The Registration Bill, if carried, will take from me 70£<sup>1</sup> per Ann. Could you call at Moxons that he may talk with you about certain<sup>2</sup> things I have mentioned to him relating to my Poems, in a Letter of this morning, to go by the same parcel as this.— He will furnish you with a copy of my Last Verses, as an introduction from me<sup>3</sup> to J. Cookson— — —

I wish your Friend Wood<sup>4</sup> could do something either for

<sup>1</sup> '£' written in by Mrs W.                      <sup>2</sup> Final 'n' written in by Mrs. W.

<sup>3</sup> 'from me' written in by Mrs W.

<sup>4</sup> Rem 1851 'My Diary [1821] mentions " John Wood, a lively genteel young man "' Now he is a man of importance in the State, being the

MARCH 1836

father or Son.—for poor Willy will be a Beggar.—He is now begging 10 per Ann: of me to enable him to go on. I must tell you that the Income of the Carlisle Sub Distribution is far short of what it appears to be on the Books ; the Registrar [*sic*] exacting [,] under threats of applying to the Head Office in London for the Probate &c which he has occasionally [*sic*] done<sup>1</sup> [,] a large portion of the Poundage allowed.

As to the Irish Municipal Bill,<sup>2</sup> and the arguments in its support, what would you say to your shoes & mine being made off the same Last !—

farewell with love from all  
affectionately yours  
W Wordsworth

[P.S. by M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth]  
My dear friend

I cannot put up this without expressing my own thanks for all your kindness—& as in duty bound more especially for your consideration of myself. William has been absent for 10 days—first at the intended sale—then at Workington to assist at the Christening of William the 3<sup>d</sup> with whom and his Sister and Brother the old gentleman returned, as much delighted as any fond grandfather ever was since the world begun. I saw M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Harden in their Carriage the other day who both asked particularly after you—M<sup>rs</sup> H's feebleness of limb increases I am sorry to say—I assure you *all* your Acquaintance here retain a lively remembrance of you—& join in our wishes to see you among us again. I have no good account to send of Dora & she does not like my grumbling about her—So God bless you my dear friend

M. Wordsworth

We grieved to hear of poor Mary Lamb.

*Address* : H C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowdens Buildings, Temple.  
*Post Mark* : None.

*Endorsed* : 16<sup>th</sup> March 1836, Wordsworth & M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth

Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue He was previously the head of the Stamp Office and Chairman of Excise. In the latter capacity he lately effected great economical reforms.

<sup>1</sup> 'which . . . done' added by Mrs W

<sup>2</sup> This was finally passed in 1840 after six years' controversy.



MARCH 1838

1836-1837  
No. 110.

169. W. W. to H. C. R.

March 26th [1838]

My dear Frie[n]d,

This will reach you thro[u]gh Mr Milnes, to whom I have written upon Sergeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill,<sup>1</sup> which Stands for April 11th. Wednesday. Pray do *your* utmost in *every direction* to defeat the Rapacity of the Booksellers, & the stupidity of Hume, Grote, Warburton, and such like—

Thanks for your entertaining Letter; poor Mrs Dashwood! I am sorry, but not in the least su[r]prized—she is of a queer Breed. Jones<sup>2</sup> I knew, and all about him, he is a vain empty conceited Fellow, who would be mischievous if he were not such a fool.—We were glad to hear of Mr Trotter;<sup>3</sup> when you happen to see him, pray give our kind compliments.—

Your University & College are humbugs, All these attempts to make men cooperate whose opinions are, or, were they conscientious men, ought to be, so widely different, are founded on false views of human Nature.—

Unless my Sonnets are to be sent forth in one Volume, I regret having ever consented to the publication. My view was to place them under the eye of the Reader at once; but I cannot have an objection to have two titles as Moxon proposes, so that they who prefer the work in two Volumes may be gratified. There will be half a dozen new ones—

When I tell you that I have written within these two or three days at least 40 Letters in support of the Serjeant's motion, you will not be su[r]prized at this abrupt conclusion

ever most faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> This was introduced into the House in 1837, but was rejected; eventually, as remodelled by Lord Mahon (later, Earl Stanhope) and Macaulay, it passed in 1842. Wordsworth took considerable part in the agitation to pass Talfourd's bill, and, in 1839, sent in a personal petition on its behalf.

<sup>2</sup> Colonel Jones, a member of the Council of University College, London. See H. C. R.'s letter (No. 207), 12 March 1838, to which this present letter is a reply. Wordsworth's letter has been wrongly endorsed '1836' for '1838' and so has been misplaced.

<sup>3</sup> See notes pp. 108 and 109.

MARCH 1838

Thanks for the Bust—it is an astonishing likeness & will be *much valued* in this house ; all the Servants knew it at once.

When you see Mr Rogers tell him that the Printer of the Sonnets must proceed quickly and regularly, or I shall be utterly disgusted by the delay—it interferes with many of my engagements, & with my time.—

You know of old my partiality for Evans<sup>1</sup> the Squib below I let off immediately upon reading his modest self-defence speech the other day.

Said red-ribbon'd Evans  
' My legions in Spain  
Were at sixes & sevens ;  
Now they're famished or slain !  
But no fault of mine,  
For like brave Philip Sidney  
In campaigning I shine,  
A true Knight of his Kidney.  
Sound flogging and fighting,  
No Chief, on my troth,  
Ere took such delight in  
As I in them both.  
Fontarabbia can tell  
How my eyes watched the foe,  
Hornani knows well  
That our feet were not slow.  
Our hospitals, too,  
Are ma[t]chless in story,  
Where her thousands fate slew  
All panting for glory.'  
Alas for this Hero  
His fame touched the skies,  
Then fell below Zero ;  
Never never to rise !

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Evans, M.P. for Westminster, commanded the British levy raised to assist the Spanish royalists against the Carlists in 1835. He was unsuccessful in an attack on Fontarabia in July, 1836.

MARCH 1838

For him to Westminster  
Did Prudence convey,  
There safe as a Spinster  
The Patriot to play.

See the end on last page <sup>1</sup>

But why be so glib on  
His feats, or his fall ?  
He 's got his red ribbon  
And laughs at us all.—

One memorable stanza of the above is rather difficult to  
decypher, here you have it again—

Sound flogging and fighting,  
No Chief, on my troth,  
Ere took such delight in  
As I in them both—

*Address* · H. C Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowdens Build<sup>g</sup>, Temple.

*Post Mark* : None.

*Endorsed* : 26 Mar: 1836 [should be 1838], Wordsworth,  
Squib ag<sup>st</sup> Evans Opin<sup>a</sup> of Univ<sup>y</sup> College.

1836-1837  
No 120

170. W. W. to H. C. R.

[April 1836]

My dear Friend

The Box has arrived a thousand thanks—but to whom was  
the packing entrusted, several of the Books, especially the new-  
bound Clarendon, have been a good deal disfigured for want of  
the precaution being taken of folding them up separately in  
paper, which ought *always* to be done. We fear you have robbed  
your own shelves—My little Library had long been disgraced  
by want of Gibbons [?decline] a deficiency you have kindly  
supplied, and two Vols of my Clarendon had fallen into the  
Opium eaters hands they were however I believe a present  
from him so I have not much reason to complain in this case.  
The Chiabrera is a great acquisition—

Have you Dissenter as you are, any Friends who would  
cooperate with a poor Poet, out of their love of his art and his

<sup>1</sup> The two previous lines and this note are scribbled across the corner  
of the page

APRIL 1836

attempts in it, and out of affection to the Church of England, in his endeavour to assist in building a new Church in his *native place* where it is much wanted.—Sums however small would be acceptable, and I the said Poet should be happy in being the medium of conveying them to the Committee, names mentioned or not—as agreeable—The people of C. are Poor, but we have some, and *even pretty good* hope of succeeding.—Pray do what you can for me, as they depend a good deal upon my exertions in their behalf.

*Dorina* thanks you for the Rhine, not inferior she thinks to the former Vol.

Tell Mr Courtenay to be so good as to look out for placing £2,500 for me which I shall have at command shortly.

ever faithfully yours. My arm aches with scrawling Letters this morning about my poor Church

Our invalids pretty much as usual. My sister was out yesterday & wept abundantly at the sight of the spring flowers.

Address · H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>rs</sup>, Plowdens Build<sup>ngs</sup>, Temple.

Post Mark · None

Endorsed : April or May 1836,<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth (Autograph).

1836-1837  
No 118.

171. H. C. R. to W. W.

22<sup>nd</sup> April. 1836

p. 1, *line* 4. . . . The rest of your note made me rather uncomfortable—The accident about the books is perhaps to be in part ascribed to my inability to see to the packing up—My old clerk and the carpenter should have managed better—Your application to me to be a sort of *almoner* for your 'poor Church' troubles me—I see you take the matter to heart And I wish I could assist you—I cannot without exposing myself to something like ridicule or a serious charge of hypocrisy pretend to feel a personal interest in such a matter And it so happens that in running over in my mind the names of those friends and acquaintance who are admirers, especial admirers of your

<sup>1</sup> The letter was certainly written before No. 171 q v, which is a reply to it. It must therefore have been written before 22 April.

writings I could not find above *three* who are attached to your Church—There are many whom I could ask to subscribe for a monument to you in any church, whom I could not ask to contribute to build a new church in the place of your birth—I had a sad rebuff yesterday—And as the anecdote is not in the slightest degree disrespectful to you, And will assist in coming to a right understanding of the character of an ultra party in the Church, which I believe you like as little as myself, tho not at so great a distance from it I will e'en relate it to you—I know a most amiable & indeed excellent clergyman with whom I became acquainted chiefly in consequence of his being a *passionate* partizan of your poetry when it had much fewer friends than it has now—Of late years he has been very shy towards me—Indeed nearly cut me—I knew very well, because of the freedom of my opinions or rather because I *wanted* opinions—This did not offend me in the least And I have occasionally called on him—And this I did on the receipt of your note—His tone towards me has always been that of kindness, a sort of half suppressed commiseration—We always talk about you—I found to my unaffected surprise that he had never read your Ecclesiastical Sketches—How so! I exclaimed—‘I suspect you are become an apostate from the true faith in poetry’—Oh no! he replied—What I did love in Wordsworth, I love still and shall always love’—thus leading to further explanations I at length found that while he has the highest admiration of you as a poet—It is precisely your religious poems that give him no pleasure—At last came the startling intimation ‘I think the doctrine of the Excursion altogether Anti-Christian!’—I said—‘Knowing your religious opinions I should not have been at all surprised at your saying that Ws doctrine falls *short* of Christianity—but *contrary to*—is quite incomprehensible—‘Yes *contrary to*—Ws Excursion represents *faith* per se as meritorious—Now faith independently of the *object of faith* I hold to be as worthless as the moral virtues—The only faith that is of any value, is *Christian* faith—faith in the *redeemer as such*, faith in that *connection between the redeemer and the redeemed* in which alone Christianity exists. Every thing else is nothing or worse than nothing’—Now this was not quite new to me—I recollect

something of the kind in a review of your works in the Ecclectic [*etc*] Review many years ago, ascribed to Montgomery and this is perhaps essentially what poor crazy Muley Moloch at Lausanne meant. I could not tell my friend, whom I sincerely respect—And not the less so, because he does not equally respect me, that precisely that which renders certain of your writings un-enjoyable to him, enhances their value in my eyes—My friend holds *natural prety* which your writings are likely to nourish, as utterly worthless—he said ‘W. seems to me to love religion as he loves the beauties of nature or a fine painting, or poetry’ (he might have added—noble and generous actions, patriotism, disinterestedness &c.) But all this may be and yet no religion whatever in the heart’ . . .

p. 4, line 15. . . . That I may say at once all I have to say And never be again in danger of writing what it may be displeasing to you to read—I would add that I have often regretted not being born of Church of England parents—Just as I regret being born in so unpicturesque a county as Suffolk instead of Westmoreland or Cumberland—As I regret being so *ugly*, bearing a *mean* name &c. &c. The opposite of these and other accidents of birth are graces and ornaments or felicities the absence of which I do not seriously lament. . . .

1836-1837  
No. 119b

172. W. W. to H. C. R.

[27 April 1836]

My dear Friend,

Offended ! what could you be dreaming about !—I write now to tell you that I hope to be in London before three weeks are over at the latest, and yet circumstanced as we are all my hopes are but reflections from a troubling surface.

A thousand thanks for your Letter. My intention is to be on first going to town at my Friend Mr Watson's—6 Park street, for many reasons, and not the least that I shall then have an opportunity of meeting my Brother—Pray thank Mr Courtenay for his Letter all my money shall be at his disposal as soon as I can get it. He is one of the kindest of men, & has what neither you or I have, a genius for money-making.—

Could you contrive to let Longman know that I mean to be

APRIL 1836

in town ?—they must have been looking for a Letter from me ; which they would have received three weeks ago, but that my man James forgot to post it ; he has the worst recollection of any creature living.

If you see Landor, thank him for Pericles & Aspasia, but tell him to leave the Church alone. He has lived too long in Italy to know how the Church of England is now working, & what it stands in need of.—

Our Invalids are much at one [?], my sister in rather a better way.

Pray remember me to Moxon & tell him that a Letter for him also was in the Cover which James forgot to post.—I shall see M— immediately upon my reaching Town, if I am able to go.  
farewell

Wednesday

Most affectionately your

27<sup>th</sup> April—

W. W.

[P.S. by Dora. W.]

This letter is all ' tell '—' tell '—' tell ', but one important question is now to be asked ? Will you embark with Father for any part of the Continent where travelling wont be more fatiguing than a man in his 67<sup>th</sup> year with ' all diseases that the spittals know ' (in his fancy at least) ought to undertake —A thousand thanks from Dorina for y<sup>r</sup> beautiful gift wh she thinks equals the 1<sup>st</sup> Vol in interest.

*Address* : H C. Robinson Esqr 2. Plowdens Buildings, Temple.

*Post Mark* : 7 Nt 7 My. 2, 1836. T. P Southamp<sup>a</sup> Ct.

*Endorsed* : 27 April 1836. W: Wordsworth.

1836-1837  
No. 121.

173. H. C. R. to W. W.

2 Plowden Building Temple

4<sup>th</sup> May 1836

My dear Friend

On Saturday there was sent off by the Kendal waggon a small deal box containing a few books, which I happened to know you wished to possess and which I have therefore had great pleasure in removing from my shelves to yours—Some of them required putting in order or you would have had them long ago—

One of them I must apologise for sending It is a Blackstone so very shabby a copy, that I should be equally ashamed to offer it to your Son William as a present, Or to send it you as purchased for you by your order—As I never observed in you or any one of your family the slightest tendency to take offence at trifles, I ought not to suspect him likely to betray any weakness of the kind—But I do beg you (if you think it worth [*sic*] to forward him the very dirty volumes) to send them as a very cheap copy picked up by chance, which may serve for the moment to be read, tho' unfit to be put among decent books in a case—I should say to account for my sending such a book, that it was only at the last moment when the other books were collected, that I recollected your former application for a Blackstone—I enquired of a friend—who said—' Send none at all. There have been so many changes in our law that Black\* will only mislead a young man—Within a year or two there will be a new edition stating the new laws'.—But thought I, the book is wanted—And who knows when a new edition will come? I will get the commonest copy I can find—So I ran to a second hand shop—And almost without looking at the thing, bought it—And when it came home I was ashamed of my acquisition—That's the real state of the case—

I fear Dora too will find the second Volume of the Rhine very inferior to the first—

Moxon has sent me a Number of the Dictionary which you will find in the box—

Having mentioned these matters of business, I must een close my letter for want of any worthier subject to write on after I have expressed the pleasure that your letter would have given, had not the really good news it contained been preceded by I fear an exaggeration, that made it appear rather bad than otherwise Only a few days before, I met Miss Rogers in company who said that Mr<sup>s</sup> Marshall had received a delightful letter from Miss W: who was (marvellously) *quite recovered*!!! Compared with such an account yours gave but cold comfort—I will hope however that as your dear Sister has already made advances towards recovery which you could never have expected, she may still improve And that you may again enjoy



MAY 1836

her society to your satisfaction—Such restorations have a happy effect even beyond the moment, they are a preservative from despair, in all other cases of apparent peril—I had hoped from a word that Moxon dropped, that you were coming to occupy his otherwise empty rooms—were you here in May, you would meet with *Landor*. he is now in Wales. . . .

[P.S]. A few days ago. I stumbled on a very droll letter<sup>1</sup> acknowledging the receipt of just such a coal scoop as I sent Mrs W:—M thinks it worthy printing—Of course that will be left to Talfourd's decision—he will probably finish his work in the Summer Vacation—

1836-1837  
No. 123.

174. H. C. R. to W. W.

8<sup>th</sup> May 1836./—

p. 8, line 12. . . Basta ! I saw Moxon this morning—I rejoice to learn that your intention to come is persevered in—You will be fought for I find—*Talfourd* & *Moxon* both claim you after you have discharged your engagement to Mr *Watson*—*Landor* says he will if possible stay till you come—And as you might not like to visit him at *Gore House* (Lady B's)<sup>2</sup> Kenyon urges him to remove to his house to meet you there—I enclose a note to Mrs W. . . .

1836-1837  
No. 139

175. W. W. to H. C. R.

[24th June 1836]

44 Dover St

Tomorrow at Sergeant Talfourd's for a couple of dayys [*sic*]

My dear Friend

I have been expecting to hear from you or rather to see you every day ; And now feel not a little ashamed to tell you by Letter what I wished to say *viva voce*, that after having been 2 months without seeing the faces of those at home who are so dear to me, I have not courage to prepare for our continental journey. To add 4 months, probably, of absence to the two already elapsed I do not feel equal to—Pray come up and set

<sup>1</sup> Lamb to H. C. R., 27 Feb. 1829.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Blessington.

JUNE 1836

me at ease upon the point of my feeling as if I were using you ill, in declining to go abroad at present. I shall say no more at present.

ever affectionately  
Yours  
W Wordsworth

P.S. My London life has much exhausted me, notwithstanding my abstinenc[e]. The accounts from home are rather better.

*Address*: [Gladstone's frank to Bury, re-addressed above by Thos. Robinson] London June twenty four 1836.

H. Crabb Robinson Esq., 2 Plowden Buildings, Temple,  
(Bury St. Edmunds *erased*) London. *W E Gladstone*.

*Post Mark* Free 24 Ju 24 1836. Free 28 Ju 28 1836. Bury  
St Edmunds Ju 27 1836 <sup>1</sup>

*Endorsed*. 24<sup>th</sup> June 1836, Wordsworth Autograph.

1836-1837  
No. 140.

176. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

June 29 1836

*p. 1, line 9.* . . . Wordsworth after all does not go abroad—  
Now I cannot have the satisfaction (if it were one) of complaining for in my judgment I think he does right in not going—Still, I am left alone here— - -

1836-1837  
No 141.

177. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

July 4<sup>th</sup> [1836]

Thank you heartily my dear Friend for your addition to W's letter, which affords us an opportunity of bidding you good bye before your departure; & of telling you how much we feel your good-tempered bearing towards your vacillating fellow-traveller that was to have been God bless you! I trust you will have an agreeable journeying meanwhile—& if after all, you are *together* to prosecute your visit to Rome, may you meet him in a mood of better promise to be a desirable Companion, than if you were to start now when he either is, or thinks himself exhausted by the business & bustle of London.

<sup>1</sup> These run into one another and some figures are illegible.

JULY 1836

I do not wait for W's arrival at home before I despatch this farewell note—lest it should miss you altogether, (& for the same reason I do not spare you postage) & I also wish to remove the idea, which report, you say, has suggested—'that we have not informed W<sup>m</sup> of all—'. We hope that he will not find his sister worse, than when he parted from her—& she has continued during his absence quite as well—& indeed in some respects she is better, even than when you saw her. Her bodily health continues good : tho' sad indeed is the feeling that now abides with us, & how removed the hope we had encouraged of her mind strengthening as a consequence of her being able to get out and be amused in the fresh air—She has now her drives—& daily exercise in a Merlins chair, in the Garden—& for a time enjoys it—& she is very happy—but no permanent change follows. She is, as you know at times, & for a *short space* her own acute self, retains the power over her fine judgment & discrimination—then, & at once, relapses into child-like feebleness—& gives vent to some discomfort by merry sallies or with the impatience of a *petted child* contrives one *want* after another, as if merely to provoke contradiction. But she *has no delusions*, & we can only consider her state poor thing, as that of premature *Dotage*—We do not at all like the notion that you say has gone abroad of our having prepared disappointment for poor W. by holding back any additional cause for anxiety—we have too much *self-love* to have allowed him, & indeed *encouraged* his going abroad if any unfavorable change had taken place—so if any of our friends, who are kind enough to be interested about us, are anxious, you can assure them that their friend is not returning to a more unhappy home than he left.

As for our younger Invalid—I have more confident hope that she is *getting well*—than I have *hitherto encouraged*—& we are looking forward to a decided improvement if, by God's blessing, we can but see her accomplish, without injury, a short and *easy journey* (by means of a boat down Windermere, & driving along Sands) towards the Sea Coast—this we mean to attempt before the end of the month & I know my dear friend we shall have your good wishes to attend her.

Miss W. and She, join me in affectionate love to you—& we

JULY 1836

hope you will come to us at Xtnas, if the Italian trip does not interfere, and tell us all your German Adventures. Miss Cookson, who is with us for a few days, begs likewise her kindest regards—You will be sorry to hear that poor Mrs Harden is declining very fast—the paralysis is making rapid progress *internally* & decided dropsy having commenced, her death I apprehend is daily expected. Her cheerful resignation, I am told, is *beautiful*. Her Son Allan & his Wife are at Field Head—& John, who is established, with great prospect of success in his profession, at Liverpool pays his Mother frequent visits—Sisters, and Cousins innumerable have been leave-taking—& in the middle of excitement which to most Persons would have been distressing in like circumstances—Mrs H. h[as]<sup>1</sup> been able to support her spirits in a thankful state of calmness that has astonished all her friends. We see very little of our Elleray friends—The Harrisons<sup>2</sup> are all at Allonby—as are Miss Luff<sup>3</sup> & Owen Lloyd—Willy too has joined their Party, for a few days from Carlisle as he tells me in a note this morning. Mr Carr<sup>4</sup> often enquires after you—You will be glad to hear that his Wife's health is improved—this I fear, from the nature of her complaint, is but a temporary amendment— but they are cheered for the present.

Should you have any communication with the Clarksons before your departure pray say all that is affec from us—& to poor Miss Lamb.

Ever my dr [?] Sir faithfully your obliged  
M. Wordsworth.

Address : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Plowdens Build<sup>gs</sup>, Temple,  
London.

Post Marks : Kendal Penny Post, 6 Jy 6 1836.

Endorsed . 4 July 1836, Mrs Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.

<sup>2</sup> The Benson-Harrisons were neighbours and friends, whose blind child, Johnny, was a great favourite at Rydal Mount

<sup>3</sup> The Luffs were 'Patterdale friend[s] of the Wordsworths and the Clarksons. See Dorothy Wordsworth's *Mountain Ramble* (1805) in the second volume of her *Journals*, pp 15, &c.' [Knight.]

<sup>4</sup> 'There [at Ambleside] I called on . . . Mr Carr, a very sensible man, whose company I like.' H.C.R. to T.R., 27 Dec. 1844. Carr was a surgeon.

JULY 1836

1836-1837  
No 143.

178. W. W. to H. C. R.

July 11th [1836]

My dear Friend

I congratulate you on the decision in your favor, and meet your proposal with very strong inclination, and even all but a promise and a positive engagement, which after what has passed, I could not enter into, nor do you wish that I should.

In one point, however, I must deal frankly with you, I feel that I am far from being as strong in body as you ; and I must have some more distinct notion than I can form at present, of the fatigue which I am to encounter. To spare bodily exhaustion I am prepared to incur more expense than would perhaps suit your plans. I told you that I dreaded long lumberings in foreign diligences, and could not by night bring myself to having any thing to do with them. What do you say to our looking out for a Companion, so that we might proceed at less expense when the hiring of a carriage was required ; there would I think also be other advantages in a third Person if well chosen.

To this scheme however there appears to be one almost insurmountable objection—it would *bind* me to go if possible.—Boxall the Painter described Rome to me as an execrable climate from the middle of November till towards the end of January. He said he went in November from Florence to Rome, through dismal cold & rain, and a more uncomfortable Residence than he found there for the next two months, is not to be imagined—it threw him into an illness, which left him before he had been a week in Naples, after two months weary residence in Rome.—Rome is said to be delightful in October, but we could not get there in time for that month, if we could, we might proceed to Naples & come back to Rome at a proper season. But all this your experience will be able to throw light upon.—It seems to me that the best plan would be to reverse our former scheme and go strait through France down the Soane, & the Rhine, and by the Cornice Road, and return by Venice & the Tyrol, &c, as we should have no time to explore

JULY 1836

that region so late in the year. But there is time to digest all this. We are glad you are going into Wales, but you should begin with the Wye—Chepstow, Tintern Abbey; Monmouth, Goodrich Castle, Ross, &c. At Brinsop Court within six miles of Hereford live Mr & Mrs Hutchinson, and Mr Monkhouse is not far from them. He lives upon the Wye, at *The Stow*. They would all be delighted to see you. You might from there go up the Wye, by Hay & Bulth, Rhaiodwor, Gawy, [?] and so to the Devils Bridge and onward through North Wales, from Bangor you might make an excursion to Conway for the Castle's sake, and so up the Conway to Llanrwstr, and by Capel-Kerig back to Bangor, whence you might take the Steamer to Liverpool, and from Liverpool there is a Steamer to Ulverstone, from which if convenient see Furness Abbey, and come to us by Windermere, up which Lake there is at present a Boat in connection with the Liverpool Steamer to Ulverstone. After a few days' stay with us, all being well & promising, I should be delighted to return with you to London, and strait for the Continent, this leading Proviso always burning [*sic*] in mind, that I must not weaken my old frame by fatigue that can be spared.

I have done well to return home; My Conscience as well as my yearnings of heart urged me to it. Indeed it would have been quite unjust both to myself & you, if I started without first coming hither; I find our Invalids as well as I had reason to expect. - - I have no more to say, but I hope this pleasant scheme may be realized. God bless you, love from all.

Affectionately yours  
W. W.

We had a most pleasant journey hence. I was delighted with St Albans & its neighbourhood.—

*No address or post mark.*

*Endorsed.* 11<sup>th</sup> July 1836, Wordsworth (Journey)

JULY 1836

1836-1837  
No. 144b 145.

179. H. C. R. to W. W.

[July 17<sup>th</sup> 1836]

p. 1, *line* 7. . . . Do not suppose that I consider you as at all bound to make the journey—I know that it is impossible for you to form any plan that must not be subject to more than the usual contingencies—But if all these turn out favorably, and you are able to devote the Autumn to an Italian journey, you will probably be able to set out, at the latest by the middle of September. You take for granted that you cannot get to Rome in October which is most desirable as you know—Why not?—To clear up one point I called on John Wood and read that part of your letter, and without my making any remark—he said ‘Why should he not go in September? You may assure him from me—That he has nothing to do but to request permission to make the journey And it will be granted him at once—As to the October accounts they may be sworn to by his Son or his clerk—One thing I should add—Mr W: must give notice to his Sureties of his application And in his application say he has done so—for we have no right without the consent of the Sureties to do any act by which the *risque* may be increased—’

I quote Mr Woods words And they remove all difficulties on that head—Then how stands it with your nephews<sup>1</sup> affairs? I do not mean to say that it is absolutely necessary that every thing should be signed and sealed before you go, but in your place I should be unwilling to go unless the adjustment was substantially complete—He breakfasted with me this morning and I observed to him that you would not like to go until you could do so without impeding the adjusting of *his* affairs—He said he thought there was no danger of your journey being postponed on his account—He means to be with you the latter end of the week—

As to the other possible impediments the state of the health

<sup>1</sup> John Wordsworth of Sockbridge, son of the poet's eldest brother Richard Wordsworth On 23 Jan 1846 (Knight, iii, p 332) Wordsworth wrote of him to Henry Reed [He] ‘is now languishing under mortal illness at Ambleside He was educated for the medical profession, and caught his illness while on duty in the Mediterranean He is a truly amiable and excellent young man, and will be universally regretted.’

of your dear Sister or daughter. As these do not depend on your will or exertion they are not subjects of deliberation We can only act in such cases as we must and ought as circumstances arise—I am glad you have made a remark about expence, as this enables me to explain myself Be under no apprehension that you may think it right to incur more expence than I should like—The fact is that I have contracted habits of parsimony from having been at one time poor And because I have no pleasure in mere personal solitary indulgence, but I am pleased when I am called on to spend at the suggestion of others - - *Unselfish economy* has I hope been my practice as well as my maxim—I recollect being strongly impressed at a susceptible age by a passage in Madame Rolands memoirs Who giving an account of her life in prison said—I spent very little, but I paid all the Servants liberally, so that I made friends while I lived sparingly—My personal expences are perhaps less than those of most men, but I have no objection to double them when the comfort of my companion requires it—I once travelled with *Saume* the German poet & well known author And with *Schnorr* the painter—I recollect S's laying down the rule—'The strongest of the party must accommodate himself to the weakest and the richest to the poorest'- - If I am in body stronger than you, acting on Saumes principle, I shall not subject you to any inconvenience—

Now as to the *course* of our journey—It is personally indifferent to me whether we go by the Tyrol or the Corniche road—You shall have your choice—but probably you will find it adviseable to adhere to the original design of going by the Tyrol for this reason—It is neither safe nor pleasant to return by the Alps either in Winter or early in Spring But on the Corniche road the mountains are altogether avoid<sup>d</sup>—It may be passed at any Season—The following suggestions afford matter for talking about & dreaming about during the next two months—If it be a main object, the sparing one's self fatigue Why not steam boat it, whichever way we go? Paynter recommends our taking the steamboat from Marseilles to Genoa and Leghorn or even to Civita Vecchia or Naples—he says the boat coasts the shore so closely as to afford delightful scenery—but others



JULY 1836

say the steam boats go by night. That will never do I feel inclined to take the steam boat as far as the gulf of Spezzia And there land, taking on our way to Rome those very interesting towns Lucca & Pisa as well as Florence—In that case, having already seen Milan—we might return by Spoleto, Loretto, Rimini, Ravenna, Bologna, Verona, Arcenza Padua & Venice—Ravenna is one of the places which is too much neglected—Indeed the whole road is, And if we go by the Tyrol to Venice, I should be inclined to recommend this road—But as you say, we need not determine our course till you come here—I quite approve of your idea of procuring a *third*—And certainly should not object to the purchasing a carriage, but I do not think this by any means necessary—I do not find *Vetturino* travelling at all unpleasant But I own others do—As to the *third* I own I would rather it were a younger than an elder man—And I sho<sup>d</sup> be glad of one who would *bargain* and *deal*. I must confess to you that I am conscious my *youth* and *strength* (in which respects you are pleased to give me the advantage) lie only in my legs and arms—perhaps my *stomach* too is younger than yours, my animal spirits too may be more lively & fresh ; but I am sure I am older or I should say feebler in the head—And I do not feel so competent as I did in contending against an extortionary innkeeper or shrieking *Vetturino*. . . . I will write to you in a few weeks—I may not be able to get a frank on my journey—In the mean while you will do what you can to facilitate our journey—If you are unsuccessful that will be no matter of reproach And I never repine at what is passed—And could not by foresight have been altered—In that one particular I am a practical philosopher—

My very kindest regards to M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth your Sister  
Dora &c &c &c

Affectionately yours

2 Plowd: Building Temple

H. C. Robinson

17 July 1836.—

When Dr Arnold comes to you, You will not fail to beg him to give you a letter to *Bunsen* <sup>1</sup>, who is a very excellent person—

<sup>1</sup> Baron von Bunsen (1791-1860), a distinguished scholar, spent some years in the Prussian diplomatic service in Rome before he became ambas-

JULY 1836

P:S: I have since spoken to several travelled men who all agree that every purpose will be answered by your setting out the middle of September October is the earliest month for travelling in Italy—As to the season for Naples—Many prefer Winter I am aware I saw it in Spring, Which I incline to think is rather the better season, but it will suit your views much better to be there in the Winter I trust that even in Winter the islands of *Ischia & Capri* And the road to *Paestum* are travellable for you are probably aware that there is very little in Naples worth seeing—The charm of Naples lies out of it—The Museums and Environs are the great objects there But I hope you are aware that every where there is great uncertainty Both at Naples as well as Rome you are liable to a wet and uncomfortable winter—I wish *Boxhall* [*etc*] had not frightened you by a picture which is after all, but of a possibility—Every one ought to know that as well the climate as every thing else appertaining to Italy is *perilously glorious* To disregard altogether the peril proves *great youth* To think first of all & chiefly of the difficulties & dangers shews *old age*, but as we are in our best years, not absolutely in the prime of life, but still respectable middle aged Gentlemen, it becomes us to hope for all that is pleasant And not be unprepared for the drawbacks

Once more  
farewell/.

*No address or post mark.*

*Endorsed* . July 1836, H. C. R. to Wordsworth

1836-1837  
No 150.

180. W. W.<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

[August 1836]

My dear Friend

I have been very uneasy for some time in not knowing how to communicate with you, & principally from a fear that you may be relying too confidently upon our journey being begun

sador to England and married an English wife. He was a great admirer of the Anglican Church and especially of the evangelical party, and these sentiments brought him into relation with Dr. Arnold, who found in him the only complete sympathizer in religious matters.—Bunsen's chief literary work was his *Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History as applied to Language and Religion*

<sup>1</sup> In M. W.'s handwriting

by the middle of next month. Do not think me liable to be turned by every piece of information from every quarter, but I cannot refrain from mentioning what has had a good deal of influence upon my own mind, the decided opinion of Dr Arnold that all that I could wish to see in Italy might be seen in three months—& that from the middle of March till the middle of June would be the best season. Lady Davy who was here the other day, & who has been much in Italy, is also of the same opinion: a few days ago I saw a letter from Boulongne [*sic*], dated 26th last month: in which the writer said that his [*sic*] Banker in Florence, whom she had seen that day, told her that he did not know how he should get back to the City on account of the Cholera, which tho' not actually in Florence, was in Milan Genoa & several other cities, including Rome. Now, tho' you might not dread the Cholera quite so much as I should do, I am sure you would have an equal fear of Quarantine not merely on account of loss of time—but the wretched manner in which People are huddled together in the places where they are stopped. Thus much for generals, for personals I will mention two or three reasons which make me desirous of deferring the deferring the [*sic*] commencement of our journey till the middle of Febry shd it suit you. First, my nephew's affairs are not yet settled, 2<sup>dly</sup> I have a wish to superindend [*sic*] the printing of the Stereotype Ed: of my Poems, which I can get thro' before the end of the year, as two presses are proposed to be set to work 3<sup>dly</sup> my Son John will have 8 months nearly at his disposal, & is anxious to accompany us, if possible. Lastly, I have a hope that my daughter will improve in health before that time: her back is already much better & her side also—but I am not easy about her—she is so exceeding thin, & has a cough on a slight occasion. My poor Sister is much as she was when you were here. I have only to add that it would rejoice us all if you would spend your Christmas here, & we would start together in the middle of February—

Dr Arnold went off yesterday with a detachment of 10 - - by the Lake Tourist—meaning to take the Steamer for Dublin at Whitehaven—Young Bunsen was of the Party—The cross of Prussian and English, with Italian air to boot, has not produced

AUGUST 1836

beauty in this instance, but he is said to be amiable and promising. farewell—Mr Quillinan is here, and sends kind regards. Mrs W. my sister, & Dora their love.

<sup>1</sup> Believe ever your faithful friend  
W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth.

What more changeful than the sea ?  
Yet over his great tides  
Fidelity presides

The quotation is by Dora, from the description of herself in the Triad ; but here applied to the old gentleman, her Father, and his travelling inclinations.

Address : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup>

No Post Mark.

Endorsed · Augt or Sept<sup>r</sup> 1836, M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth & W abo<sup>t</sup> the journey

1836-1837  
No 153.

181. H. C. R. to W. W.

12 Sept 1836/—

p. 8, line 9. . . . I went then to Bristol in order to introduce myself to that most worthy of regicides (for so M<sup>r</sup> Hutchinson says you & Coleridge wickedly designated him) Joseph Cottle—I had fallen in with an amiable niece of his & her husband who told me Cottle had some capital letters of Lamb—So I went a-begging for Talfourd—he could find nothing but will send to T:—He is about to publish (you are aware) a book <sup>2</sup> concerning Coleridge—As far as I can judge he is right on the points on which the Executors and he are at issue—There is a long letter from C. about his Opium which C. in solemn terms charges M<sup>r</sup> Wade to preserve carefully and publish after his death as a warning to the world—And both W: & J. C: make it a point of conscience not to suppress this, as the family require—Neither will C: suppress this fact at the request of the family that De Quincey when young sent C: through Cottle £300 ! There

<sup>1</sup> In W's writing

<sup>2</sup> Cottle's *Early Recollections*, chiefly relating to Coleridge, when it appeared in 1837, gave great offence—and not least to Southey, Wordsworth, and their friend H. C. R.—on account of its indiscretions and inaccuracies. It is nevertheless a valuable source of information about the poets and many of their less-known contemporaries

seems no oth[er obj<sup>1</sup>]ection to Cottle's intended book than his insisting on these appearing<sup>1</sup> [?] *present* of his book to the Exors, but they refusing it on those terms And [he announ<sup>1</sup>]ing his determination to print it—Gilman wrote a most insolent letter threat[en]ing a prosecution—I saw his letter And give the epithet as my own judgement—You are aware that there are two portraits of yourself—The small one to which are pendants of Coleridge, Southey and Lamb he thinks of engraving with the three others—But of course not without your consent—*Lamb's* is a very pleasing picture I have sent Moxon in quest of it And as posterity will be indifferent to the period of time when a likeness was taken, if it ever were one, as C: says is the case here ; it is no objection that those who knew L: only in after life do not recognise him in this picture of his youth As to your own picture—You have taken abundant care to let the world know that you did not marry M<sup>rs</sup> W: for her beauty Now this picture will justify the inference that she too had a higher motive for her acceptance of you—After all Southey comes off the worst—But that by far the handsomest of the four should alone have remained a bachelor will be a problem for the next generation of female readers—Among the letters destined to appear is one in which Coleridge extols your *tragedy*—he says It makes him feel less than he ever did—That there are weak points in Shakespear and Schiller but none in this &c &c—Your own silence about this tragedy (for I never heard you allude to it,) assures me that your own opinion is different—Still I hope it is not destroyed—It ought to be preserved at all events as a curiosity—There have been instances in which works rejected by their author have been published in an Appendix—And were this play ever to appear as the *dramatic experiment* of a great philosophic and lyric poet, in a way that shewed the author's own consciousness that tho' poetic it was not dramatic it could not lessen him in the opinion of the few—Cottles own opinion of the other works that have appeared about Coleridge so much concurs with your own that I think it probable there will not be much if anything in it that you will disapprove of— . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn

SEPTEMBER 1836

Bundle 2, Miscellaneous  
IV G.

182. M. W. to H. C. R.

[Sept 28<sup>th</sup> 1836]

My dear Friend

Your long & very interesting Letter was most welcome this morn<sup>g</sup>. yet when I came to its end, a blank was left upon my mind no mention being made of any intention of your coming to us before your departure on y<sup>r</sup> tour—which is a point that Dora & I insist upon—in vain did my eye go before me as I read, but not an allusion to your Christmas visit. In all other respects your letter was most satisfactory. Here we are *in the Hall* up to the ears in a muddle of counting lines to fill the 2<sup>nd</sup> vol—a body of finished sheets from the first, having arrived along with your letter—& their appearance after many changes gives great satisfaction to the Poet & his Clerk—His *Journeyman* in the Person of Mr Quillinan having left us last week, to my great regret, for he suppld my place, which he filled most admirably, & has quite thrown me into the shade. However the Poet is obliged to be thankful for his old helpmate & a busy house we have—working steadily till dinner time—& in a *disorderly* manner the rest of the day: tho' he finds time to walk with Mr Justice Coleridge<sup>1</sup>, who with his family are residing in Fox-hov.—By the bye, do you remember a dying birch tree upon the good Doctor's ground, I must give you an Epigram that was brought in after a walk, by Mr Townsend (I know not that he is of your acquaintance—he was till of late Curate of Preston nr Brighton—& has published a small volume entiteld [*sic*] 'Winchester and other pieces') a friend of our's who visited us in the way you did, for a short time, but instead of lodging at Agnes's he was in Mr Fleming's (our Clergyman's) late lodgings—but to the Epigram.

A melancholy Fact.

A Birch of elegant & graceful Form,  
Loved by the Zephyrs, spared by every storm  
Lost (tho' refreshing Rotha murmured by),  
Its health, its beauty—& I'll tell you why

<sup>1</sup> Henry Nelson Coleridge, the poet's nephew and son-in-law.

SEPTEMBER 1836

An active, staunch, scholastic Teacher came  
To be its neighbour, one well *known* to fame.  
The Tree thro' fear of being put, by fate,  
To use both savage & indelicate,  
Sickened at Rugby's Lord, nor could abide  
The thought of such disgrace, it droopd & died

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30<sup>th</sup> August 1836

Now for *your private* amusement I have only transcribed this—being not quite sure that our friend M<sup>r</sup> A. to whom I sent it, liked the joke. The *ghost* or corpse of the birch is now laid low, & it was only from a mistake that it had been left by the family, to have been the occasion of exciting the poetical railing of our agreeable Visitor.

We heard of you with great pleasure as having been at Brinsop, but regretted you could not go to the Show—I hear M<sup>r</sup> Monkhouse is again in London. Thanks for your brief detail of your Welsh travels—I think Wilham agrees with all you say about your intended tour, only *you misunderstand* that he is *limited* [*sic*] to 3 months however all the work, which you *foolishly* recommend to be left midway & 'to be considered as a delightful occupation' to return to finish, will be completed before you set out—else your *journeyings* will not always be the most laborious part of your travels. The juvenile pieces have caused great labor; but, as we proceed, we hope to go on with less difficulty—& that the Poet may leave home with a perfect holiday before him—&, but, I dare not say so—return to the *Recluse*;—& let me charge you, not to encourage the Muse to *vagrant* subjects—but gently recur, upon such indications should they arise, to Rogers' hint that '*jingling rhyme* does not become a certain age.' *entre nous*—

John has the strongest wish to go with you—but this must depend upon his being able to have his Parish served during his absence—They have got into his new Vicarage where Father & Mother visited them last week for 3 days—to our great satisfaction—the healthiness of the situation have [*sic*] given fresh looks to the whole household—& the prospects from their windows are most beautiful.

SEPTEMBER 1836

Willy is at present a Candidate for the Secretaryship to a Railway—alas for the *Poets Son*! he is supported by his Uncle Dr W's connections the Lloyds—but being late in the field his expectation of success is not very sanguine.

Now for our Invalids—our dear Sister is very well & generally very happy—but her Mind does not strengthen—tho her memory is now good, that is *partially*—And it is most strange, as you will think, when I tell you that sometimes she amuses herself by pouring out verses—as by inspiration—in a moment & seemingly without thought she will write down (& in as good a hand as ever she wrote) 6 or 8 very respectable lines—generally addressed to her attendants,—the subjects are not very elevated. She reads the Newspapers, but an old one—read a doz times—pleases equally with a new one. Dora is certainly better—And <sup>1</sup>

*Endorsed*. 28<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 1836, Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth Epigram.

1836-1837  
No. 7. 183. *An Epigram*<sup>2</sup> from W. W. to H. C. R.<sup>2</sup>

To shew you that *we* can write an Epigram—we do *not say* a good one.

On an Event in Col. Evans's redoubted performances in Spain

The Ball whizzed by,—it grazed his ear,  
And whispered as it flew,  
I only touch—not take—don't fear  
For both, my honest Buccaneer!  
Arc to the Pillory duo

The Producer thinks it not amiss as being murmured between sleep & awake over the fire while thinking of you last night!

1836-1837  
No. 156. 184. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[Oct 6<sup>th</sup> 1836]

p. 1, line 19. . . . I don't seem as if I could resign the hope that dear Miss Wordsworth will yet recover her faculties—I gather from the letter that you don't start on your grand Tour till Xmas that is till after that Quarters swearing is over

<sup>1</sup> Page ends: rest missing.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 322, top of page. Apparently No. 183 is later in date than No. 185.



I wish it was possible to prevent Newspapers from putting in every thing they can catch up about persons of celebrity Had it not been for the chance of your coming here the first notice I should have had of the printing of Miss W— journal would have been from the M. C. and Willys being a Candi-<sup>1</sup> being a candidate for serving this Railway Company was actually there 3 days back. If he gets it I hope that it may be a good thing. . . .

1836-1837  
No. 160.

185. H. C. R. to M. W.

Oct 27 1836

p. 1, line 4 . . . you will want no aid to employ the hours of the poet—His delightful task, the revision of his works will leave him no leisure to brood over evil thoughts or worse fancies . . .

p. 1, line 20. . . . But to turn nearer to yourselves—Soon after your letter announcing the hope of William to obtain the Secretaryship I heard that a paragraph in one of the papers stated that he had obtained the appointment, but I believe no newspaper paragraphs And would not therefore write to congratulate you—And I take for granted that he has been unsuccessful Since Moxon has not heard of his success—Nor has Mr John W: mentioned it to me. . . . he seems a quiet & very amiable young man And I dare say will give no trouble in the arrangement of his father's affairs—Still it is desirable that complex accounts of that nature should be adjusted. Dear Mary Lamb is at this moment—rather say, a week ago, was, in excellent health & spirits.—The Serj<sup>t</sup> is returned And I do not suppose has made great progress in the arrangement of the letters—There are such compensating advantages in the delay that I do not so much regret it as I did—This is no easy task—Even Henry Coleridge has not been able to steer clear of objectionable matter in his publications—I am now reading with deep interest the Literary Remains Such a book must consist of most heterogeneous matter—It is quite provoking to see an attempt made to exhibit one of the profoundest thinkers and most splendid talkers of his age, as vulgarly ortho-

<sup>1</sup> The turn of the page comes here.

dox—To think with the Wise and talk with the vulgar is an odious maxim of spurious prudence—C: cannot be said to talk *with* the vulgar, but he talked *to* them at least And he was gratified by feeling and exciting sympathy—We shall soon see what Cottle will make of C's youth.—By the bye, I did expect when I gave myself the trouble to relate so much about my excursion to Bristol that you would at least in return drop me a hint about one or two of the most interest<sup>s</sup> topics incidentally touched—*Was the tragedy turned into tinder?* Or is it still in existence? Moxon visited the worthy man—and he understood that Southey had seen & approved of the intended publication—If so nothing wrong will come from that quarter. . . —By the bye I was not at all pleased at reading in the late book compiled from M<sup>rs</sup> Heman's letters the frequent use of the phrase *old man* notwithstanding all the pretty adjectives joined to it—Do you not think that you ought to have a *monopoly* of the expression? I do—One thing is quite certain—that the *old age* here adverted to has its seat in the legs not in the head—the inside I mean—With me it is quite the reverse—My legs and arms are as juvenile as ever—but my memory is gone, gone, gone—Is not the writing a mere collection of gossiping memoranda one of the proofs of senility? If so, this letter is consistent with my present feelings—I have no return for the pleasant epigram you sent me—Yes I have, and a better one too—Cha<sup>s</sup> Young was with Coleridge on the Rhine. The poet being annoyed by the effects of the Wine took his revenge in an impromptu

*Extempore on a steamboat.*

In Spain the land of monks and apes  
The thing called Wine does come from *grapes*  
But on the noble river Rhine  
The thing called *grapes* does come from Wine

I believe I have exhausted all the topics of *personal talk* which I believe the poet is tolerant enough to let *you* receive tho' he does not himself delight in it—

p. 2. P.S. By the bye could you answer me a question that has

been put me more than once ? Did the author of the Excursion ever write an epigram ? I hear Dorina burst out ' Oh no ! He could not '—On which you reprovingly say—My dear You should say he would not—On which I sagaciously remark In such cases cannot & wont mean pretty much the same. I do recollect by the bye a naughty joke of his which might have involved him in a duel had it been found out. Do you recollect his impudent change of an *n* into a *p* in the strangers book at Baveno ? . . . .

1836-1837  
No 163.

186. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

My dear Friend

Rydal Mount Nov<sup>r</sup> 1st [18]36

Thanks for your letter, which we had long been wishing for, & tho' it does not convey the desired information—we must not grumble, but I must tell you, that, we Females were not so disinterested as to beg for your company this time, merely for the sake of *the Poet*—but for *our own* gratification. *He* will have his full share of your cheering Society when you run off together—& we poor things ' would fain have had our part : however selfish schemes ought not to prosper & we must reconcile ourselves to our disappointment as well as we can ; Nevertheless we shall owe that *Italian Man* a grudge, if he really be the main bar to our seeing you—two days *in Italy* would bring back the language to you better than all your plodding at it, in Plowden's Buildings —

I do beg your pardon for not having adverted to all the interesting communication your former letter conveyed to us— but you ought to have borne in mind that the few lines I wrote almost at the moment it was received, was not intended as a reply to *that* letter which was to William—but because I could not help expressing our general pleasure in having heard from you, & having the opportunity to enclose a scrap in a cover, which I was in the act of aiding my husband to despatch - - & the little time I then had to give to you was *won* from his pauses. Let me now tell you once for all, that it always delights us to follow you on your excursions—& that your visit to Bristol was peculiarly interesting. Dora & I were *with you* in Cottle's

Sanctum, where some 7 or 8 years ago we too, were favored with a sight of the Portraits—to the best of *my* recollection we were most pleased with that of Southey—in whom we saw, or fancied we saw, the spirit of the embryo Poet—Dora said that of her Father's reminded her of her Brother John. With regard to the benevolent Regicide's intended Book—I need only say that he *has* behaved disingenuously—If Southey saw all the M.S. he could not & does not, approve—the story is too long, & too intricate for me to enter upon—William (who was shewn letters by Judge Coleridge which prove that Cottle was resolved to publish the objectionable matter, before he received *that* letter of Mr Gillman's, which he afterwards asserted had determined him to publish) will tell you all about it. Southey will see Cottle soon, who has commenced making a Progress with his Son, & will skim the South & West of England, to introduce Cuthbert to his old friends, & the interesting haunts of his youth; calculating upon an absence from Keswick of at least 3 months, before they part at Tarring—the Vicarage of his son-in-law—where, probably he may be introduced to, & give a blessing to his second Grandchild—as Edith is expecting her confinement before that time.

I hope your expectations of receiving Lamb's letters from Bristol are fulfilled—I had much rather they were really in Talfourd's hands, than left to the mercy of C. With you I do not regret the publication of our dear friend's *Remains* (to use the fashionable designation)—Dora, who is rumaging [*sic*] her portfolio, has just given me a copy of one of his invaluable letters—which I will enclose, thinking it not an improper one to publish—as expressing a right feeling in his own delightful language & playful manner. I trust this, & all the letters we have sent may be preserved & restored to us. We have rec<sup>d</sup>, but I have scarcely looked into, Coleridge's 'Literary Remains'

The Tragedy<sup>1</sup> is in existence—but say nothing about it, lest its destruction should follow.

Mrs Hemans's letters &c. we consider as a very flimsy Publication—and not at all likely to support the opinion of those who have extolled her genius—I must not say it disappoints

<sup>1</sup> *The Borderers.*

me—from my personal knowledge, it is exactly what I should have expected—But we have strong evidence that her mind was steadied, & she became much more interesting, after she went to Dublin,—that is, she discarded what to us seemed to be a lightness & affectation of manner. The Mr Graves, who saw much of her in Dublin, to the last—quite reverence her.—& you know they are sensible Persons not likely to be carried away by what is superficial. Poor woman! she was sorely tried - - & a beautiful trait in her character was, that she never uttered a complaint of her Husband.

Your Epig<sup>m</sup> i. e. C's we knew—yet it was new to poor Miss W's mind - - as many *gone-by* things are—& it made her laugh heartily—You ask if W. ever wrote an Epigram—I believe he once did, & if I am not mistaken I will send it in my next—I shall not have time or opportunity perhaps at present.

He and his Son W. are journeying to day from Brigham—where they met on Saturday—The father from Whitehaven, last Tuesday he accompanied Lady F. Bentinck thither to pay his respects to the Lowther family, as being more convenient to him (in this season of business) than if he had gone to Lowther, where a longer visit would have been looked for. The proofs have been forwarded during his weeks absence, & no time has been lost He gets on with his work very well—The Juvenile Pieces cost him much labor—but *then* he had a useful Assistant in Mr Quillnan; & his presence here was a Godsend to me.

We had not heard of the Aders' misfortunes—for which we are very sorry—heartily do I wish that Wm could think himself justified in giving aid to Mrs A's praiseworthy undertaking<sup>1</sup>—it will be a privilege to be housed under such superintendence, & there seems little doubt but that her undertaking will answer - - he has not, of course, yet heard of the scheme, or the cause of it—Willy's project failed—& he is still upon the look out—His two journeys to Birmingham, tho' success on that occasion did not follow, were not I trust thrown away altogether—for he seems to have made many friends, & recommended himself by his activity—& desire for suitable employment.

<sup>1</sup> Aders had gone bankrupt & his wife proposed starting a boarding house in Brussels, for which enterprise she needed from £800 to £700 capital.

NOVEMBER 1836

I am glad you see John sometimes—He has been fortunate in the Sale of his Lands. You are very kind in continuing to be interested in the settlement with the Trustees—he now has all things in his possession to enable Mr Cookson to give the Trustees a *release* (or whatever you call it) & if you could, when you meet with the Parties, suggest or enquire if this is done, with a view to remind that it ought to be—it would be satisfactory to have all settled before W. leaves England.

And here I am on the last page without having spoken of our Invalids—which used to be my all-involving subject—you will suppose from this that they are going on well—& so it is, comparatively. Miss W. to us seems quite delightful—tho' my sister Joanna, who joined us only last week—is greatly shocked at the change that has taken place in her—& almost wonders to hear us congratulate ourselves. Yet our cause for thankfulness is great. Dora's health too, is *slowly* improving—if, as I would fain hope, a fearful oppression or catching of the breath, & a pain in the side, is only indicatory of *weakness*—for her looks are greatly improved—& she has, to a considerable degree, resumed her domestic activities—& she goes into the open air, for about an hour every day—sometimes upon the Poney—hitherto, not without this exercise being followed with considerable fatigue—but when she first began to go out, fatigue was not the only consequence—it brought on pain in the head & feverish sleeplessness. This having passed off, she is encouraged to persevere—& we hope she may gain strength. Do not allude to this detail, when you write—which, pray do not delay to do at your leisure—I must have tired you out—yet I shall probably prose a little longer to you to morrow—after the two Williams' return—meanwhile I will spare you.

ever faithfully your obliged & affectionate

M. W.

W. is come home, but to [*sic*] late for me to say more than that he is well—his eyes have not suffered from his drive, thro' the cold misty air.

No address or post mark.

Endorsed . 1 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1836, Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth

1836-1837  
No. 168.

187. *H. C. R. to Landor*<sup>1</sup>

2 Plowd Buildg Temple 7<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> [1836]

My dear Sir

On my return from my summer's tour I proceeded to Gore house to enquire about you. I there heard of your rapid transit thro' town. And soon after received or suspected I received an amusing memorial of your enviable faculty of contemplating the follies of life with a free and cheerful aspect. For this I have to thank you, as also (more certainly) for your Satire which I found at the Athenaeum last night. Beautiful as many parts of this little poem are I must say that it has given me pain. I hope I shall not be found to have relied too much on your unvaried kindness to me, in stating why. This I may do with the less impropriety as I feel myself personally connected with some portion of the offending matter—Among my obligations to W. is this that I owe to him the honour of your acquaintance. Since then, I have had the pleasure of enjoying the company of both of you together when I remarked nothing but cordiality between you And now I receive from you a very bitter attack upon not his writings but his personal character. A portion of the materials being drawn unless I deceive myself, from opinions uttered by him in the freedom of unpremeditated conversation in my presence W. is admonished as a detractor because he does not appreciate other poets as they deserve. I could admit the fact without acknowledging the justice of it's being imputed to him as a crime It seems to me the general effect of a laborious cultivation of talent in any one definite form [is] to weaken the sense of the work of other forms. This is an ordinary drawback even on genius—Voltaire and Rousseau hated each other. Fielding despised Richardson; Petrarch, Dante, Michael Angelo sneered at Raphael. There is nothing in which Gothe is more the object of my admiration than that he was utterly free from this weakness. He felt and acknowledged every kind of excellence. W. wants this allsidedness And I admit that he must submit to the consequences of having unfortunately betrayed any want of a universal taste. If you choose to

<sup>1</sup> A copy by H. C. R. of the letter sent.

be the castigator I have no right to be [*sic*] find fault with you for any reference to Ws published opinions But where has he published that Gothe is an impostor? I believe he's<sup>d</sup> something of the kind in my chambers one morning. I should not have complained of Willis's printing such a conversation, but I do regret that you should allude to an opinion so little creditable to the utterer.

W: has often tried my temper by his remarks on G. but it surprises me that you should resent this. Lady Bl[essington] repeated to me lately as coming from you expressions hardly less contemptuous of G. A further proof how dangerous it is to ground reproach on reported words. You seem to think that merely because such words are malignantly put into print as was done by Lord Byron they may be relied on as truth and made the foundation of angry reproach. I have no doubt that Lord Byron intended to cause a breach between Southey and Wordsworth by what Coleridge happily terms 'An implement not an invention of malice.' Hitherto without any effect I believe. My apprehension is that you without thinking any evil may thro inadvertence do all the mischief Lord B. hoped to do. Hitherto Southey could affect ignorance of such a story. He hated Lord Byron and was not forced to believe him. But you he loves and respects. And you unhesitatingly treat the story as true And W & S. are both placed in a most embarrassing situation I attach no importance to the parrallel [*sic*] you draw between the poets And the infinite superiority you suppose in Southey All this is a matter of opinion But why call on W: to bruise and blacken Southey's heart? I should be unjust to myself did I not add that tho' I am shocked at the application I concur heartily in the sentiment of the admonition I think the whole passage beautiful. I admire your fine lines on Carnage is thy daughter (you by mistake have written slaughter) tho' they follow what seems to me unwarrantable scorn—But here you tread in Lord Byron's footsteps And why insinuate that they were excited by spicy chear from Bishop Philpots being written before Philpots was a public character—Whosoever would answer your question by admitting that he would be a wiser seer who could say where the mother of Carnage lurks for he could tell us the origin of evil It is remarkable that after



justly castigating Blackwood you have followed in his wake in these very charges All of which have been brought forwarded [*sic*] by Lord Byron Hazlitt & in Blackwood I have been told the professor wrote both the abuse & the defence but I will not vouch for the truth of the charge <sup>1</sup>—

One word as to the imputed plagiarism. Had W: recently published the passage since he became acquainted with you with<sup>t</sup> making a due acknowledgement of your having supplied the fine fancy of which he made a serious application I sho<sup>d</sup> have thought this unjust on his part And your anger very reasonable But W wrote this some 12 or 15 years ago And you with a full knowledge I presume of the wrong consent to overlook it and to associate with him on terms of apparent cordiality but with your feeling I would not have met him or I would have told him what I thought—

8<sup>th</sup>. I was interrupted last night. On a perusal of my letter I think I have done injustice to W. I seem to have admitted much more than I intended or ought the charge so powerfully bro<sup>t</sup> ag<sup>t</sup> both W & S by Lord B. in his admirable and infamous dedication of Don Juan to Southey. And wch charge y<sup>e</sup> have echoed. I do not think there is any unworthy vanity or envy in W. towards his contemporaries. His moral and religious feelings added to a spice of John Bullism have utterly blinded him for instance to the marvellous talent of Voltaire. (Your hint on French literature is very just) But I have heard him praise Elliott quite as warmly as you do. It is at *his* urgent recommend<sup>a</sup> that S. is now coming out with a complete edition of his poems—Let me remark too as to censure that I do not believe I ever heard him speak against any one (except Gothe) whom I have not heard you attack in much more vehement language Indeed I thought I had remarked a general concurrence in your critical opinion But to conclude with a practical hint—If you have not already done so, I should suggest the propriety of your not sending Southey a copy of the Satire. At present

<sup>1</sup> As to the lines in question I feel much more strongly the superiority of yours than the justice of your complaint Yours I have retained in my memory those thirty years 'Ws occupy to the best of my judgem<sup>t</sup> no prominent place in his poem tho' I think the application which is his own very happy—[H. C. R.'s note]

DECEMBER 1836

he has no legal know<sup>s</sup> of the anecdote tho' depend on it some damned good natured friend will take care to make known to both what must very much annoy both Again begging your pardon for the freedom of this letter for wch I implore a kind construction And wch I thought it my duty to write I am with sincere regard &c &c &c

*Endorsed* : 7<sup>th</sup> Dec 1836. Copy to Landor On his Satire ag<sup>t</sup> Wordsw.

1836-1837  
No. 172.

188. *H. C. R. to Landor [copy].*

My dear Sir

17<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 1836

I have great pleasure in informing you that the copy of the Satire sent to Longman's for Southey has been got back. How happy I should have been had I had the same authority and power over the copy unfortunately sent to Talfourd. I shall look with anxiety into the next Blackwood & Fraser—These are birds of prey who live on such food—And love a work of talent only the more because it has something of the lampoon about it.—Apropos I must acknowledge the perfection of your imitation of Blackwood—It is really delightful. You must acknowledge that my blunder is the only adequate praise.—You surprise me when you tell you have not seen the Dedication to D. Juan. It will be unexampled in literary hist[ory] you have not seen Lord B's observations on Blackwood—Every suggestion in your invective against W: is contained <sup>1</sup> in one or other of Lord Bs writings—It is worth while pointing this out.

In the first place the story abo<sup>t</sup> W's not value<sup>s</sup> S's poems at 5/ is found only in Lord B. When a popular writer like B: says such a thing, hundreds repeat it without believing it or caring whether it is 'malignant truth or lye'—It is only when a person of your character the friend of one party & an acquaintance of the other writes of it as a known fact that it becomes of importance. But 2. Lord B remarks Vol. xv p 76 'Perhaps this calculation might rather show his esteem for 5/ than' etc. And this seems the original of your scornful 'Good wary W.'—prudential purse 'worldly mind' Lord B. imputes to W: that

<sup>1</sup> contained is an alteration from *continued*, which was first written.

he is under pecuniary obligations to S: I never heard this before or since. It is of no consequence—S. B xv. 108 calls W: a *parasite* who licks up crumbs from Lord Lonsdale's table—You repeat the charge substituting a Bishop for a Lord and pricked with spicy cheer at Philpots nod—W. does dine with Lord L: and does not with the Bp of Exeter—W is attacked by Lord B: also for Carnage is thy daughter in the dashing Semi-doggeral style which forms the charm of Don Juan—

'Carnage so W tells you is God's daughter  
If he speaks truth she is Christ's Sister and  
Just now behaved as in the Holy-land'

You Bob<sup>1</sup> are rather insolent, you know  
At being disappointed in your wish  
To supersede all Warblers here below  
And be the only Blackbird in the dish'

5. Further the main charge you bring ag<sup>t</sup> W is the same B: brings ag<sup>t</sup> W. S & C. Viz the not acknowl<sup>s</sup> others to be poets as well as themselves. You specify especially Moore & Campbell as those whose merits W: ought to acknowledge. Lord B enumerates others—

Scott, Rogers, *Campbell*, *Moore* & Crabbe will try  
Gainst you the question with posterity—

6. There is another singular similarity—You have qualified your contempt by One line—Verses (and there are such) undoomed to die' Lord B. in like manner qualifies his abuse

'You're Shabby fellows—true—but poets still  
And duly seated on the immortal hill'

Lord B. reproaches W: S: & C: for their *printed* opinions concerning Dryden, Pope, Gray—here the parallel I am sorry to say fails You blend with justifiable allusions to printed opinions a reference to verbal reports picked up at secondhand or heard by yourself—Where has W. printed that Scott wrote *one line* 'almost fine' W's Sonnet on Scott's journey is one of the most beautiful & affecting testimonies of regard by one poet to another the world ever saw?—I might ask where and when did W say this—But this would admit<sup>1</sup> that it is a mere matter

<sup>1</sup> Above this line is an unfinished variant phrase.

of discretion whether you shall leave such sayings uncastigated. If you avow this to the world And you are a man of chivalrous courage [and] have a high sense of personal honour, & I know will never do anything that you are not ready to avow, this must be the consequence that while persons of my insignificance may still enjoy your society assured that I can never become an object of your attack, those who are conscious of be<sup>g</sup> the objects of public attention will be dumb in your presence lest they should find [themselves] quoted and exposed in your next Satire—It annoys me greatly to read your prose note that 'Imposter was the expression' W: used of G: because I do not recollect his using the very words, but I know that he always talks ignorantly and therefore absurdly about G. and I fear he may have said so——

Before I quit this sub<sup>t</sup> let me remark that notwithst<sup>d</sup> all these points of resembl<sup>e</sup> you seem not at all aware of hav<sup>e</sup> derived y<sup>r</sup> impr<sup>s</sup> from Lord B—May it not be the case therefore that W. is quite ignor<sup>t</sup> of his oblig<sup>n</sup> to y<sup>o</sup> for the sea-shell image. I recollect read<sup>e</sup> G.<sup>1</sup> merely because I heard that passage quoted and it may have been repeated in Ws presce. The description may have blended itself with beaut<sup>l</sup> images and tho<sup>u</sup> that form the treasury of a poets memory with<sup>t</sup> his know<sup>s</sup> precisely whence they came.

18<sup>th</sup> I find in your Satire a line that had escaped me at first Or rather its important [? importance] is explained to me by the statement in Lord B. 'If he hath raised us in our low estate' This may be authorised by Southey's inform<sup>n</sup> to y<sup>o</sup> but if y<sup>o</sup> have no better authority for it as I suspect than Lord B's pamphlet it will be but justice in y<sup>o</sup> tow<sup>s</sup> Southey to authorise me to say that tho y<sup>o</sup> are S's friend it is not from him that y<sup>o</sup> have derived the inform<sup>n</sup> It w<sup>d</sup> expose his char<sup>r</sup> to imput<sup>a</sup> if it were thought that *he* had supplied the materials—May I ask an explanation of Why with goatskin glove an ancient friend defy? Ag<sup>t</sup> whom & when & where has W put on the glove of defiance—Do not think me troublesome. I love W:. I infinitely respect S. And I am anxious if possible that this sad note of discord may not reach their ears, Or that if it do, it

<sup>1</sup> *Gebir*

may be so accomp<sup>d</sup> as that all intercourse may not cease bet: them And a friendship at once put an end to that has been a source of enjoym<sup>t</sup> to both for more than 30 years//

Y<sup>o</sup> say I hate a man whose heart is not open to excell of every kind. Then y<sup>o</sup> must join Timon & curse the whole race of us—I never met the prodigy for whom y<sup>o</sup> reserve your love. Even Gs immense mind though alive to all intell<sup>i</sup> excell was not equally open to all moral worth But as far as this remark bears on W I must say that I care little or noth<sup>s</sup> for that sort of narrow mindedness wch I wo<sup>d</sup> concede to his adversary—What matters it that he is insensible to the astonish<sup>s</sup> powers of Volt. or Gothe—He is after all W. In all cases I care little what a man is not—I look to what he is—And W has written a hundred poems, the least excell<sup>t</sup> of wch I wo<sup>d</sup> not sacrifice to give him that openness of heart y<sup>o</sup> require—Productive power acts by means of concentration—With few except<sup>s</sup> those only love everything who like me can do noth<sup>s</sup> Since y<sup>o</sup> use the word detest allow me to say that I detest noth<sup>s</sup> but malignity & wilful injustice stimulated by malignity—I detested Lord B: for his passions were all of an evil kind—Vain, selfish, envious & full of hate—he was in literature what Buon was in politics—Both men of vast power—I hated Hazlitt & broke off acquaint<sup>ce</sup> with him for his base & ungrateful conduct tow<sup>s</sup> W & S—I hated the Edinb Rev as far as one can make a person of a succession of writings for its long contin<sup>d</sup> persecution of W & S disgraceful to Jeffry the editor In all these cases I believe the bad act proceeded from a vile motive. I estimate very diff<sup>ly</sup> the act of a person of very different character, who carried away by a generous zeal for his friend, suffers one idea to master his powerful understand<sup>s</sup>, does not stop to be sure wh<sup>e</sup>r the facts he takes to be genuine be entirely facts or ‘dashed and brewed with lies’ And in his intemperate zeal proceed<sup>s</sup> from love (the excesses of wch are always pardonable so deals his blows that they are likely to wound much more the object of his affection than the individ[u]al whom he assumes a right to punish & expose to the scorn of the common enemies of him the offender the party wronged & the writer himself For this is curious that the very writ<sup>s</sup> that has supplied y<sup>o</sup> with

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all y<sup>r</sup> materials ag<sup>t</sup> W: is equally abusive of S: & includes yourself. It speaks of Kehama, Thalaba Gebir & such gibberish '. Till now every adversary of W: has been also the enemy of S You are the first who has published a line tending to turn their friendship to hatred. (Except L<sup>d</sup> B: in the oft quoted passage—//

I fear these remarks apply equally to the sad couplet abo<sup>t</sup> W:s insensibility to Talf:s Ion. No one will suspect y<sup>o</sup> of intend<sup>s</sup> to wound his feelings Perhaps too y<sup>o</sup> are not aware how warm an admirer of W. Talf has always been—I have no doubt that he flatterd himself with the hope of receiv<sup>s</sup> back a portion of the applause he had so willingly given—He was glad too to include W. in the number of his spectators—He invited y<sup>o</sup> both to dine with him, secured y<sup>o</sup> Seats And I dare say was pleased by reading next day in the papers ' W & L sat together in one box ' And now y<sup>o</sup> tell all the world & him in parlar[particular] that while policemen usurers excisemen [&] all sorts of worthless people were deeply affect<sup>d</sup> W: alone felt nothing!!! Was it a kind return for T hospital<sup>v</sup> to force on him this mortifying fact—It wo<sup>d</sup> have been in its place had y<sup>o</sup> been writ<sup>s</sup> a Sa[t]ire ag<sup>t</sup> Ion I do not ask y<sup>o</sup> how y<sup>o</sup> know the fact, for I sho<sup>d</sup> be sorry were y<sup>o</sup> [to] say ' W. told me he felt noth<sup>s</sup> as we were walking alone together to T's [when] y<sup>o</sup> walked behind '. And yet y<sup>o</sup> could hardly have observed it—Y<sup>o</sup> sat on the back row of the box, And I on the same line with W: and I observ<sup>d</sup> noth<sup>s</sup> of the sort—But if I had, far from officiously telling T of it—I sho<sup>d</sup> have done every thing short of lying to conceal the fact from him—But what is done, cannot be undone And we can only hope that as the pamphlet is too small to advertise it may escape notice. I looked with anxiety into the Exam. this morning and as noth<sup>s</sup> is s<sup>d</sup> about it this week it probably will now pass unnoticed

And now for the last time let me beg y<sup>o</sup> to excuse the freedom with which I have written the same motive wch suggst<sup>d</sup> the Satire to y<sup>o</sup> hav<sup>s</sup> dictated my remarks on it.

I am most truly yours

H C R

*Endorsed: (on first sheet) 17 Dec<sup>r</sup> 1836 Copy To Landor. 2<sup>d</sup> Letter on his Satire (on second sheet) 18<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 1836 Copy to Landor*

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1836-1837  
No. 175.

189. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

My dear Friend

[Rydal Mount. Dec 19<sup>th</sup> 1836]

Last evening when we were all sitting drowsily over the fire, I sagely observed—' I think Mr R. has *cut us* ' to which Dora replied ' Will the sun cut us ? '—truly, however *he* has nearly done so of late—but indeed if you will not come to see us, you ought now & then to send us one of your nice close written letters to pore over, to break the chain of those everlasting Proofs that Mr Evans sends us day after day to blind our eyes with—I seldom open one of his covers without expecting to find a Sibylline from you within.

—I know not where you are or if you are to be found, so this in case it should reach you is but to remind you that we are alive—& not only so, but that we feel Dora is improving more rapidly than heretofore—our poor Sister is in her usual way. And my sister Joanna, who is with us, is not very flourishing—W<sup>m</sup> & myself quite well.—Tell us what you think about the *Italian Cholera*.

Ever faithfully yours

With our united love

M. Wordsworth

Rydal Mount

Dec<sup>r</sup> 19—

Dr & Mr<sup>s</sup> A. are expected next Sat: with 3 of their young ones—a detachment of 6 with Nurses, Governess &c—arrived a fortnight ago.—

By the bye did you receive a nice letter of poor C. Lambs—which I found, & enclosed to you some time since ?

*No address or post mark.*

*Endorsed* 19<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 1836, Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth.

1836-1837  
No. 5

190. *W. W.<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.*

My dear Friend

Rydal Mount Jan<sup>y</sup> 28th [1837]

We are a letter in your debt - - & that letter spoke of discomforts to which your Brother had been exposed, & of a severe domestic distress <sup>2</sup>—It seldom happens that friends can

<sup>1</sup> Mrs W's writing

<sup>2</sup> The death of his brother's grandchild.

do more upon such occasions than express assurances of sympathy, which we have all sincerely felt with you upon this. Moxon tells us you have returned to town—& we trust you have left your family more reconciled to their heavy loss, than you ventured to hope—the blessings of Christianity are in nothing more deeply felt than in its power to dispose the mind to resignation under the pressure of like afflictions. And not only to do this, but to turn them into sources of something more than cheerfulness—as being more exalted than mere cheerfulness can be—Today we have heard of the disease [*sic*] of a most amiable young Person about 20 years of age—in whom we were much interested—She is the 6th Child that her Parents have lost within the last 2 years—most of them (within a very few years) of the same age. Both from letters & conversation I have learnt & I have also seen, that the Parents have been supported under these afflictions in a manner which you would have delighted to witness

Dr Arnold and his family are here & have been enjoying themselves much—the Dr takes very long walks, and I sometimes fear Mrs A is tempted to do more in this way than she ought. The Winter has been with us, I should say, an agreeable one—on account of its great variety—Frost—snow—rain, bright & gleamy sunshine, such as we have had to-day—the mountains being most beautiful—and we have had many such days ; & the winter upon the whole has been far from severe. We have had primroses in blow thro' the whole of it.

In two or three days I hope the printing of my last Volume will be begun, the whole of the Verses are corrected for the Press—But I must have another *tug* at the Poscript [*sic*] on the Poor Laws, & other things, in which I wish you were here to help—Mary wishes it still more—

What do you think of an edition of 20,000 of my Poems being struck off at Boston—as I have been told on good authority—An Author in the English language is becoming a great Power for good or evil—if he writes with spirit.

Now for our travels—I trust I shall be ready to start from home by the end of the 3d week in Febr<sup>y</sup> I shall land Dora at Leamington, where I must be obliged to stay at least two days



JANUARY 1837

—then direct for town—I hope this will suit you, but pray write immediately & let me know what way we had best take, I suppose it will be of course to enter Italy by the Cornice road. How can we most agreeably & best get thither, I must repeat that I am not equal to lumbering night & day, in a french diligence—else we might go that way to Chalon sur Soane & so float down that river & the Rhone a [sic] Avignon—but in this I submit entirely to your experience. Here let me say, that I have lately rec<sup>d</sup> a most friendly letter from Baron [sic] Field, inviting us to the South of Spain, but this is out of the question at this time of the year—For never will I trust myself in the Atlantic in a steam boat between the Autumnal & Vernal equinox. Nor would you I think, if you had read a most interesting letter which we had lately from Mr Quillinan—giving an account, poor fellow, of his wretched situation with his daughter & 40 Passengers, who were on the brink of destruction off Cape Finnesterro [sic]—& in much danger for 5 days—all owing to the rascality [sic] of the owners & agents of the Steam Vessel—sending her out again at that season—a week after her return from Madeira & Gibraltar, when, as the head Engineer told Mr Q. after their disaster, she stood in need of at least repairs which would have taken 3 weeks. I wish you could see Mr Q's detail, for it is very touching & beautifully written.

It is late, & I must conclude—pray let us here [sic] from you—I have been 7 hours walking this day—A blank post day to London giving me a holiday. Do not imagine from this bravado as it may seem, that I am too youthful to be your Companion—Alas ! I feel how far, how very far I am below you in muscular strength—But let me be thankful for what is left—farewell ! with love from all—Dora is much better in health—& my poor Sister no worse, but rather more comfortable.

Ever most faithfully yours  
W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth.

*No address or post mark.*

*Endorsed : Jan 1837. Wordsworth Intended journey.*

1836-1837  
No. 7.

191. H. C. R. to W. W.

2 Plowd: Building Temple 3 Feb: 37.

p. 4, line 6 . . Hereafter perhaps the lovers of your poetry may be desirous to have your collected prose writings—your Convention of Cintra—your Letter on Burns, your poor law investigation And those other unacknowledged brochures which I have heard imputed to you—The *Guide* notwithstanding\* it's humble title is much more congenial with your poems than any of these controversial writings The *Epitaphs* you have very properly included— . .

1836-1837  
No 10

192. W. W.<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount  
11<sup>th</sup> Feb<sup>r</sup> 1837.

My dear Friend

Thanks for your letter, the reasonableness of wh throughout, I acknowledge—My present wish is, if you approve to go from Brighton by steam—to Dieppe, to Rouen & Paris : this shortens the land journey much—then to Challons & down the Soane & Rhone & by all means by the Cornice road forwards into Italy—

I like your account of your friend, & shall be glad that he or any other eligible person sh<sup>d</sup> accompany us—there are many reasons why three persons are preferable to two, though of course there are objections. My son has spent too much money about his new house to be able to go along with us.

Now my dear Friend, consult with M<sup>r</sup> Moxon, how my last vol: can be pushed thro' the press as fast as possible—all the copy is in the hands of the printer, except the postscript, which I could leave to be done by M<sup>rs</sup> W. & my Clerk—There is nothing (except some fear of the Influenza seizing us on the road) save

<sup>1</sup> The first page and the address are written by M. W. , the rest by W. W.

FEBRUARY 1837

the printing of this work to prevent our setting off for Leamington in a very few days

Most faithfully

Yours

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

All going on as usual at Home. Dora's health improving.

H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>

2 Plowdens Buildings  
Temple

*Endorsed*. 11<sup>th</sup> Feb: 1837, M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth & W. W.

1836-1837  
No. 16a

193. W. W. to H. C. R.

Feb 1837.

My dear Friend,

The Epidemic has seized Dora, and she has been 4 days confined to her bed, and is very weak. I write this from fears that our setting off may be retarded by it. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth and I are yet untouched by the disease ; but two of our servants have had it, one of whom is still in bed. My Sister keeps clear and is as well as usual. I will let you know in<sup>1</sup> this same chan[n]el how we go on. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth['s] Brother M<sup>r</sup> Thomas Hutchinson (of Brinsop) has just had a fearful accident. His Horse fell with him ; and the spinal marrow has been much injured in consequence, so that the use of his limbs was taken away. We *hope* he is doing as well as can be expected after so dreadful a shock.

Ever faithfully yours

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

Perhaps you have not been told that Dora is intended to be her Father's fellow traveller as far as Leamington.

*Address* H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowdens Build<sup>gs</sup>, Temple.

*Post Marks* : Kendal Penny Post, C [17 ?] Feb 18<sup>2</sup>

*Endorsed* : Feb: 1837, Wordsworth Autograph.

<sup>1</sup> through *written in above*.

<sup>2</sup> Partly illegible.

FEBRUARY 1837

1836-1837  
No 11.

194. W. W. to H. C. R.

Tuesday 20<sup>th</sup> [Feb. 1837]

My dear Friend,

I write to you *principally* to entreat that you would endeavour to *ascertain* as speedily as you can, by application to the Representatives of the Italian Courts, or by Traveller, or through any persons who are in correspondence with Italy, what degree of impediment, we are likely to meet with, from quarantine, sanitary or political, on entering Italy or travelling there—This, I feel indispensable for pacifying dear Mr<sup>s</sup> W<sup>s</sup> mind, who has had such unfavorable accounts upon this subject, one yesterday, very strongly expressed from Lady Frederick Bentinck who has much communication with Foreigners. Poor dear Mary, is full of fears, and in dejected spirits on account of the sad intelligence from her Brothers House at Brinsop. His daughter appears to be in a hopeless state of sickness, and Mary is anxious to go thither to assist her Sister-in-law, in nursing the Invalids But this cannot be done at present, on account of Dora's being reduced by the Influenza. If Dora recovers her strength, so that it may be deemed reasonable for her to move, Mother & Daughter *will move* as soon as possible, and I shall accompany them if your answer be favorable so that Mr<sup>s</sup> W<sup>s</sup> mind shall be tranquilized, I mean to accompany them as far as Manchester, and give up going to Leamington. In that case I should be in Town two or three days earlier. If Dora should not be well enough to start, it will then be for me to consider, whether I sh[o]uld not start this day week which, I for myself, am quite prepared to do.

This, I fear, will be found to be a confused letter. The sum is, Learn about the cholera, and write *immediately* and if your answer be favorable I shall probably be in Tow[n] in ten days at the latest.

ever affectionately yours  
W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

Tuesday.

I think I told you before that poor Mr Hutchinson of Brinsop had lost the use both of his legs and arms, by injury to the spinal cord, from his horse falling with him—so that you may judge of the distress of that House, the daughter dying, & the father in that state—!

*Address* H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowdens Buildings, Temple, London.

*Post Marks* ; Kendal Penny Post [and another, illegible].

*Endorsed*. 20<sup>th</sup> feb. 1837, Wordsworth Enquiries abo<sup>t</sup> Cholera.

1836-1837  
No 12.

195. H. C. R. to W. W.

[24 Feb. 1837.]

My dear friend

I am concerned to hear of M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth's family-distress And I am sorry too that the effect, a very natural one, has been produced of making her unreasonably apprehensive about the Cholera—If she will be rendered unhappy by your travelling unless she can be assured that you will not come into a district where the Cholera has been and may be lingering—you had better at once give up all idea of going abroad—But for the same reason you ought not to have been here a few weeks ago Where the influenza has been avowedly more fatal than the Cholera.

I went into the city on receiving your letter to get the best information I could from a Merchant in weekly communication with Italy—I was assured by an *Italian* that the Cholera has ceased to be an object of anxiety, tho' he was not certain that all the former Quarantine regulations had ceased—But you are aware that these regulations respect rather the coming from than the going to Italy—But *Milman* whom I have been speaking to within ten minutes says that there is no quarantine [*sic*] either in the Austrian or Sardinian state. There was none last Summer even tho the traveller came from Naples where the Cholera raged—he considers the alarm as passed away—

FEBRUARY 1837

However you must bear in mind that this is a subject on which there can be no inference drawn from the past for the future—Even were there a Quarantine now It wo<sup>d</sup> by no means follow that you should be deterred from setting out. In a month all might be over—It is of the nature of this disease to shift its seat and last but a short time But of course the remark cuts both ways. At all events I think that were it not for the effect of more apprehension on Mr<sup>s</sup> Ws mind, I should think the actual danger not to be regarded—Were I alone, and had fixed to go I would not be deterred—But I confess I should not be so bold for you—I should feel the responsibility of exposing a life so valuable as you—In conclusion as you have fixed on a journey I should not hesitate at all events to go down to the South of France visit Nismes—Take Genoa the North of Italy and by [be] guided as to the South of Italy by circumstances Considering the chances to be a 100 to 1 in favour of the journey being completed—and only resolving to turn back whenever any danger might threaten—This you might promise to Mr<sup>s</sup> W.—I shall forward this letter at once if I can get a frank—But if I can get better information within a few days I shall write again

Kenyon says he would not go for Settimana Santa if he could—That is out of the question now—

I breakfasted with Rogers yesterday—He is grown very kind and even tender in his manners—

I must now leave off—And shall if I cannot find a frank here or at the other place, leave this letter to Moxon's

You may expect to hear from me again

Most affly yours

H. C. Robinson

2 Plowd Building

24 feb: 1837./—

The proper time for parting would I think now be early in April./—

*Endorsed* : Feb: 1837, H C R to Wordsworth.

*No address or post mark.*

1836-1837  
No. 13. 196. *Dora Wordsworth to H. C. R.*

[Feb 27<sup>th</sup> 1837]

My dear Mr Robinson,

Father desires me to thank you for your very satisfactory letter received this morning & to say that he hopes to be in town this day fortnight<sup>1</sup> (Monday 6 March) & will be ready to start for Italy as soon as he has paid his visit to Miss Fenwick—He accompanies my Mother and me to Leamington & will give a day to Dr Arnold.—We have had a very good account of my Uncle Hutchinson who is going on as well as possible but alas for his poor Daughter she cannot long be among us—My Mother proceeds to Brinsop from Leamington without halting at all—

Did you receive a note from Father, enclosing a letter for Miss Hutchinson, enclosing a copy of a letter from Mr Quillnan? if you have not would you beg Mr Moxon to make enquiries for it from his printers Bradbury & Evans to whose care your letter was sent—it left Rydal last Saturday fortnight—  
With kindest love & best wishes from all

Very affect<sup>ly</sup> yours  
Dora Wordsworth

Monday Feby 27<sup>th</sup>.

Aunt is very nicely I have had a slight return of the Influenza w<sup>h</sup> prevents our starting this week as was our intention; we have fixed next Tuesday for our departure

[P.S. from W. W]

I am quite satisfied with your account, and Mr<sup>s</sup> W seems to be so too. I cannot say how much I was grieved at what you say about your health. I hope the journey will do us both good.

ever affectionately yours  
W<sup>m</sup> W

*Address* · H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Plowdens Buildings, Temple.

*Post Marks* : 7 N<sup>o</sup> 7 Mr 1 1837, T. P Fetter Lane.

*Endorsed* . 27<sup>th</sup> Feb 1837. Wordsworth (Autograph).

<sup>1</sup> See PS to No. 197.

MARCH 1837

1836-1837  
Nos. 20 & 21.

197. W. W. to H. C. R.

[2 March 1837]

My dear Friend

We have just received your 2nd Letter. All had been previously settled for our departure, though Dora is still troubled with cold & susceptibilities of taking cold—reliques of the influenza. This is Thursday and on Monday morning we mean to quit Rydal, hoping to reach Manchester that night, Birmingham on Tuesday night Whence Mrs W will hasten to her Brother's, and we two be I hope at Rugby, early on Wednesday. On Friday I shall proceed to London, and after a few days, very few, given to friendship under the Roof of Miss Fenwick, and to calling on other Friends, and to business passports &c., I shall be eager to depart in order to have the benefit of the spring of Italy, and its beauty as early as possible. I say this being well aware that you will readily meet my wishes.—Mrs W—confides in our united prudence, and for myself I have not a jot more fear of apprehension than I should have, of being carried off at home, by influenza, apoplexy, palsy, or any other of Death's ministers.—

Two or three days ago died my good old Friend Mr Bolton ; my friend & neighbour Mr North was in extreme danger for several days with influenza, and this morning has died of the same complaint, my excellent neighbour & friend Mrs Freeman, who only a week ago or less last Friday talked with Mrs W— & me with all the animation of a person of 20, being quite well.—

I long to see you that we may plan our journey and be off with as little delay as possible. We have now here the most beautiful weather, celandines & daisies smiling upon the sun, in abundanee. I trust that the Stamp office will have no objection to rather a prolonged stay on my part ; I cannot banish the hope of having a peep at Sicily if you approve, and the Steam boat to Palermo shall be found doing its duty.—

I still incline to going by Dieppe to Rouen and so on to Paris. The only part of the journey which is to me uninviting is the



MARCH 1837

space between Paris and Chalons sur Soane. Nismes we will see if you approve—farewell.

Most affectionately yours

Monday

P.S. Our intended departure has been hastened a day since Dora wrote. Mrs Hooke cannot receive us, so that she will go to Dr Arnolds first, which allows me to be in Town three days earlier, than her Letter would lead you to expect. There was a mistake in her Letter, she wrote, as she afterwards remembered, Monday 6<sup>th</sup> instead of Monday 18<sup>th</sup>. Unless some thing happens which I can't foresee, I shall be at Miss Fenwicks on the evening of the tenth, and happy to see you there on the eleventh. No. 1 Portugal street South Audley street is her residence.

Rydal Mount

No 1. Portugal St<sup>1</sup>

Thursday March 2<sup>d</sup>

*Address* H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Plowden's Buildings, Temple.

*Post Marks* · Fleet St W.C., 8 Mg. 8 Mr 6 1837.

*Endorsed*. March 1837. (Wordsworth) before the journey.

1836-1837  
No 39

198. H. C. R. to T. R.

Florence

5<sup>th</sup> June 1837.

p. 1, line 21. . . . I shall not attempt an account of the sights of Rome.—But instead say generally that my chief enjoyment was derived from Miss Mackenzie<sup>2</sup> whose house was our place

<sup>1</sup> Written by Dora.

<sup>2</sup> ' . . . this same evening, [Dec 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1830.] another incident took place which was a source of great pleasure to me, not only during my residence in Rome, but long afterwards' This was his introduction to 'the Hon. Miss Mackenzie, a descendant of the Earl of Seaforth. . . . I found, however, that her distinction at Rome did not depend merely on her family; but that she had the reputation of being a woman of taste and sense, and the friend of artists' Miss Mackenzie and H. C. R. remained intimates until her death in 1840, when he wrote of her 'She was an excellent person, for whom I had a sincere regard—warm-hearted, and endowed with fine taste. She had a love of all excellence, and was grateful to me for having enabled her to make Wordsworth happy for a month in Rome.' See *infra* W. W. to H. C. R., 16 March 1840

of resort every evening And her carriage at our service nearly every day. She took great delight in Wordsworth's company And he was gratified and relieved by her attentions—He has little pleasure in either antiquities or mere ordinary church or gallery hunting but no man ever more enjoyed the beauties of nature On the whole however he enjoyed Rome quite as much as I expected And I had also quite as much pleasure as I looked for . . .

p. 8, line 8. . . . We are more likely I think to precipitate than retard our return. W. has been made very uneasy by not hearing from his family as he hoped And I fear the effect of heat upon him as well as myself—Therefore it is that he is anxious to have got over the plains of Lombardy before the Summer sets in—I suppose that [if ?] we are on the *barbarian* sides of the Alps we may disregard all heats whatever. I have no doubt we shall both enjoy the Austrian & Bavarian lakes quite as much as Italy—He because he enjoys country so much more than cities and I from my predilection for [every]<sup>1</sup> thing Ge[rma]n<sup>1</sup>. . . .

Knight,<sup>1</sup> Vol III,  
p 137

199. W. W. to M. W.

Munich Monday, July 17. [1837.]

At present I consider our tour finished, and all my thoughts are fixed upon home, where I am most impatient to be, - - - particularly as there are (as must be the case with all companions in travel) so many things in habit and inclination in which Mr R. and I differ. Upon these I shall not dwell at present, as the only one I care about is this. He has no home to go to but chambers, and wishes to stay abroad, at least to linger abroad, which I, having the blessing of a home, do not. Again, he takes delight in loitering about towns, gossiping, and attending reading-rooms, and going to coffee-houses; and at *table d'hôtes*, etc., gabbling German, or any other tongue, all which places and practices are my abomination. In the evenings I

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.

<sup>2</sup> This letter is not among those at Dr. Williams's Library

JULY 1837

cannot read, as the candlelight hurts my eyes, and I have therefore no resource but to go to bed, while I should like exceedingly, when upon our travels, if it were agreeable to him, to rise early ; but though he will do this, he dislikes it much, so that I don't press it. He sleeps so much at odd times in the day that he does not like going to bed till midnight. In this, and a hundred other things, our tastes and habits are quite at variance, though nobody can be more obliging in giving up his own ; but you must be aware it is very unpleasant for me to require this. In fact, I have very strong reasons for wishing this tour, which I have found so very beneficial to my mind, at an end for the sake of my body. . . . A man must travel alone—I mean without one of his family—to feel what his family is to him ! How often have I wished for James to assist me about the carriage, greasing the wheels (a most tedious employment, fastening the baggage, etc., for nothing can exceed the stupidity of these foreigners. Tell him how I wish I had been rich enough to bring him along with me ! - - - God bless you all ! - - -

1836-1837  
No. 48.

200. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

[August 1837]

My dear Friend

The pleasure of expecting the enclosed will find *you all* assembled in your *dusty rooms* induces me to forward a few lines, for the sake of that pleasure, under cover to you. At the same time I am afforded an opportunity to thank you for all your delightful scraps—& to say how glad I am that you are yet to be the Poets fellow-traveller a fair proof to me that your long ramble has not sickened you of each others society. besides Dora in this case will have an opportunity to ascertain how far my opinion of your qualifications as a travelling companion is correct. I hope before you part you will settle about your Xtnas visit to the *home staying* at Rydal

ever faithfully & affly yours

M. Wordsworth.

I send this by Mondays post—Tuesday's would possibly have

AUGUST 1837

done to meet my object—but it might not have reached Plowdens Build<sup>s</sup> this the 2<sup>d</sup> before this Thursdays breakfast Party broke up

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowdens Build<sup>s</sup>, Temple.  
*No Post Mark.*

*Endorsed* . August 1837 M<sup>rs</sup>. Wordsworth

1836-1837  
No. 49

201. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[Sept 5<sup>th</sup> 1837]

p. 2, line 16. . . . I hope you will send me dear Miss Wordsworths note—I would gladly pay postage for it. I cannot tell you how much it touched me to hear that she thought & talked of me in the hour of my sorrow.<sup>1</sup> I felt a strong desire at the moment to write to her thinking that perhaps it might rouse her but my poor head would not let me write at that time. Give my very best love & my very best thanks to dear Mr Wordsworth for both his Letters.—Tell him I remembered how I felt when the Aborgavenny was lost<sup>2</sup> & knew how he would feel for me. . . .

1836-1837  
No 53.

202. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

44 Dover street

My dear Friend,

Tuesday afternoon [Sept 1837]

It was inconsiderate in me, on my daughter's account, to engage to breakfast with you on Thursday—I knew it would fatigue her much, and it is necessary for her to start as fresh as possible on her long journey.—Mr M—and I have therefore undertaken to set Mr Cookson free from his engagement to you, and on that condition he has promised to breakfast here on Thursday at nine, Mr Moxon not doubting that you will readily do the same M—and I called at your chambers this morning, after having been with Mr C, but you were not at home—

farewell, faithfully yours

W Wordsworth

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Temple.

*No Post Mark.*

*Endorsed* : Sept. 1837. Wordsworth. Autograph.

<sup>1</sup> The death of her only son.

<sup>2</sup> On which Wordsworth's brother was drowned.

1836-1837  
No. 67.

203. *H. C. R. to W. W.*

Athenæum 11<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1837

My dear friend

I have seen the illustrious illustrator of political economy by polyform narratives And the traveller who eulogi[s]es democracy & proves by her facts that her eulogy is unmerited - - And as she has communicated facts to me not opinions, in which you take a great interest And as I think you will be pleased at receiving good news even from her, I write.

Miss Martineau informs me that it being objected in America, (when the proposal was made to give copyright to English writers) that no English writers had manifested any anxiety on the subject, a petition or memorial was prepared and signed by very many English authors for presentation to Congress : That only three writers of note refused to subscribe—Mr<sup>s</sup> Shelley because she had never asked a favor of any one, and never would Lord Brougham because first he was a Member of another legislator [legislature] (no reason at all) And secondly because he was so insignificant a writer which many will believe to be more true than the Speaker himself seriously thinks And W: W: Esq<sup>r</sup> whose reason is not known, but who is thought to have been misinformed on the Subject—Notwithstanding these three blanks in the scroll of English literati—the petition produced an unparelled [*sic*] impression on the house of representatives A bill was brought in the house and passed by acclamation unanimously—Just as the similar measure of Serg<sup>t</sup> Talfourd was received here—But the Session was a very short one—And the measure must be brought forward again But Miss M. is assured that no doubt is entertained that it will pass both houses without difficulty She could not find the printed bill when I was with her, but she says the privilege extends a long time—The only obligation laid on English authors is that their claim must be made within six months from the publication in England She says it will secure competence to many English Authors' families. . . .

1836-1837  
Nos. 69-70.

204. *W. W.<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.*Dec<sup>r</sup> 15 [1837]

My dear Friend

We were glad to see your handwriting again, having often regretted your long silence. To take the points of your letter in order. Sergeant T. did forward to me a petition—& I objected to sign it, not because I was misinformed, but because allegations were made in it, of the truth of which, I knew nothing of my own knowledge; & because I thought it impolitic to speak of the American Publishers who had done what there was no law to prevent them doing, in such harsh & injurious terms. This I thought would exasperate them, & put some of them upon opposing a measure, who might otherwise have felt no objection to it. Soon after this I had the pleasure of seeing a very intelligent American Gentleman at Rydal—whom you perhaps have seen—Mr Duar—to whom I told my reasons for not signing the Petition—he approved of them, & said that the proper way of proceeding, would have been to lay the case before our foreign Secretary, whose duty it would be to open a communication with the A<sup>n</sup> [American] foreign Sec<sup>r</sup> & thro' that channel, the correspondence would regularly proceed to Congress. I am however glad to hear that the Petition was rec<sup>d</sup> as you report—When I was last in London—I breakfasted at Miss Rogers' with the A<sup>n</sup> Minister, Mr Stephenson, who reprobated, in the strongest terms of indignation, the injustice of the present system. Both these Gentlemen spoke also of its impolicy, in respect to America, as it prevented Publishers, thro' fear of immediate underselling, from reprinting valuable English Works. You may be sure that a reciprocity in this case is by me much desired—tho' far less on my own acc<sup>t</sup>, for I cannot encourage a hope that my family will be much benefited by it, than for a love of justice, & the pleasure it would give me to know that the families of successful Men of letters, might take such station as proprietors which they who are amused or benefited by their writings in both Continents seem ready to allow them. I hope you will

<sup>1</sup> In M. W.'s handwriting.

use your influence among y<sup>r</sup> Parl<sup>y</sup> friends to procure support for the Sergeant's motion. I ought to have added that Spring Rice was so obliging as to write to me upon the subject of the American Copyright which letter I answered at some length -- & if I am not mistaken that correspondence was forwarded by me to Sergeant Talfourd.

Either of the plans of travel for next Summer that have been presented to you, would [I] <sup>1</sup> think answer for your amusement. Both I believe are somewhat fatiguing; but if you avoid, which you must do, overstraining yourself by walking—above all up hill, I have no fears for you on that account. Mr Quillnan's Father who was a very strong Man, did on one occasion over-exert himself, lost his life by putting-off wearing a truss till it was too late, & last week a worthy man of Ambleside died also, as Mr Carr told me, from not submitting to an operation which became necessary, from the same cause. Therefore let me earnestly beg that you never would travel in foreign Countries unprepared with one of these accommodations in case you should stand in the least need of it.

I am uneasy in being so long in Barron Field's debt, he having favored me with another letter of criticism upon my last Ed: Some of the remarks will be useful but in others I differ from him *toto caelo*—for example he proposes to read, for

' His eye thro' the lost look of dotage is cunning & shy '

His eye thro' the *last* look &—

As probably you will have to write to him again, pray thank him for his kindness, & say that it is only the state of my eyes that prevents me from writing to him myself. In fact I am not yet able to pen more than a few lines at a time without injury, & to you I will mention what has *not* been said to anyone else that Mrs W. who is my only Secretary suffers so much from a pain in her wrist from an old sprain & Rheumatism that every line which she writes gives me some uneasiness. (*He compells [sic] me to say this M W*) So that you see we are in no great plight for keeping up correspondence—even with our dearest friends—Then there are those abominable Albums

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.

and Autographs, with which I am cruelly pestered. Now *mind* that this does not prevent *your* writing to us. Only do not take it ill if you are not answered so much at length as we could wish—the inconvenience Mrs W. feels in writing, is only *temporary*.

Poor dear Kenyon! <sup>1</sup> but I had foretold in my own thoughts & said also to Mrs W. that I feared it would not be long before he would have some dangerous seizure—I apprehended something of an apoplectic kind, for he is of far too full a habit—& so I rather think I told him. He is a generous & noble Creature, & one for whom I have the highest respect—Pray when you see him, tell him we were much troubled to hear of his indisposition.

Dora will pass thro' London from Dover on the 18th & will be with Mrs Hoare at Hampstead till the 21st when she intends, God willing, to proceed with her Cousins to spend some little time with her Uncle at Cambridge—She has been much benefitted by her residence I hope at Dover—but from presuming too far upon her returning strength—she has walked too much & in some degree her uncomfortable feelings at her chest have come back upon her.

Of the Southey's we hear *nothing* but well, except that Mr S. does not sleep as well as could be wished—& his daughters say that at times he looks thin & worn.

I have become indisposed rather to publish my Sister's Scotch Tour at present. I have no good reason for thinking that the taking it thro' the Press would be a *profitable* stirring of her mind, at all, & the hope of this result was my only inducement to undertake the experiment. Besides, we both feel there would be some indelicacy in drawing public attention to her in her present melancholy state. Before I was forced to take this view of the case it had given me much pleasure, & I had corrected & enlarged two little Poems upon the subject of Burns which would have seen the light for the first time in this Publication.—

And now for a more important subject of private business.

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R. had given an account of Kenyon's severe illness in a letter of Dec. 11.



Mr Hutchinson of Brinsop made his will, leaving all his property to his Wife, for her time, to be distributed equally among his 4 children after her death. I pointed out to him the probable great injustice of this, after he had been at the expense of giving a University education to his two Sons ; & furthermore showed him, that if any of his Children should get into difficulties—it would be much better to interpose a more dispassionate judgment, than a Mother's can be supposed to be for regulating the mode & degree of relief which it might be proper to afford them. I therefore, with the entire approbation of Mrs H. & her most ready concurrence, proposed that the Property should be placed in the hands of Trustees—in the manner in which my own is. Mr Monkhouse & my Son W<sup>m</sup> are, much to the satisfaction of the Parties, ready to undertake this office—and presuming upon your never-wanting kindness I have ventured to say, that you would assist them in drawing out a form for the accomplishment of this good purpose—And I now beg that for the sake of this excellent family you would do this—putting yourself into communication by letter with Mr M.—who is aware of what I meant to propose to you, as soon as you can find it convenient.

Cannot you, either during the winter, or the Spring run down & give us & a month of your company—which we so much value. It took Dora only 12 hours to go from Kendal to Birmingham—the journey from Warrington by Railway & from Kendal to Warrington by Mail—we can meet you at K. so that you need not stop there—so that from B. to us would take no more than 14 or 15 hours time.

We have had Mr Quillinan with us for the last fortnight—who having business at Leeds kindly came on—he leaves us on Saturday—meaning to take up his Daughter at Brinsop.

Glad to hear that Miss Lamb is well—our kind love to her—We have been looking for some time for a package, which Dora announced to us was to be sent from Mr Moxon—Say to him, if you please, that if he could get from M'Crone [?] Sir Egertons Milton, which he recollects I was promised—to enclose in the parcel. M. I understand has been something disappointed in the sale of the Ed: I fear he is a little too

DECEMBER 1837

sanguine—because he told me he expected a greater sale of Lambs works—A friend of mine, tells me that he heard from Mr Marshall (Marshall & Simkin Paternoster Row) that the demand for my 6 vols was steadily encreasing [*sic*]. Kind remembrances to all who enquire after us, & with affectionate remembrances from us all to yourself, believe me ever faithfully

Your's W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

*Address.* H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Atheneum.

*No Post Mark.*

*Endorsed:* Dec<sup>r</sup> 37. Wordsworth. Family matters, Hutchn-  
sons & business.

1838-1840  
No 1.

205. H. C. R. to W. W.

9<sup>th</sup> January 1838.

p. 3, line 5. . . . Be assured that I shall never stand on the formality of receiving an answer to every letter And that the only cause of my writing rarely is the well grounded fear that I have not matter sufficient to repay the trouble of breaking the seal—I do not suppose that it was with that view that your [*sic*] published your set of Conversational Sonnets—(grand favorites of mine notwithstanding)—but I am very sure that your declaration against 'personal talk' has deterred many a would-be correspondent from writing—Knowing the deep interest you take in the welfare of others, I never scruple writing when I have any fact to relate that will gratify your kind Sympathies even with mere acquaintances; otherwise I have my scruples. . . .

*Bundle 2, Miscellaneous*  
*IV F. and 1838-1840. No 7*

206. M. W. for W. W. to H. C. R.

[Feb. 1838.]

My dear Friend

Thanks for your two letters. As we are now so far advanced towards Spring, when Carriages must be more in request, I quite agree with you, & my Son W<sup>m</sup> is of the same opinion, that we have a right to look for £35 clear of the expense of

removing the Carriage, *at the lowest*—that sum would be just  $\frac{1}{2}$  of what it cost us in London, & you know there were other considerable expences in fitting it out at Paris. You cannot however come to any resolution respecting it, with which I shall quarrel. We have written this morn<sup>g</sup> to Brinsop, reporting the substance of your letter—M<sup>r</sup> H's feeble state, tho' his health has been improving, must be taken as an excuse for their dilatoriness [*sic*]*—We* have not heard from them lately.

The weather has not been anything like so severe with us as in the South, & not an inmate in this house has suffered in the least from cold our situation is so warm, & sheltered.

Before you go to Norway don't fail to read Samuel Laing Esq<sup>r</sup>'s Journal of a residence in Norway 1836 published by Longman—for a book professing to be written in English, it is in style the worst I ever read; & the Author in some important points, is an ill reasoning & an inconsistent theorist. But his book contains a good deal of valuable information, respecting a Country little visited, & where there have existed for many many Centuries Institutions, & a state of Society worthy of being considered, by a more comprehensive mind than this Traveller's.

M<sup>r</sup> Moxon has consented to publish the Sonnets in a separate vol: & seems pleased with the project—but he proposes to print them only one in a page—which will make a Vol of not less 420 pages [*sic*]*—the* price to be 9/ at least—of course it will then be a book of luxury—which may be better tolerated in this class of composition than others, as the structure of the Sonnet is so artificial. But what do you say to his plan? you have a special right to be the [*first*] consulted, having been the first to suggest to me such a publication & [*having*] been one of his best Patrons Pray confer with him about it. By the next post, I hope to send off a list of corrections, chiefly errors of the press, & amended punctuation. There will be one add<sup>d</sup> Son: which I composed yesterday for a conclusion to the class of our Continental Tour in —20—& I think of writing another by way of finale for the whole Volume.

Thanks for your notices of public affairs, I am glad of what

you say of Fonblanc,<sup>1</sup> nothing upon that subject from him has fallen in my way ; but I have lately seen in an extract, from him that he is as bigotted about the ballot as ever. I learn from a pretty good quarter that the Tories are building high hopes upon the humiliation of the present Ministry. I wish I could share them, but I see no prospect of forming a Gov<sup>t</sup> at present in which any one Party in the State, can take the lead without compromises, & inconsistencies which are likely to make common honesty a thing no longer to be looked for, in public men. The Canadian Rebellion<sup>2</sup> could have never broken out but from the weakness of our Gov<sup>t</sup> at home ; upon this, the Agitators upon both sides of the Water built ; & it it [*sic*] is this which has called out the insolence the American Gov<sup>t</sup> is now manifesting—the root of the whole, being the distracted state of public opinion among ourselves.

Dr Arnold was truly sorry to leave Fox How sooner than he needed to have done—to attend to what he deemed his duty in the thing called University Col. (I believe) do not the words of the Charter say that the object of the Institution is to provide a regular & liberal course of education ? How is this to be done, if Christianity as promulgated in the Greek Testament, is as a matter of fact to be excluded ? Plague upon such liberality, & shame upon a Ministry who could consent that under this mask of old names & honors, such a system should be smuggled into a Country, with whose laws & institutions Christianity is so intimately blended, as with ours. Is it possible that a Body of Teachers, of whose very existence such jealous precautions are deemed an indispensable [*sic*] condition can long work together for a good purpose.

Do you mean to embark for Norway from London—the communication from Stockton upon Tees is frequent & direct.

<sup>1</sup> Albany Fonblanque (1793–1872), a keen radical reformer, and a journalist, distinguished for his humour and sarcasm. He was also a brilliant talker, and a well-known frequenter of the Athenaeum. H. C. R. records in his *Rem* that he was one of the hundred who contributed £10 each to enable Fonblanque to continue publication of *The Examiner*.

<sup>2</sup> The Canadian Rebellion of 1838 was caused by the disputes between French and British settlers, especially in Lower Canada. It was easily subdued, but led ultimately to the triumph of Lord Durham's colonial policy which resulted in the unification of Canada into a self-governing dominion. The Canada Government Bill was passed in July 1840.

FEBRUARY 1838

Stockton is about 70 miles from us, & by antedating your departure from town a fortnight or so we might have the pleasure of seeing you here before your departure. Mr<sup>s</sup> W. has a Cousin at Stockton—who trades with Norway & the Baltic.—<sup>1</sup> & from him she could learn particulars that might serve yr convenience previous to embarkation, & no doubt could give you useful introductions. If you could come round this way, I think I might engage to go with you to Stockton by the rail-way from Carlis[l]e to Newcastle—now one of the most splendid Towns I am told in England. Probably you might embark from that Place.

With our united love your  
affec friend affectionate Friend [*sic*]  
W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth.

Willy will be obliged to you if you will get the enclosed forwarded for him at your *perfect convenience*.

*Address* · H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup> 3 Plowdens Build<sup>g</sup>s Temple.

*Post Marks*. [2 illegible and a thurd which may be:] T P.  
Fenchurch St.

*Endorsed* · Feb 1838 Wordsworth on public affairs.

1838-1840  
No. 10.

207. H. C. R. to M. W.

Athenæum 12<sup>th</sup> March 1838

My dear friend

I have had this letter directed to *you*, because you have not at least declared open war against *personal talk* And this letter will contain nothing else—I have an odd story to tell you And one interesting anecdote to relate—And these are enough for a *franked* letter—

But before either, I must apologise for what you either have lately received or will in a few days receive—I hope the latter will be the alternative, as it will save you from disappointment when the *thing* is removed from its case and covering—Now the apology lies in this That in sending it, I only obeyed

<sup>1</sup> What follows is from Vol 1838-1840, No. 7

orders—*Dorina* commanded me to send it, And having observed how she is obeyed at home I did not dare to refuse—

Now first for the odd story—It is not of a ‘*marden* withering on the stalk’—But of a widow; (An unimportant variety however—) I doubt whether you can be made sensible of all that the tale conveys to us who are aware of it’s bearings—For perhaps you do not know who *Colonel Jones* is, who enjoys the epithet of *Bussa*—He is an Ultra liberal both in politics and religion—A sort of evil genius even in our University College London—Which you are inclined to consider itself a sort of evil spirit among such immaterial essences as Universities—he is a very loud talker And takes the lead as an oppositionist to our most reasonable measures on all occasions—Has occasionally gained ephemeral reputation as the writer of party-letters in the Times before its new-birth under the signature of a *Radical* And is in short one of the extreme men in all party-disputes in this Metropolis—Now it is this same Radical that the admirer of Wordsworth & Coleridge, the Cousin of the Hares And the passionate follower and worshipper of all genius of all kinds, in a word Mr<sup>s</sup> *Dashwood* is going to marry—!!! The Colonel is a hale and jovial man in his best years that is, about 65—He has not been long a widower, I believe, And has grown up Sons—I leave Mr W: to moralise—

Now for the interesting tale—This day week I attended here a ballot. Among the Candidates was the son of Dr *Otter* Bp of Chichester whose two daughters are married to *E. Strutt* M. P: for Derby And *John Romilly* Son of Sir Samuel—Perceiving that the proposer of Mr *Otter* was *A. Trotter*<sup>1</sup>—I said to Strutt—‘Who is that Mr Trotter’?—He married a sister of my wife—‘Indeed!—Do you know whether he was educated in Switzerland’?—Oh yes I know he was—‘I must see him then’—It is easy to see him—he is in the room now—‘Pray call him but do not say my name—’ Accordingly Trotter came from a knot watching the ballot—I took him aside ‘Do you recollect

<sup>1</sup> N.B I have omitted a circumstance which is only remarkable as it shows the nature of that intercourse that arises out of belonging to the same club—Trotter and I have been Members of the Athenæum some 12 or 13 Years without meeting or hearing of each other ‘That is because—[*Dorina* would say] you are both so insignificant’ [H C R]

me' ?—I think I know your face, but I cannot say Who you are—' Do you recollect that poor Goddard ' ? Oh now I know you—you must be M<sup>r</sup> R— Trotter was evidently pleased at the recognition—Expressed a great wish to see *you* all again—And said he had been once among the lakes but under circumstances which did not permit him to send up his card—But he begs whenever M<sup>r</sup> W: or any of you come to London, that I may inform him, that he may pay his respects—He lives very genteelly His wife seems a very pleasing woman—*The poem*<sup>1</sup> I found was well known to them all—I called at his house yesterday And was introduced to his lady—I read the poem to M<sup>rs</sup> & Miss Strutt (accidentally there) and it was enjoyed by them all. . . .

. . . I called this afternoon on Moxon—he is going on with the *Sonnets* slowly—As the collection is to be a book of luxury I think it should be printed in two Volumes—The size of each will be about the thickness of the little Volume of Shakespear & Milton.—M: does not object and says—There might be a double title And as the page might run on—There might be *Vols 1 & 2* for those who like it—And a single volume also for those who do not—It would be agreeable if a dozen *new* Sonnets could be framed in time for the new edition—But the breed of such a delicate little animal must not be forced. . . .

*No address.*

*No Post Mark.*

1838-1840  
No. 15a.

208. M. W. to H. C. R.

[Mar. 16. 1838]

My dear Friend

I have but a moment to thank your [*sic*] in our joint name for your kind letter—& to tell you that the little parcel which accompanies this—is some certa[<sup>1</sup>]n Popish charm which has followed W<sup>m</sup> from his Holiness from Rome & which you are to seize some favorable occasion to forward to his friends in Paris—You know their address & by doing this service you

<sup>1</sup> The poem on the death of Goddard, to which is prefixed a prose note by H C R

MARCH 1838

will add to the number of the innumerable kind things you have done for us.

Southey who will be in Town only for a couple of days is the Bearer of this.

Ever faithfully

Yrs

M Wordsworth

16<sup>th</sup> Mar.

W. says, 'as they meant to change their residence you had best direct to Mon. Boudouin <sup>1</sup> Mont de Pietè

'The Thing' is not arrived—He will be a very welcome Guest when he does appear——

Address: Henry Crabbe Robinson, 2 Plowdens Buildings, Temple.

No Post Mark.

Endorsed 18 Mar 1838, M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth

1838-1840  
No 23.

209. H. C. R. to W. W.

4<sup>th</sup> May 1838

p. 3, line 6. . . The Reviewer—Some say Lord Brougham, others Stephen others Spedding—(I would rather it were written by the one I know & care the least about) alludes to your fine Sonnet<sup>2</sup> And I can imagine that your beautiful testimony to the priority of his (C's) labours may have contributed to stimulate the writer's malignity. The life<sup>3</sup> [Wilberforce's] has an index—In June 1815 I find this note by W: 'Dined Sir G Beaumonts to meet Wordsw. who very sensible manly & full of knowl: but independent almost to rudeness'.

You will be shocked to read that in 1818 W: visited Grasmere Church where —— preached 'a common place Sermon at

<sup>1</sup> Monsieur Boudouin, the husband of Wordsworth's French daughter.

<sup>2</sup> On Clarkson.

<sup>3</sup> The life of Wilberforce, by his sons, disparaged Clarkson and his part in the abolition of slavery H C R bitterly resented the tone adopted and the statements made in the life and, largely owing to his help in editing Clarkson's *Strictures* (1838) and to his own *Exposure of Misrepresentations in the Correspondence of William Wilberforce* (1840), the offending passages were withdrawn in the 2nd edition and a half-hearted apology tendered to Clarkson The controversy on the subject occupied much of H. C. R's time and thought as is evidenced by the correspondence and *Diary*. See Sadler, *op. cit.* 1872, Vol 2, pp 209, 210.



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galloping pace' And Southey of whom a pleasing account is given is quoted as using the irreverend language when speaking of your parish priest 'marrying and christening machine.'—  
.. What with the indiscretion of letter writers in the first place  
And the utter want of delicacy & gentlemanly feeling in the  
publishers of letters, all confidence in social intercourse is  
destroyed—. . . . .

1838-1840  
No 27

210. W. W. to H. C. R.<sup>1</sup>

[9 May 1838]

My dear Friend

I should have written to you some time since, but I expected a few words from you on the prospects of the Copy-right bill, about which I have taken much pains, having written (which perhaps I told you before) scarcely less than 50 letters and notes in aid of it. It gives me pleasure that you approve of my letter to Sergeant Talfourd. From modesty I sent it to him with little hope that he would think it worth while to publish it, which I gave him leave to do. He tells me, as you do, that it was of great service. If I had been assured that he would have given it to the world, that letter would have been written with more care, and with the addition of a very few words upon the *policy* of the bill as a measure for raising the character of our literature,—a benefit which, heaven knows, it stands much in need of. I should also have declared my firm belief that the apprehensions of its injurious effect in checking the circulation of books, have been entertained without due knowledge of the subject. The gentlemen of your quondam Profession, with their fictitious rights, their public rights, their sneers at sentiment & so forth, & the Sugdenian allowance of 7 years, after the death of the Authors, have indelibly disgraced themselves, and confirmed my belief that in many matters of prime interest, whether with reference to justice or expediency, laws would be better made by any bodies of Men than by Lawyers.

But enough of this. My mind is full of the subject in all its bearings & if I had had any practice in public speaking, I would have grasped at the first good opportunity that offered, to

<sup>1</sup> M W's writing.

put down one & all its opponents—not that I think any thing can come up to the judgment & the eloquence with which the Sergeant has treated it.

What you say of the Wilberforces and Mr C. I thoroughly sympathize with—there is nothing in my judgment in the slightest degree discreditable to Mr C. in what you report. We all know how his health was shattered by his labours—his private fortune, I heard either from himself or Mr C. long ago never exceeded £8000, of which full one half was spent in the service. He gave all his time to it, thro the course of many years—till he came into West[moreland]<sup>a</sup> a complete wreck of what had been a most robust Man. Whether religious scruples prevented him from taking duty in the Church to which he was ordained Deacon, I do not know for a certainty, but I rather think so, at all events, had the state of his health allowed him to follow any other profession or calling—his previous ordination was an insuperable bar. If ever any man was entitled to a subscription for public services that man was Mr Clarkson. Then as to his Brother, if he were really a Man of desert, as I never heard anything to the contrary, What harm was there in his applying to Mr W to have his Brother's claims attended to in high quarters—Could it have been proved, that he made any sacrifice of truth or principle with these views? Or that he laid claim to more credit than he was fairly entitled to in respect to his motives; even then the publication of such letters could have answered no good purpose but as the matter stands, the conduct of the Wilberforces admits of no palliation, and Mr C. either by himself or others will be vindicated at their cost. We have neither seen the review, nor the books nor any extracts from them that at all interested us—except a droll story told to W. by Mr Pitt, of a Frenchman's ever ready cure for his distress, in his dancing Dog.

Now may I presume upon your friendship so far as to beg you to serve me if possible in a little matter of business—Mr Courtney writes me word, that there are a few hundred pounds of mine lying dead in his hands—& asks to know what he is to do with it. I have not answered his letter which came some time since—Will you be so good as to see him & consult with

him what is best and safest to do with it. Mr Strickland Cookson (6 Lincoln's Inn) has lodged some money for me which pays 5 per C. with what he believes to be good security—but I am not so anxious for high interest, as for *reasonable* interest—say not under 4 p<sup>r</sup> C<sup>t</sup> with entire safety. He Mr Cookson might be of use in the matter & would be so I know cheerfully if it be in his power.

If the Railway from London to Preston only had been complete I would have set off before this to see you and my other friends in Town for a fortnight.

We have received volumes of Poems &c from Mr Milnes,<sup>1</sup> Mr Kenyon & Mr Trench<sup>2</sup>—the the [*sic*] other day *only*—all of them if we may judge from what we have read, of great merit—but my head has been so full of this C. R.<sup>3</sup> [i.e. Copyright] & other matters, that I have only thought myself authorized to write to Mr Milnes to *thank* him for his attention—hereafter I shall write again—the others are unacknowledged—If you see K. pray report what I have written.

My poor Sister is much the same—of Dora the acc<sup>ts</sup> are pretty good, tho' she has had a severe cold—We expect her at home the beginning of next Month—Dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson's letter, tho' written last Aug. was gratefully received—and it was a satisfaction to think that good Mr C. is now so much better in health than when that letter was written.

We expect a call from the Ticknors<sup>3</sup> next Wednesday—they have written from Dumfries to that effect—they are steering

<sup>1</sup> Richard Monckton Milnes, first Baron Houghton, 1809–1885, minor poet, politician, and friend of poets, came into H. C. R.'s ken as a constant guest at Rogers's breakfast parties. Like H. C. R., he loved to meet all sorts and conditions of people, especially if they were in any way celebrated. He was well-known to most of the Wordsworth circle and, as a young man, travelled in Greece with Christopher Wordsworth. In 1838, he published *Poems of Many Years*.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Chenevix Trench (1807–1886), well-known as a churchman and also as a philologist and minor poet, published his *Sabbaton; Honor Neale, and other Poems* in 1838.

<sup>3</sup> Friends of Wordsworth, who happened to be in Rome when the poet and H. C. R. were there in 1837. The latter records that, again at Como, 'all other feelings were for the time overpowered by the pleasure of meeting the Ticknors. A very fortunate occurrence, quite unexpected. They too were going up the lake by the steamboat, and thus we united the pleasures of the scenery with the gratification of chat with a very clever family.'

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their course *homeward*. Next week I mean to go over to see Lord Lonsdale for a few days at Lowther near Penrith where if you should be disposed to favor me with a [1 letter yo]u might write under cover to his Lordship :

faithfully yours, with M<sup>rs</sup> W<sup>s</sup> & my sister's affectionate regards.

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esqr<sup>e</sup>, 2 Plowdens Build<sup>g</sup>, Temple.

*Post Marks* · T. Old Broad St. 2 A<sup>n</sup> 2 My 9 1838.

*Endorsed* : May 1838. Wordsworth, opinion of Clarkson & Wilberforce Copyright Bill.

1838-1840  
No 28a

211. H. C. R. to W. W.

[11<sup>th</sup> May 1838]

My dear friend

I have barely time to save the post and must be very brief.

I will talk with Cookson de pecunia

I can have no objection to talk also with Courtenay also, but we cannot usefully consult—at least we are not likely to agree.—C<sup>t</sup> is decidedly hostile to all foreign investruents—I attend to scarcely any other—He speculates in home matters buying & selling as the thing falls or rises and watches the market—I change little—Had I money to dispose of I should instantly buy *Alabama* stock—This is a United State bank stock—It pays 5 p<sup>r</sup> C<sup>t</sup> Int—Payment by Coupons The price 94. The yet unsettled state of the Money market in the U: S. makes moneyd men here afraid. I have the opinion of my intelligent friend Jaffray that this stock must rise—he has never been wrong yet. He advised me some months ago to buy U. St bank which sunk to 23—I co<sup>d</sup> not command money to buy all the shares which were to be taken at that price and 29½ were refused—Now they are 25 p or 26 !!! I believe I have told you that I have been 40 years in the American funds—And have always gained by my stock.

During the short war I was paid punctually—

I am now receiving 7 p<sup>r</sup> C<sup>t</sup> On my United States Bank Stock—

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.

MAY 1838

I know C: is against all American Stock Therefore if you are willing to attend to my suggestion, it must be *against* his judgement—In abo<sup>t</sup> a weeks' time or before I will call on him In the mean while consider what I say & form your own judgement.

Some persons decline advising, lest the advice should turn unfortunate there is a sort of selfish cowardice in this fear—I give you my opin<sup>n</sup>. I should myself be guided by my friend Jaffray—

In the greatest haste

Most affectionately yours

H C Robinson

11<sup>th</sup> May 1838—

An agreeable letter from M<sup>rs</sup> Cl. Cl: is quite calm & undisturbed

I rejoice at your agreement with me

I wish you joy at the Victory over the *Rad*s & *Wigs* not Whigs—

The bill will pass but be curtailed

*No address or post mark.*

*Endorsed.* May 1838. To Wordsworth.

1838-1840  
No 36

212. W. W. to H. C. R.

[June 18-24 1838]

My dear Friend,

There is only one drawback from the pleasure your Letters give, namely this, that we cannot send you any entertainment in return. Our way of life is wholly without interest or variety. We see few strangers, though they are beginning to make their appearance; and no new books not even periodicals, nothing in fact beyond what we value much, certain Vols of Poems that have been sent us, by M<sup>r</sup> Kenyon, M<sup>r</sup> Milnes & M<sup>r</sup> Trench.—I dont know when M<sup>r</sup> Moxon will send forth my Sonnets; I have done with them; perhaps he may think that they would fall still-born from the Press, if published till the ferment of the coronation is over, and then will come the dead time of the long vacation. But these considerations may be of no importance in a Book of Which the materials are old.—You will find however 13 new sonnets, some of which I hope will please you

Your view of Mr Clarkson's case seems quite correct, except that I cannot concur in blaming his two applications to Mr Wilberforce; I mean in the substance, for as to the *manner* I cannot speak, not having seen the Letters. Had Mr Clarkson been a boastful Person, who set himself off as a pure and absolute devotee and Martyr, it would have been different. If he had rejected all admixture of inferior considerations, in the course of his life, all pecuniary help or interference to prevent his being left perhaps a penniless man, & closed his eyes to all opportunities of serving his connections or Friends I do not see that he would have stood at all upon higher ground; on the contrary such conduct I think would have been irrational. I may be mistaken, but I cannot censure Mr C. as I am perfectly convinced that no sordid idea of gain from such a source or from any other, could enter his mind.—I had written before I got your letter to Mr Stephen,<sup>1</sup> letting him know that I did not think I was in error, notwithstanding what had been said in the *Life & Review*, when I ascribed to Mr C the honor of having 'first led forth that enterprize sublime'; and that, if Mr Clarkson should not reckon it worth while to maintain his own claim, I should take some opportunity of attaching to that Sonnet the evidence upon which I make the assertion. I have also expressed myself to the same effect in a note which you will find at the end of the collection now about to be published.<sup>2</sup>

Pray send the enclosed back to me at your leisure; you will see by it what personal, in addition to general, grounds I am likely to have for regretting breaches of confidence in the publication of private Letters without the consent of the Writers or their Representatives. Is this Gentleman of Sir Charles Bunbury's<sup>3</sup> family; I can scarcely believe that a person of that rank in society would take so unwarrantable a liberty, and furnish so vile a precedent. Of my letter I

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir James Stephen (1789–1859) He took an active part in promoting the anti-slavery bill, which became law in 1833 H. C. R.'s *Diary* and correspondence afford proof of the respect in which he was held in literary and in abolitionist circles <sup>2</sup> Vide *Sonnets*, 1838, Note, p. 452.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Charles Bunbury this beau-ideal of an English sportsman, who was also well known as a Whig politician and a man of honour.' H. C. R., *Rem*, 1808

JUNE 1838

recollect nothing distinctly, for it must have been written thirty-five years ago—

We never see the *Edinburgh Review*, except which is not once in 5 years I put myself out of the way to get it for some particular purpose; as the other day I procured it from a Book Club at Ambleside to which I am not a subscriber, for the sake of a hasty glance at the *Review of Wilberforce's Life*. We shall however contrive to borrow the life if we can. Have you seen the *Letters of poor dear Coleridge* which the indiscretion of his Friends have compelled Stuart<sup>1</sup> to publish in his own vindication. They appeared in two late numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* & have been reprinted by the *Morning Post*; a journal which by the bye has done itself great honour lately by its zealous & able and praiseworthy defence of the rights of authors in the Copy right question. For my own part it is my earnest wish that every Letter I have written may be restored to me or my Heirs or destroyed. My mind never took pleasure in showing itself off after that manner; and to say the truth I think that the importance of Letters in modern times is much overrated. If they be good and natural as Letters, they will seldom be found interesting to solid minds beyond the persons or the circle to which they are immediately addressed. I was struck the other day with an observation of the Poet Gray upon Pope's *Epistles*. As Letters, says he, 'they are not good but they are something better than Letters'. How far this may be true in respect to Pope I do not know, for it is long since I read his Letters, but the remark as of general application is far from being unimportant—I am glad you have given up your Norway travels. You are getting too old to expose yourself to so much fatigue as such a journey would impose. Whatever becomes of the *Sergeants Bill*, this Session; if we organize our efforts, and throw ourselves fairly upon the justice, the gratitude and generous feeling of the British People, the principle of extension is sure of being carried and shortly too. Love from Mr<sup>s</sup> W & my Sister. We expect Dora tomorrow. ever most faithfully yours  
W W.

<sup>1</sup> Daniel Stuart, editor of the *Morning Post*.

JUNE 1838

I find I have said nothing about money ; I hate the subject ; and know not what to do with the little we have to dispose of. I grieve that you have had so much trouble in looking after Courtenay, who lately stirred my wrath by telling me he could not sacrifice his Conscience to vote for such a job as the Sergeants Copyright Bill

Yesterday Dr Kennedy of Shrewsbury School called on me ; he had with him a Vol. of W's ; life I had a moment's glance at it & saw a few words that made me fear Mr Clarkson may have been somewhat indecately importunate in urging his suit to Wilberforce on behalf of his Br

Our Friends have judged rightly in putting off the Copyright Bill, We must exert ourselves and the principle is sure of being carried.

18 June —24<sup>th</sup> I have kept this seven days. The Bunbury is no doubt Sir Charles or of his family. I have seen Wilberforce's Book ; entirely concur with you as to regret that Clarkson should ever have written *such* a letter as *one* of them is particularly.—

*Address* . H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowdens Build<sup>gs</sup>, Temple.  
*No Post Mark.*

*Endorsed* · June 1838. Wordsworth. Printing Letters. The Clarkson and Wilberforce Affair

1838-1840  
No. 43a.

213 W. W. to H. C. R.

[28 July, 1838]

My dear Friend,

Having, by mere chance a cover from this Place I throw in a word to tell you that your Letter was duly received & forwarded to me while I was on a Tour in the Counties of Northumberland and Durham from which I am just returned after a month's absence—It pleased me much to hear of Mr C's pamphlet. There are a 100 things in Ws life which require sharper a remonstrance [?] than they are ever likely to receive.

Thanks for your account of American investments ; the little



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money I had is disposed of. Mr S. Cookson is now in this neighbourhood, but I have not seen him.

I shall write to you again in a few days—

Ever faithfully yours

Rydal 28<sup>th</sup> July.

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

I forgot to mention that the University of Durham the other day by [by] especial convocation conferred upon me the honorary degree of

L.L.D.

therefore, you will not scruple when a difficult point of law occurs, to consult me. Mr<sup>s</sup> W. and Dora join in Love, my poor Sister is no worse

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Temple.

*No Post Mark.*

*Endorsed* . July 1838. W. Wordsworth (Autogr).

1838-1840  
No 69

214. H. C. R. to W. W.

[? July. *Endorsed* : 1838]

p. 2, line 18. . . . I am delighted with the *Volume*. It will be my companion in our journey You tell me of 13 new Sonnets but I can see only 11 stars—I rejoice to see one memorial of the last journey—I trust others will follow—I like these additions to the Itinerary Sonnets, better than the political ones I like every thing but the classification— I will try my hardest framing one or two classes that may nearly get rid of the *miscellaneous* class which is no class at all— . . .

1838-1840  
No 42.

215. W. W. to H. C. R.

[July or Aug: 1838]

My dear Friend,

I sit down to write a little more at leisure, though I have nothing to say that will interest you.—My ramble in North-umberland & Durham was agreeable in many respects ; though if it had not been an undertaking of duty I would rather have

remained at Home.—I am now fixed I hope till late next spring. Heartily do I wish your expedition may prove pleasant—your Party however will prove too numerous for bye plans unless you divide—

I see Brougham has brought into the house the Lords a New Copy right Bill—what are its merits? I fear it will prove a milk & water business. He talks about the privy-council—what the deuce can those Stupes know about the merit of works of Imagination—are the judges likely to be better than Jeffrey or B—himself, and yet one of them so late as 22—had the folly to write in the E. Review, that my productions were despicable without thought, without feeling taste or judgement &c &c See Edin. Review. No<sup>r</sup> 1822—

Now for a little business—pray see Mr Turner about our Carriage—What can be the reason that no Purchaser offers, the season being already so far advanced. It must be eating its head off—Can the gentleman of whom we bought it do nothing for us among his Friends; or would it not be better to take anything we can get? But I submit the affair to your judgement altogether

You would find the breaking up of the miscellaneous sonnets into classes, I think, impra[c]ticable. I thought a good deal about upon [sic] your suggestion, but gave up the Idea. for example there are some 5 or 6 of a political character—these could not be incorporated with the political series; which begins in 1802; when Bonaparte was made Consul for life and ends with his over throw. Others are local sonnets, yet too few for a separate class; nor could they be intermixed with Itinerary ones, others religious, yet could not go among the Ec[c]clesiastical, nor are they numerous enough for a separate class—and so on (what an abominable pen! I have tried 50 times to mend it and only made it worse & worse.—

The Chapelets have been received by my friends in France; and given them great pleasure; many thanks for the trouble you took upon the occasion. My son John is now at Havre; gone thither to join his Brother-in-Law Mr Stanley Curwen, being driven from home by the derangement of his nerves, consequent upon the Typhus fever that attacked him last

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Winter. These are injuries which Clergymen are exposed to, and which the Country never thinks about—he caught the Malady while visiting one of his Parishioners who was suffering under it.—We have had a sad summer for cold and rain, but at present the weather is fine. Pray write before you go abroad—With a thousand good wishes I remain very affectionately your friend

W Wordsworth

Love from all. My poor dear Sister much alone[?] Our House is enlivened by a charming little fellow my grandson.

*No address or post mark*

*Endorsed:* July or Aug<sup>t</sup> 1838 M<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth, Copyright bill.

*1838-1840  
No. 45*

216. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

Rydal Aug 19<sup>th</sup> [1838]

My dear Friend

As I hear from Keswick that your departure for the continent is deferred for a few days—I venture to hope that the enclosed may be in time to give John a chance to have the pleasure of receiving it at your hands—or if not, as probably some of your Party at least, may visit M<sup>r</sup> Curwen's family—you can send it to him—otherwise pray put it into any Post office on the other side of the water. I have yet another request to make from William—that is, if you should see John, that you will give him from his Father £10—& it will be refunded to you by M<sup>r</sup> Cookson (who by the bye, with his wife is now at Ambleside) on your return. This little sum is a present sent in consequence of John's saying, in a letter rec<sup>d</sup> yesterday, that he must, on this occasion, defer seeing Paris—for prudential considerations. Poor fellow, you have heard of his long illness—& that his present visit to the Continent was taken with a view to get rid of the depressing effects of it.

You will be sorry to hear that my Husband is now laid upon the Sofa, suffering from a rheumatic attack which suddenly seized him last Monday—his sufferings for a *short time* were

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extreme—and now I regret to add, he is very far from being so well as I had hoped he would have been by this time—indeed his general health seems to be affected, & you know he takes very ill with confinement, as most Persons do who have thro life been blessed with good health. He is now listening to the conversation of Proff: Sir W<sup>m</sup> Hamilton—who has turned aside on his way to the Grand Meeting at Newcastle<sup>1</sup>—Proff. Buckland passed too, by way of the Lakes, the other day. A little troublesome Grandson is at my elbow making it necessary that I should lay aside my pen—so with our united good wishes that you may all enjoy a pleasant journey, and that you will give us the pleasure of a letter from you in the course of it, believe me ever to be, my dear Sir your affec & obliged friend

M. Wordsworth

W thanks you for y<sup>r</sup> last letter

*Address* . H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowdens Buildings, Temple.

*Post Mark* . T. P. Cornhill. 4 Eg 4 Au 21 1838.

*Endorsed* . Aug<sup>t</sup> 18. 38. Wordsworth.

1838-1840  
No. 49.

217. H. C. R. to W. W.

25<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup> 1838./—

. . . 1st P.S. I do not suppose you would wish me to call at the Mont de Pieté<sup>2</sup> but if you wish me to do any thing you will write Poste Restante. But I shall hardly be at Paris for a Month— . . .

1838-1840  
No. 50b

218.<sup>3</sup> W. W. to H. C. R.

[Written by M. W.]

[Aug. 1840]

My dear Friend

Thanks for your Pamphlet. I have not had time to read more, wishing to save the Post, than what relates to M<sup>r</sup> Southey

<sup>1</sup> Of the British Association. <sup>2</sup> i.e. on W's French daughter & her husband.

<sup>3</sup> This letter is misplaced. It should come between No 249 and No. 250. The error is due to the editor's confusion of the pamphlet here alluded to, viz H. C. R.'s *Exposure* (1840) with Clarkson's *Strictures* (1838). See notes pp 359 and 414. The reference to M<sup>rs</sup> Southey is conclusive, since the second marriage took place in 1839, and the first M<sup>rs</sup> Southey died in 1837.

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—which I thoroughly approve & need only say that you are quite at liberty to write to Mrs Southey what you think proper.

Thank you also for your former letter. With best regards from all most Affly yours

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

Will write again when I have read the book

*Endorsed* · Aug<sup>t</sup> 1840. Wordsworth (the book).

1838-1840  
No 64

219 H. C. R. to W. W.

Paris 8<sup>th</sup> Oct<sup>r</sup> 1838

p. 1, line 20. . . . For especially in Normandy we beheld spots that no one would enjoy so strongly perhaps as yourself—I say this because I know no one who possesses in so high a degree the faculty (it might be called a sort of aesthetical chemistry) of extracting & appropriating every species of natural beauty—And therefore more than once did I earnestly wish you had been with us— . . .

1838-1840  
Nos. 67/8.

220. W. W. to H. C. R.

[Written by M W ]

[Dec 1838]

My dear Friend

It was very good in you to write so long a letter from abroad—we found it not a little interesting, & it was the more so to me, because even<sup>1</sup> with those parts of your tour which I had not seen I was previously pretty well acquainted by drawings, prints, books and conversation. You hint at the possibility of my taking some such a Tour, but I have no inclination that way ; my *wishes* even, are bounded to getting to Chalons-sur-Soane<sup>2</sup> & floating down that river to Lyons, & downward by the Rhone, to take the Steam boat from Marseilles to Naples , & thus complete our tour in Italy, so unfortunately cut short. If money were no object, & circumstances allowed, I would endeavour to do this ; tho' I could not offer myself as

<sup>1</sup> Crossed out in MS

<sup>2</sup> Always so spelt by W. W.

a Companion to any one so vigorous & animated as you are. Rogers is a wonderful Man—his life is worthy of being written with care, & *copiously*—but I fear so valuable a work as that would be, will never be produced—

Nothing has happened that gave me so much pleasure, joy I might say, as Mr Clarkson's triumph over his enemies—to which you, my good friend, have not a little contributed. Your part of the pamphlet, exclusive of the extracts from the minutes which are so important, does you in every respect much honour. Mr Clarkson's performance, for a man of his years & infirmities, is scarcely less than wonderful; & the candour with which he admits the imperfections & deficiencies of his book, must endear him still more to his friends, & to the sound-hearted portion of the community who have taken an interest in the great cause.

We had learnt the intended marriage of Southey from his daughters, who were upon a visit to Miss Fenwick at Ambleside, when their Father announced his intentions to them. It was naturally a great shock to them both—& nothing could have been more fortunate than that the tidings reached them when they were here; as we all contributed greatly to reconcile them to the step, much sooner & with less pain, than they could have effected a thing so difficult, of themselves. For our parts, we were all of one mind, that Mr S. has acted wisely, provided he has taken the pains dispassionately to ascertain as far as he could, whether the state of Miss Bowles' health is such as to give him just ground to hope that he will find in her a help-mate, & a comforter, rather than a source of perpetual anxiety. Sorry am I to say, that from what I know, I cannot get rid of the fear that for this cause, things may not turn out satisfactorily—to his friends at least. Mr Kenyon's information to you, that *both* the girls are about to be married is not correct—it is true of Bertha, but not of Kate—tho' so amiable a Person is not likely long to remain single.

As to my employments, I have from my unfortunate attacks, in succession, been wholly without any thing of the kind—till within this last fortnight, when my eye, tho' still alas weak, was so far improved as to authorize my putting my brain to

some little work—Accordingly timid as I was I undertook to write a few Sonnets, upon taking leave of Italy—these gave rise to some more ; & the whole amount to 9 which I shall read to you when you come, as you kindly promised before you went away, that you would do, soon after your return. If however you prefer it, the 4 upon Italy shall be sent you, upon the one condition that you do not read them to *verse-writers*. We are all in spite of ourselves a parcel of thieves. I had a droll instance of it this morning—for while Mary was writing down for me one of these Sonnets, on coming to a certain line, she cried out somewhat uncourteously ' that's a plagiarism '—from whom ? ' from yourself ' was the answer. I believe she is right tho' she could not point out the passage, neither can I.

Pray remember me aff<sup>r</sup> to Sergeant Talfourd—I fear he will have a hard battle to fight for us in Febr<sup>r</sup> & it will be still proved that the Legislature of Britain prefer Stealing to buying—for themselves & the People.

Say all that is kind from me to Kenyon Moxon & other enquiring friends—Tell us something about dear Mary Lamb—& give her our love if she is in a state to receive it.

Have you heard that a proposal was made to me from a Committee in the University of Glasgow—to consent to become a Candidate for the Lord Rectorship on a late occasion, which I declined—I think you must be aware that the University of Durham conferred upon [me] the Degree of DC.L.—last summer—it was the first time that the honor had been received there by anyone in Person. These things are not worth adverting to, but as signs that imaginative Literature notwithstanding the homage now paid to Science is not wholly without esteem. But it is time to release my Wife, this being the second long letter she has written for me this mor<sup>e</sup>

With best love from all ever faithfully

Yours

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

I have said nothing about public affairs—I am sick of them—for we are deluged with newspapers—tho' we do not pay for

DECEMBER 1838

one.—L<sup>d</sup> Durham as I have had recent proof from a private source is a miserably weak Man.

Address : 2<sup>d</sup> post. H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, Plowdens Buildings.

Post Mark : 6 Ev 6 De 6 1838.

Endorsed : (Dec<sup>r</sup> 1838 Wordsworth. Clarksons Strictures. Southey's Marriage intended.

1838-1840  
No 62.

221. W. W. to H. C. R.

[Written by Dora W.]

[Rydal Mount. Dec 22<sup>nd</sup> 1838]

My dear Friend,

I received y<sup>r</sup> letter about a  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an hour since And M<sup>rs</sup> W. has just been down the hill to enquire about lodgings the rooms you occupied at Agnes' are now filled by our Curate M<sup>r</sup> Fleming but you can have in the adjoining house a couple of apartments much more pleasantly situated & tho' no bargain was absolutely concluded as to price M<sup>rs</sup> W came away with the impression upon her mind that you w<sup>d</sup> not have to pay more than [*sic*] 12/ or 14/ a week—exclusive of fire you not requiring more attendance than you did at Agnes'—

We shall be delighted to see you—there is a coach from Kendal Monday—Wednesday & Friday w<sup>h</sup> passes the foot of our hill about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10 A.M. on the intermediate days you may have a gig or a car from Kendal for w<sup>h</sup> I am never charged more than 9<sup>d</sup> a mile—If you have time without causing any delay as to y<sup>r</sup> setting off to send y<sup>r</sup> servant to M<sup>r</sup> Moxon's to ask if there is any letter or parcel for us so much the better—D<sup>r</sup> Arnold & all his family arrived at Fox How last night—

Ever most aff<sup>ly</sup> yours

William Wordsworth

read

Rydal Mount

Saturday Night  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6—

Dec<sup>r</sup> 22<sup>d</sup>.

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

[signed by W. W.]

We regret that you cant be here by Xmas day but you will be in time for our Grand sons birthday w<sup>h</sup> we fear will be no



DECEMBER 1838

festival for you as all the Family are engaged to dine with him at his hour *one o'clock* on that day—our hour is 5

*No address or post mark.*

*Endorsed* · 1838. Wordsworth.

*Bundle 2, Miscellanæus,*  
*XI 6.*

222. *H. C. R. to T. R.* <sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount. 19<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1839.

Dear Thomas

I meant to stay here only a month, but the Ws seem so unwilling to let me go that I foresee I shall not get away till the end of five weeks And as I shall spend a few days on the road I shall probably not arrive in London till late in the second week of Feb. possibly not till after the meeting of parliament. However I am enjoying myself here. In addition to W. & the ladies from all of whom I receive almost overwhelming expressions of kindness I have had the great additional pleasure afforded by Dr Arnold's family—The Dr tho' he knows I wrote against his scheme of forcing Scriptural examinations in the Lond: University & perhaps not a little contributed to his defeat, which ended in his retirement from the University is more attentive to me in every way than three years ago.—I dine with him now & then alone, when we can riot unrestrained in whig politics and he talk freely on Church Reform. Besides I have a plenty of new and very interesting books—There was a time when I used to fill letters (and you too) with an account of one's reading—We have both left off the idle practice—I feel disposed to resume it on this occasion. As I really have some information to give you which you may probably be interested by. To begin with the least important & interesting—I have read to the family Gladstone *On the relation of the Church to the State*. It will delight the High-flying Anglo-papistic Oxford party, but only alienate still further the conscientious dissenters and disgust the liberal churchmen—Even Wordsworth says he cannot distinguish its principles from Romanism—He is ignorant on all points beyond his own

<sup>1</sup> Dr Sadler has freely scratched out & paraphrased passages throughout this letter.

Sect to such a degree as to assert that with very few exceptions all the dissenters, the descendants from the old Non: Coms of the age of Cha: 2<sup>nd</sup> have been Socinians !!! How the *Us* will chuckle at the outrageous misstatement. Whilst he expatiates with unction on the mystic character of *The Church*—he makes no attempt to explain *what is the Church of England*; Tho' to be candid even Dr Arnold is not able to make that clear to me Coleridge said very wisely—'There is no Church of England. We give a great advantage to the Romanists by the expression—We should acknowledge only "The Church *in* England "'

Secondly, I have read the 3<sup>d</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> Vols of Southey's *Doctor*. A very pleasant, but a very unsubstantial book—There is a graceful loquacity in it, resembling the prose of Wieland And bating occasional bursts of tory & high-church spleen very pretty literary small talk—With most amusing & curious quotations—The sweepings of his rich library.

Then I am slowly reading Carlyle's French Revolution which should be called *Rhapsodies*—not a history—Some one said—a history in flashes of lightening—And provided I take only small doses and not too frequently—it is not merely agreeable but fascinating. It is just the book one should buy—to muse over and spell rather than read through. For it is not English, but a sort of Original Compound from that Indo-Teutonic primitive tongue which philologists now speculate about—mixed up by Carlyle more suo. Now he who will give himself the trouble to learn this language will be rewarded by admirable matter—

Wordsw: is intolerant of such innovations And cannot & will not read C. Southey both reads him and extols him And this tho' C. characterises the French noblesse at the *Etats Generaux* as changed from their old position, drifted far down from their native latitude like arctic Ice-bergs got into the Equatorial Sea & fast thawing there '—And the French clergy as an Anomalous class of men of whom the whole world has a dim understanding that it can understand nothing . . . .<sup>1</sup>

I should have mentioned before this book Dr Arnolds hist: of Rome—A popular history combining an interest\* narrative taken from the *legends* And from Niebuhr an exposition of the

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R.'s dots No omission.

JANUARY 1839

fabulous character of the hist: of Livy and other Romance writers—I long for the continuation— . . .

p. 4, line 8. . . . I wish you would write to me, but do not delay above three or four days lest I should have left my present quarters. Can you tell me anything about the Clarksons? I tho<sup>t</sup> there might be something from Stephen in the advertised note in the last Edinb: but there is nothing. I am glad to have found Wordw: quite pleased with the Structures—Southey says very little But we have here a lady a great friend of Stephens who says that she herself & many other of his friends are decided Clarksonites. This is very agreeable Kind love to Tom & Sarah I hope the boy continues the same healthy being he was—

Affectionately yours

H. C. Robinson

*Addressed [by franker]* Cambridge January twenty three 1839

Tho<sup>s</sup> Robinson Esq Bury St Edmunds.

G Pryme

*Post Mark .* Jan 23 1839.

*Endorsed:* Rydal Mount Jan<sup>r</sup> 19 1839. *Jan 1839 H C R at Rydal Mount to T. R.*

1838-1840  
No. 77

223. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

[Written by M W]

My dear Friend,

[19<sup>th</sup> Feb 1839].

After having tired both myself & my Wife by dictating this long letter to Miss M, which you will fill up—having read it first—(if you think worth while, in order to prevent repetition—) we feel unable to write any thing at present to yourself, worthy your perusal. You must however accept our best thanks for your very interesting letter.—Finding that I did not throw off the muscular pain by the violent attack of Lumbago which I had ere you left us—I submitted to a course of *Invalidism*, under the management of Mr Fell—that is, I kept my room a few days—my bed one, in order to encourage perspiration. We are now staying a few days at Miss Fenwick's for the sake of her society and change of air—& above all because it may not be prudent for me to walk to see her so often as I could

## FEBRUARY 1839

wish.—We have had no card-playing since your departure & we hope the Kitchen Party have recovered from their fit of dissipation—John & his family, stayed one day with us, on their passage home, last week—they took our Darling along with them—To our great regret the Magic Lantern was packed up—so that they could not get at it, that we might have witnessed the impression it made upon the Child—He well remembered not only the ‘Peacock with the fairy tail’—but also your manner of repeating it—& made no bad attempt at an imitation [*etc*]. Mr Quillman has paid us a visit of a week—lodging at Miss Fenwicks he took us on his way to Ireland, whither business calld him.

I sent up, as you know, a draft of the Petition adding in a letter to the Sergeant that my fear of being lengthy had prevented my inserting two or three clauses—which I mentioned, & as he rather recommended the incorporating these I did so—He expressed his satisfaction of the whole, when it was returned to him upon parchment—I still regret however the omission of one clause, which did not strike me at the time—viz—

That the amended Bill would take away from venal Publishers the liberty of re-publishing such things as the Author might have discarded—whereas, as the law now is, when an Author who has begun early and lived to a good age dies—they can reprint those Pieces & pass off *their* injurious editions as the only complete collection of the Writers Works—The fear of this, absolutely prevented Southey from throwing overboard in his last Ed: several minor pieces that were written merely for the newspapers when he wanted money.

My Sister mourns & even weeps over the loss of her little Nephew—she is well in health—but we cannot see Doras appetite make any improvement which hurts us much. Miss F. is, for her, well—She unites with us in every good wish—

Ever affly your faithful Friend—

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

19<sup>th</sup> Feb.

Pray stir about getting friends to attend at the House *early* on the 27<sup>th</sup> as Talfourds bill stands first upon the list for that day. Do you take in the *New York Review* at the

Athen[a]eum? If so, & you think it worth while you may see a long & encom[*i*]astic notice of my volumes in the No: for Jan<sup>v</sup> last—Do, in a New York Mag: called, I think, *Biblical Repository*, but I have not seen it—tho' heard of it from the Editor of that work. Having had so many letters to write since you went—we have alas! read little—Mr Taylor<sup>1</sup> & Carlisle [*sic*] being both untouched. I ought to have said that I am now convalescent. Nothing remains but a slight muscular pain at one side of the back—Dora has not forgotten the Sonnets she promised to transcribe for you.

Address : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>rs</sup>, 2 Plowdens Build<sup>gs</sup>, Temple.

Paid at the Lodge.

Post Mark · T. P. Charles St. 4 Eg. 4 Feb 21 1839.

Endorsed · 19 feb : 1839. Wordsworth health Copyright bill

1838-1840  
No. 80

224. Barron Field to H. C. R.

Gibraltar, March 1<sup>st</sup> 1839.

p. 2, line 7. . . . Your news of Wordsworth and Talfourd is always valuable to me. Pray remember me most kindly to both, and should ever a new stereotype of the former's poems be called for, transmit him the supplementary list of verbal suggestions on the other page of this letter. My only objection to the latter's second tragedy is that it is *second* indeed—very inferior to *Ion*,<sup>2</sup> and written only for the stage—it reads the most improbable story in the world. Macready having resigned theatrical management, our friend will sin no more, since professional sin you call it. But these prejudices are fast fading. Our Judges have been reviewers, & our Secretaries of State novellists [*sic*]. The Camden Soc<sup>y</sup> must wait for me till I come home. Collier is always very high in my poor opinion. . . .

p. 3 [P.S. of emendations]

Vol. 1, p. 44. 'While thy brow Youth's roses crown' is the

<sup>1</sup> Isaac Taylor, 1787-1865, whose best remembered writings are those recommended by H. C. R. to his brother—*The Natural History of Enthusiasm*, 1830, *Fanaticism*, 1833, and *Spiritual Despotism*, 1835. He also published many other theological and controversial works, which had a wide circulation. Taylor contributed one or two poems and drawings to his sisters' well-known volume, *Original Poems*, 1804.

<sup>2</sup> Talfourd's second tragedy, *The Athenian Captive*, appeared in 1838.

- only inversion in this sublime lyric. I think this kind of poetry scarcely admits of inversions, & cannot help wishing this were altered. There is a little clash between *brow* and *crown*. [*The Longest Day*, a variant of l. 68.]
- p. 196. I do not like the new line 'Unmatchable on earth is their disquiet'. [*Vaudracour and Julia*, l. 147.]
- p. 270. Read—  
To the next Abbey was he borne away :  
His mother swooning by the *body* lay. [*The Prioress' Tale*, ll. 178–174.]
- Vol. iii, p. 49. Read  
Where'er I listed, and at length array. [*To the Memory of Ransley Calvert*, variant of l. 7.]
- p. 191. What wonder if a poet *now and then* is too colloquial. [*When I have borne in memory &c.*, l. 12.]
- Vol. iv, p. 29. The word *rites* connected with *laving* suggests a sacrament, wch is profaned by any allusion to it here. [*The River Duddon*, xxiii. 'Sheep-washing', l. 8.]
- p. 108. 'One of the Norton tenantry' is quite too modern & colloquial. [*The White Doe of Rylstone*, l. 1506.]
- Vol. v, p. 15, line 7, dele *right*. [*A Character*, (I marvel how Nature'), l. 19.]
- p. 49. Quære 'Upon the plan that pleas'd his *boyish* thought'. [*The Happy Warrior*, l. 5.]

1838–1840  
No. 83 225. *H. C. R. to Dora Wordsworth.*

[March 1839]

p. 1, line 4. . . . My last letter was sent off from the Athenæum in a hurry, and without any reference to your father's or rather mother's preceding letter—No wonder therefore that it Combined several notable omissions, the most shameful of which was the not thanking you for the Sonnets & accepting with gratitude the kind offer to send me more—It is true the offer is enigmatical—I wish I had an artist here to make a facsimile of the mysterious writing—It is like this <sup>del</sup>*tenuty*. But whatever you refer to by the words 'any of the' &c. . . . *ones*—I have made good use of those you have given me—read them at the

MARCH 1839

Athenaeum to many admirers, but not suffered them to go out of my hands—The Pine-tree and Dante-Seat Sonnets are the most admired And naturally—The others require to be read successively and in succession for the sake of the continuous argument. My once fanatical liberal Italian friend with a sigh acknowledges their truth. . . .

1838-1840  
No. 85.

226. W. W. to H. C. R.

Bath 10<sup>th</sup> April 1839

1a George & [ ? ]

My dear Friend—

The enclosed was put into my hands by Dr Sinclare of Preston, and as he knew, I believe, that I was not going direct to London, I hope no inconvenience will arise from my not having sent it to you earlier—Many thanks for the Examiner; it is well that the Copyright Question should be looked at from different points of view. Carlyle's petition and the extract from Landor's are both characteristic—Carlyle racy and may startle certain dull persons into attention to the subject—but the expression has often too much the air of burlesque, for my taste. I looked at at[sic] some other Articles in the same paper, particularly an Extract from the Westminster Review on the duty and Policy of redressing the grievances of the working Classes I cannot see how any good purpose can be answered by such writing—which *indirectly* holds out Universal Suffrage, for the redress of grievances most of which from the nature of things can never be eradicated.—We shall stay here full three weeks; if there were a rail-road to this place as to Birmingham I should venture, as we can table you, to ask you to come down for a week—At present I scarcely feel justified in even suggesting the thing. Ever your faithful and affectionate Friend

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth.

Please get the enclosed franked at your *perfect* convenience *haste* is not needed.

Address . H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 2 Plowden's Buildings, Temple.  
Post Mark : T. P. Charles St. West. [Illegible,] Ap 11  
[illegible.]

Endorsed : 10<sup>th</sup> Apl 1839. Wordsworth. Carlyles Style.

[ 332 ]

1838-1840  
No. 90.227. H. C. R. to W. W.<sup>1</sup>

[circa April 30, 1839.]

p. 1, line 13. . . . There is much to interest us both in Bath and in Bristol so very near—In one of those places is now W: S: L: And but for the estrangement produced by his outrageous conduct two years ago he would have afforded considerable amusement to both of us. As it is, neither of us could see him with pleasure—

I have also an old friend there Miss Burney, the younger sister of Madame D'Arblay—Besides a number of interesting recollections arising from my visit there forty years ago—In one of the prettiest Churchyards I ever saw, *Whitcomb*, very near the Catholic College lie the remains of my still very dear Mother who died at Bath in 1798. So the place you see will always interest me And does not need the peculiar attraction your presence gives it— . . . .

p. 3, line 8. . . . I agree with you in what you say both about Carlyle's petition And also on the quotation from the West: Rev: on the duties of the rich towards the poor, as far as *this* is expressed, that Universal Suffrage would be no remedy for the Evils (to a degree only) inevitable But I think it both useful and obligatory to 'startle' not *dull*, but *heartless* men among the rich to a sense of the Sufferings and Wrongs of the poor—Even the thought you express as to the inevitability of certain evils, tho true, has the effect of falsehood if it be suffered to engross the whole mind.—It serves as a cushion on which the privileged few can repose. Their consciences are lulled And they acquiesce in a continuance of much remediable evil—You personally do not need such a monitor, but those whose cause you now so exclusively espouse, do ; And this I think a great evil I own I saw no exaggeration in the statement from the Westminster tho' I admit that it needs also the rectification which you point out— Have you seen the new Edinb: Rev: It has a powerful article by Macauley [*sic*] on Gladstone's

<sup>1</sup> At the top of p. 1, H. C. R. wrote  
'NB This letter is addressed on the outside to W W, but on reperusing it, I think it ought to be handed over to M. W as hers—at least the greater part of it.'



book—It has what the book it answers wants great spirit and clearness—It does what the Reviewer meant to do effectually—I was glad to read in Macaulay, what I so frequently expressed to you, acquiescence in the first principles of Bishop Warburtons Alliance—Viz: that the Church is established, not because it is true, but because it is useful—And yet I am no utilitarian, generally speaking—M: is too diffuse & even tautological in his demonstration that according to Gladstone no Jew, Papist or Unitarian ought to be the director of a Rail road Company—he has set in a clear light what I have been for years in the habit of maintaining that on the principles of the High Church party, the Inquisition and their Autos da fé are both benevolent and wise

I have not yet had what I expected from Rydal, the other Sonnets—Those I have are not worn out, but the paper is become very dirty by frequent reading. They are much admired—Every body says There is no falling off here—And yet a poet who begins so early & so well as you did sets himself a severe task in the implied obligation to maintain his place . . .<sup>1</sup> The only incorrigible heretic in the Matter of Sonnets is Sam: Rogers—What shall we ascribe it to—Dullness of Ear or Hardness of heart—? The latter would be the clerical solution the former, the lay— . . .

1838-1840  
No. 26.

228. W. W. to H. C. R.

Sat. Rydal Mount  
June 22<sup>nd</sup> [1839.]

My dear Friend,

It is a week today since I reached home ; having having [*sic*] passed a few hours at Rugby on my [way ?] from Oxford, where my reception was most enthusiastic ; and of which the Morning Post gave the best account I have seen though *that* fell far short of the reality. If you should see Mr Mayer<sup>2</sup> who was

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R.'s . . . There is no omission.

<sup>2</sup> H C R's friendship with Mayer dated from his first stay in Italy. According to H C R, Mayer was 'one of the most respectable' of those politicians who 'would gladly see all Italy under one absolute sovereign, national independence being the first of blessings. But this was not the uniform opinion' [1831]

present pray thank him in my name for the very elegant Italian Sonnet which he left at the Vice chancellor's for me immediately after the Ceremony. When I had taken my seat among the Doctors, I saw him standing in the dense crowd of the Area below ; and tell him that I was much mortified by not falling in with him afterwards. Indeed there was such a throng that one got little more than a glimpse of anybody. A gentleman came from Bristol for the sole purpose of *joining in the shout*, as he expressed it, on the Card he left for me & immediately after took his way home, so that I had no means of seeing him, though he has often times shown me much kindness before & in various ways.

Do you recollect when I breakfasted with you that one of the party who had lived much in Italy pointed out & transcribed for me a sonnet of Michael Angelo , & seemed to regret that I had not translated it. This I have done today, and send it with my comp<sup>ts</sup> for his gratification ; or to show at least my good will. It is as literal as two languages so different will allow, without more pains than I felt inclined to bestow ; and probably had I endeavoured to give it word for word I should have succeeded no better with the spirit The Arnolds are arrived & Bunsen & his Wife & Son. We have seen them at the Mount, and shall call on them to day if the weather which has become unsettled will permit. The season during our long absence has been here (though cold) uncommonly fine ; scarcely any rain, and the crops in our garden & the grass in our fields are most abundant , then as to the beauty of the place, nothing can exceed it/—I have the promise of a Letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer which will give the result of his endeavours to serve me. As my hopes are not very high the disappointment, if I am to be disappointed, will be less accordingly W<sup>m</sup>, my Son, I grieve to say was scarcely any better, when I parted with him at Oxford, thursday week past. We hope to hear from him to day—By the Bye Dr Arnold only means to stay three weeks in Westmorland, and thence post off with his oldest daughter for Switzerland and the North of Italy. What a Velocpede he is—

Yesterday I went over to Kendal to support the Diocesan

JUNE 1839

plan of Education in connection with & under the superintendence of the Church of England. This I did, being convinced that the extension of the education that may be so effected is the best and safest way of promoting instruction and training through the whole Country : The Church is and ought to be ascendant, & for reasons that I have often expressed in your hearing.—

Dora is as thin as a Ghost and almost as fallow as an autumnal leaf ; my Sister much as usual—Mrs W—pretty well, and I should have been quite so I trust, but that I was imprudent in walking too far the day after I got Home. Miss Fenwick, dear & good Creature, is recovering her looks. All unite in love : pray let us hear from you soon.

Affectionately yours. W W

*Address* . H C Robinson Esq, Plowdens Buildings, Temple.

*Post Mark* : 12 AM 12 Ju 26 1839. T P Cornhill.

*Endorsed* 22 June 1839. Wordsworth.

1838-1840  
No 102

229.

[June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1839]

*[Wordsworth's Version of a Sonnet by  
Michael Angelo—with corrections.]  
From Michael Angelo.*

Rapt above earth by power of one fair face

<sup>1</sup> By power incited of a lovely face,<sup>1</sup>

Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,

I mingle with the blest on those pure

<sup>1</sup> I climb, nor fail to win Those heavenly <sup>1</sup> heights

Where Man yet mortal

<sup>1</sup> Where Mortal Creature <sup>1</sup> rarely finds a place.

With him who made the Work that Work accords

So well—that, <sup>1</sup> that <sup>1</sup> by its help & thro' his grace

I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds & words ;

Clasping her beauty in my Souls embrace.

Thus if from two fair eyes <sup>these</sup> <sup>1</sup> I <sup>1</sup> cannot turn

<sup>1</sup> The words between the two figures are deleted in the MS, and the words in small type substituted

JUNE 1839

<sup>1</sup> how in that vision <sup>1</sup> that in their presence  
I feel <sup>1</sup> that in those eyes there <sup>1</sup> doth abide  
Heaven  
Sight that to <sup>1</sup> God <sup>1</sup> is both a Way & Guide ;  
And, kindling at their lustre if I burn,  
My noble fire emits the joyful ray  
That thro' the realms of Glory shines for aye.

Rydal Mount

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

June 22<sup>d</sup> - - 39

Pray let Mr Mayer copy this translation if  
he should think it worth the trouble

*Endorsed* : July 1839 Wordsworth. Sonnet. NB for the  
greater part an autograph <sup>2</sup>—The Name is genuine. The  
corrections are in my hand—probably by subsequent  
directions. NB. To be compared with the printed text.

1838-1840  
No 104.

230.

[*Further corrections to the Version of*

My dear Friend, *Michael Angelo's Sonnet* ]

Correct the translation as follows,

Rapt above earth by power of one fair face,  
Hers in whose sway <sup>1</sup> my <sup>1</sup> alone my heart delights  
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights  
Where Man, yet mortal rarely finds a place &c &c  
<sup>1</sup> Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.  
With Him who made the Work that Work accords  
So aptly that I thence inform <sup>1</sup>  
Thus if from two fair eyes these cannot turn  
I feel that in their presence doth abide

[overleaf]

<sup>1</sup> My dear Friend,

Pray correct the Translation from Michael Angelo, as follows

Rapt above earth by power of one fair face  
Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights  
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The words between the two figures are deleted in the MS, and the words in small type substituted

<sup>2</sup> This is a mistake 229 is entirely written by Mrs W. including the signature. But 230 (q v) is an autograph of the poet, including the corrections.

JUNE 1839

<sup>1</sup> Where man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place  
With him who made the Work, that Work accords  
So aptly that I thence inform (through grace  
Shower'd down upon me all my thoughts & words <sup>1</sup>

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq— Plowden's Buildings, Temple—  
*Endorsed* · 1839. Wordsworth. Autograph. Corrections of  
Sonnet from Michael Angelo.

1838-1840  
No 99.

231. H. C. R. to W. W.

[July 5. 1839]

My dear friend—

I received a few days ago a small parcel addressed to me—  
It was not till after I had seen the contents that I perceived  
I had inadvertently opened a second cover addressed to you—  
However there was no harm done—For the parcel contained  
nothing but two small volumes being the first American edition  
of the Lyrical Ballads—Philadelphia 1802 sent you by Mr  
Henry Reed who subscribes himself your affectionate friend—  
From an Advertisement by the publisher it appears that the  
edition came out by subscription—It professes to contain the  
'lengthy Preface' of the second edition And to differ in no  
respect from the last edition but in retaining the *Convict*  
omitted in that and I suppose all subsequent editions.

I am glad I opened the parcel, for I own I had forgotten the  
*Convict* And though you have I dare say for good reasons  
omitted it I shall add it to my *Variorum* copy of the large 8vo.  
edition. I would do so were it only for the sake of the last two  
lines

My care, if the arm of the mighty were mine  
Would plant thee where yet thou might'st blossom again.

I could not accept Christianity as a gospel of good tidings  
if I thought it prohibited the belief that the *ALL-mighty* had  
established his providence with the feeling *enhanced* to in-  
finity . . .

p. 4, *last paragraph* . . . I write from the Athenaeum and cannot  
refer here to your letter but I believe I have nothing to remark

<sup>1</sup> The words between the two figures are deleted in the MS.

JULY 1839

on—Except that I have given your corrected Sonnet to Layard<sup>1</sup> and shall send the correction to Mayer—It is a valuable correction—The first line as originally written so much displeased me, as not to allow me to feel that pleasure in the whole Sonnet which I now feel—I shall be glad to shew it to Co<sup>t</sup> *Montalembert* the zealous Catholic & very amiable man now here

My best remembrance to your whole household

Affly your's

H C. Robinson

5<sup>th</sup> July 1839—

1838-1840  
No 100.

232. W. W. to H. C. R.

[Written by Dora W.]

[7<sup>th</sup> July 1839.]

Rydal Mount

Sunday even<sup>g</sup>

My dear Friend

As my nephew John Wordsworth means to set off tomorrow for London, I write, not to enter into particulars of your letter just received; which he will be able to do *vivâ voce*—but to thank you for it & to tell you that the two pictures answer perfectly well their intended purpose—They were received several days ago along with many books, among which were three of the Camden Society, for which I thank you cordially—The same parcel also contained a fourth volume of the same Society, viz the Plumpton correspondence; but in this on the fly leaf, as I mentioned a few days ago to Mr Moxon for your information, is written 'to Sir N. H. Nicholas from the Editor'—I therefore apprehend some mistake, & that possibly this

<sup>1</sup> The explorer H C R, in a letter of 14 Feb 1852, wrote to his niece that Layard's 'uncle accused me of misleading him I believe I did set his mind in motion, and excited in him tastes and a curiosity which now will not be matter of reproach seeing that the issue has already been so remarkable. His adventures in Asia terminated in his discovery of the "Nineveh Antiquities", which have given him a place in the future history of art But, more than that, he has been put into a place which may lead to his one day occupying a prime position in our political institutions. He has been appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs . . .' Several letters from Layard are included among H. C. R.'s correspondence

JULY 1839

copy may be substituted for one which your kindness designed for me—If not, I will return the copy I have by the first opportunity. The Plumpton Correspondence being of such an old date cannot but prove extremely interesting.

I have this moment had read to me in the newspaper the news of the death of Lady Flora Hastings. The sorrow which I feel on this melancholy occasion is mixed with regret that I missed seeing her in London. Upon two occasions we were to have had an interview by express appointment. But upon one, our meeting was prevented by an unexpected engagement on her part with the Duchess of Kent, & afterwards by my being engaged when she was at liberty—I have a letter from her addressed to myself which does her great credit

I do not see that any misconduct on the part of churchmen at this time affects the general question of the reasonableness of the Church of England being at the head of the general religious education of the country. As long as we shall retain a Church Establishment, if there be any consistency in our proceedings, the education of the young in matters of religion, as far as the state is concerned, ought to be in the hands of those whom the state entrusts with the religious instruction of adults—and there is no more injustice to the rest of the religious community in that, than is implied in the mere existence of a Church Establishment. But in the proceedings of Government at this time what I detest most is the practice of Metropolitan organization—Upon this subject D’Israeh spoke in parliament like a philosopher—Relieve the *people* of the burden of their duties, and you will soon make them indifferent about their rights. There is no more certain way of preparing a people for slavery, than the practice of central organization, which our philosophists with Lord Brougham at their head are so bent upon importing from the Continent—I should have thought that in matters of Government, we Englishmen had more to teach those nations than to learn from them.

I forget how the first line of the translated sonnet stood ; I know however it is much improved in the correction so is the third ; & upon the whole I think the translation is not now

JULY 1839

inferior to the original. The eighth line I cannot but thing [*sic*] greatly superior—If Mr Maier's [*sic*] curiosity should lead him down to the Lakes in his way to Edinburgh & Scotland, which he ought to see if possible, pray tell him I shall be glad to receive him here. I was sadly mortified that I had not an opportunity of thanking him personally for the elegant sonnet which he addressed to me at Oxford, two lines of it were especially beautiful. I have not yet received the second parcel of books which I suppose contains the poem of Ernest.<sup>1</sup> With M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth & Dora's kindest remembrances

ever affectionately y<sup>rs</sup>

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

Address · H C Robinson Esq.

Post Mark : None.

Endorsed : 7 July 1839. Wordsworth on Church Estab<sup>t</sup> & Education.

1838-1840  
No 101

233. H. C. R. to W. W.

10<sup>th</sup> July 1839.

... p. 2, line 1. I have told you how much I think you have improved the Sonnet—But I shall be afraid to shew it to such zealous protestants as the younger Acland on account of its Popish character—They will hardly tolerate such an idolatrous eulogy on the Eyes of the Virgin—My Memory is bad—I believe I forgot in my last letter to mention that I heard with great delight of your reception from the Undergraduates at Oxford—A more significant symptom and Sign of the Times than the conferring of the dignity itself—

I did heartily rejoice at it—I heard of the whole affair from Eye-Witnesses—Rather ear-witnesses—They say the Shouting was universal and continuous—Only a few weeks before, the Undergraduates of Cambridge assaulted an Anti-Corn-law lecturer and nearly murdered him.

The Oxford lads are a set off against the Oxford Tracts Taylor has been writing an Answer to the Anglo-papistic or

<sup>1</sup> By Capel Loft junior, 'a poem of prodigious power, but too seditious for publication'. (H Martineau, Autobiography, i. 416) It was privately printed, anonymously, in 1839 and again in 1868. The British Museum copy (1839) has copious MS notes and corrections by the author.



JULY 1839

Oxford doctrine of Tradition in some small tracts entitled 'Current Christianity'. They are warmly praised—N.B. Since writing the above I have been looking into the first No. It is written with great earnestness even solemnity—Avows himself a Churchman tho' born among Dissenters He proclaims the necessity of a new Church Reformation. .

1838-1840  
No 106.

234. H. C. R. to W. W.

Athenæum 12<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1839

My dear friend

John of Keswick breakfasted with me yesterday. He told me of your anxiety to know something of the state of your friend S[outhey]. Moxon has somewhat abruptly communicated the impression made on him by S's appearance and manners—I will tell you what is here felt and thought of his health, but I have had no recent information

I am sorry to say that the opinion generally entertained, does not differ materially from that intimated by Moxon—The long continued silence of S. since his marriage And particularly his inattention to some old friends were sufficient to excite alarm—I understand that his very old friend—Bedford was very desirous to see him before his death—And expressed himself, nearly at the last, very strongly at S. entire disregard of the letters sent him—' I should have gone hundreds of Miles to see *him* ' And it is said that in answer to a formal notification of his old friend's death, S. wrote very coldly, with scarcely any notice of the fact—

Kenyon wrote to offer him, his house for himself & bride, but has not yet received any answer—And when I inquired of Rickman when he had heard of S. the answer was—I have not heard at all—

Except to children & the nearest relations, such occurrences are more distressing than even death—It is a *relief* to a friend to consider his friend as *diseased* when he must otherwise think that his affections are fading away.

I know too that his brother the Doctor has been & is under great alarm. At the same time these facts are only whispered

among friends—And we hear what you indeed confirm, that his children have received chearful letters from him And that he talks of going back to his work—And we must all hope that he will, As it is in the form of work that he will be able to shew that his faculties are unimpaired—This is the substance of all that I have heard—It is generally understood that he will merely pass thro' London if he should not go straight home, avoiding the capital.

p. 4, line 7. Miss Fenwick will be interested in knowing that Mr Taylor is engaged in a systematic attack on the Oxford-Tract writers He has published two Numbers of '*Ancient Christianity*' in which he affirms that the Oxonians must, if consistent, maintain the grand Romanist doctrine of the Celibacy of the Clergy. Which was the unquestionable doctrine of the Church at the period to wch the Tract-writers refer as the test of orthodoxy—Taylor writes somewhat heavily, but with great earnestness. He does not scruple to say that the Success of the Pusey party would involve the Ruin of the Monarchy & Aristocracy And bring back the worst evils of Popery. He seems quite an alarmist. Strange that none of our Periodicals notice his works— . . .

P.S: I heard the other day from a fierce conservative that the Q. is known to have become, since the late fracas, unmanageable almost in her hostility to the conservative party. And Lord M: has credit for resuming office—She would have gone even to the Radicals rather than again see Sir Robert ! ! !—

1838-1840  
No 122

235. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

Dec 4<sup>th</sup> 1839

p. 3, line 6 . . . Your account of Southey grieves me but I suppose the tone the family take & would wish others to take is that his health is declining & I would fain hope that bodily disease is the cause of the failure elsewhere & if so he may revive. I heard from the Pattisons that Mr<sup>s</sup> Southey declined interfering with domestic affairs that she might devote herself

DECEMBER 1839

entirely to him & that all the family are delighted with her—poor M<sup>rs</sup> Lovell as well as the rest. But it is a melancholy lot for the new wife. . . .

1838-1840  
No. 123b.

236. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount

*Ambleside*

(not Kendal)

Dec<sup>b</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> [1839]

My dear Friend,

We had been looking long for a letter from you. It gives us pleasure to hear of your new arrangement<sup>1</sup> and we all join in good wishes that your happiness may be promoted by it.—I need not say that it would delight me to be under your roof.—As our wish to see you here at Christmas was far from being selfish, we resign it in a manner which is neither unworthy of ourselves nor you. Should your plan alter we shall be still more happy to receive you after this disappointment.—

your account of the United States Bank is appalling. We are truly sorry for your loss ; several of our Friends are far more deeply concerned. Can you tell us anything about Mississippi Bonds ? Dear Miss Hutchinson's little fortune was all there ; and Dora, by bequest of her's has an interest in them—to the amount of 40£ per ann.—I hope, as I have expressed to Courtenay, the fall in our *Provincial* is nothing more than the consequence of the general monetary depression, and that that Bank is not involved in direct dealings with any foreign securities. Courtenay I know sets his face against anything of that kind, and his advice it was that preserved me from such engagements. Perhaps you could learn from your Friend Mr Jaffery as [to] how far I am right in the notion I have expressed of the National Provincial.

If you see Mr Moxon pray tell him I would be obliged if he could write a note to the Master of Harrow, begging, if it be

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R. moved from Plowden's Buildings to 30 Russell Sq on 25 Sept. 1839. His *Diary* notes under that date. 'I am to pay for this, my new domicile, £100 per annum. It gives me no vote, subjects me to no service. I have no reason to complain of my surroundings' He remained there for the rest of his life

DECEMBER 1839

not already done, that he would cast his eye over my Son's Latin translations of my Poem[s]; as soon as he can. The republication of the six Volumes is detained by the want of them. And pray add to Mr M— that I wish before the sheet is struck off to have it sent down to me for correction.—

I have a kind letter from Miss Mackenzie, dated Rome— She speaks of you as one Friend sh[o]uld of Another

ever faithfully yours  
W. W.

Can you learn whether the Philadelphia Bank is in better plight than the United States. You were right as to poor dear Southey. He continues very feeble.—

*Address* : H C. Robinson Esq , No. 30 Russel Square.

*Endorsed* . Dec<sup>b</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> 1839. Wordsworth. Investments.

*No Post Mark.*

1838-1840  
No 134

237. W. W. to H. C. R.

[Written by M W]

My dear Friend

[Jan 23<sup>rd</sup> 1840]

We have long been looking for a letter from you & I now am going to dictate to Mary a *short* one—as we are at Miss Fenwick's, come to meet Lady Monro & liable to be interrupted. Dr W.<sup>1</sup> communicated to us, the sad tidings of the death of his Son in a letter very affecting & in the highest degree creditable to his heart & head ; so that we trust he is bearing his loss, as so sincere a Christian ought to bear afflictions of this kind. J. W. had he lived, would have done not a little for classical literature—he was one of the most accurate Scholars living, and certainly beloved in proportion as he was known.—Mr<sup>s</sup> Hoare,<sup>2</sup> whom you know, mourns for him as a Mother.

<sup>1</sup> The poet wrote to Lady Frederick Bentinck on 3 Jan 1840, that John Wordsworth 'died last Tuesday in Trinity College, of which he was a fellow, having been tenderly nursed by his father during rather a long illness. . . .' Knight, *op cit.* iii 187. On the same page there follows Wordsworth's letter of condolence to his brother, Christopher, the bereaved father

<sup>2</sup> . Both she and the daughter are women of sense and high worth. They are great lovers of Wordsworth, and never failed to invite me to

I thoroughly sympathize with your indignation upon the conduct of the house of C. as to the question of Privilege. I have never troubled myself to ascertain what side this Man, or that Man takes—or any portion of this or that Party take; & without entering into the merits of the case at all, but merely regarding it as Authority opposed to Authority, I should side with the Judges, Not being able to find a single motive that should tempt them to decide wrong—while I see a thousand that are likely to mislead a great portion of a popular Assembly—therefore, I sh<sup>d</sup> say at once, the odds are incalculable, that in cases of this kind, the Judges will be right. You cannot feel more strongly upon this subject than I do. I am glad to hear you speak in such terms of Sir R<sup>t</sup> Inglis<sup>1</sup>—he is a Man who for his honesty & intelligence is entitled to universal esteem, & I question whether there is a Man in the house so much respected as he is.

Having so little sight to spare in our house & so few voices that can read aloud for any length of time, we have little acquaintance with the Oxford controversy—I have only read one of their tracts.

The New Ed: contains nothing new but what is in the Ap[p]endix, & that is only the 13 Sonnets first published in the volume of Sonnets. I thought it would be dealing unfairly with the Purchasers of the former Ed: if I added anything to the new one not found in the former. A hundred copies of the Appendix were struck off for such Purchasers of the former who might think it worth while to add them to their copies.

We have not heard from dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson upon the occasion of her Brother's death. If you are in correspondence with her, pray present our best love & sincere condolences.

their house [at Hampstead] when he was a visitor there. I have been occasionally invited since his death. M<sup>rs</sup> Hoare was, by birth, a Quaker. . .  
*Rem.* 1853

<sup>1</sup> A friend of Wordsworth, at one time M.P. for Oxford, who though a zealous protestant and anti-catholic, and an opponent of the Dissenters' Chapels Act, was nevertheless on good terms with H. C. R., who wrote of Inglis on 3 March 1835 (*Diary*), ' . . . something highly respectable in his appearance, benevolence and simplicity are strongly expressed in his countenance', and consulted him during the Clarkson-Wilberforce controversy.

Our good friend Miss Fenwick intends going to London about the 11<sup>th</sup> of next month—& I am glad to tell you, that Dora is to be the Companion of her journey, & will be to be heard of at Mr Hoare's—while Miss F. sees her London friends,—but no doubt she will write a note to appoint a meeting with you as soon as she finds herself settled. They mean after a few weeks to proceed into Somersetshire—whence Miss F. hopes to bring back with them, her Sister, to see our beautiful Country in which she has found her health so much improved during [almost a two years *deleted*] residence of more than 18 months.

We are glad, especially for your sake, Miss F's & other friends, that the American Stock is improving. Dr Arnold has nothing in the U. S. States Bank—his money is lodged in different States for which the faith of the State is pledged, so that he is in no fear. I have myself, by the advice of Courtenay no less than £8,000 in the N. B. Bank, & I frankly own to you, that I do not like to be in this situation, not so much on acc<sup>t</sup> of the am<sup>t</sup> of the lodgement, as that I dislike the principle of these banks—the failures in them have been numerous & destructive, & one is liable, to the extent of all one's means, to be called upon for making up any deficiencies which either foolishness or dishonesty might cause.

I have been employed these 3 or 4 last days in revising some verses of Chaucer, which I modernized some years ago—intending them as a gift to Mr Powell<sup>1</sup> a friend of mine, who in conjunction with some literary acquaintances, is engaged in doing other things of this Author upon my principle; as exemplified in the Prioresses Tale. My love & reverence for Chaucer are unbounded, & I should like for the sake of unlearned

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Knight, *op cit.*, III 193, W. W. to Moxon, the whole passage from which the following is an extract 'He will have coadjutors, among whom, I believe, will be Mr Leigh Hunt, a man as capable as any living writer of doing the work well. In addition to *The Prioress's Tale* I have placed at my friends' disposal three other pieces, which I wrote long ago, but revised the other day. This I have done mainly out of my great love and reverence for Chaucer in hope that, whatever may be the merits of Mr Powell's attempt, the attention of other writers may be drawn to the subject, and a work hereafter be produced by different persons which will place the treasures of one of the greatest of poets within the reach of the multitude, which they now are not'

readers to see the greatest part of his works done in the same way. Dryden & Pope have treated these originals admirably in a manner of their own, which tho' good in itself is not Chaucers.

John was with us last week, he is quite well, as is his family—his Mother & Aunt Joanna who is now at Rydal, purpose getting into the Mail on Saturday in order to pass a week at Brigham, previous to Dora's leaving home.

William I believe leaves Herefordshire for Carlisle this very day—Where he has been passing a few weeks with his Uncle<sup>1</sup>—he writes, that he finds his Uncle considerably improved—Yet he is still in a helpless state—William's own health you will be glad to hear is amended. Your Old friend our Sister too we think, in many respects improved—She would, did she know of our writing—send kind remembrances to you—As would Dora—The Arnolds leave Fox How next week—they have, as usual much enjoyed their residence there, spite of the very rainy season we have had during their sojourn. Of dear Mr Southey we can only give a melancholy report—his family seem to think him sinking fast—He suffers no pain, which is a great blessing—but he is become pitifully helpless [but *deleted*] he continues to be patient & uncompl[ai]ning—indeed from what we hear he scarcely seems sensible to the melancholy change that has taken place—His daughter Bertha, who now lives in Flemings<sup>2</sup> house at the foot of the hill, has just returned from Keswick, & her reports of her Fathers state is most affecting.—

We had a notice the other day (in a letter to a young lady of this neighbourhood from Mr<sup>s</sup> Lutwidge's<sup>3</sup> Niece, Miss Taylor) from Mr Kenyon then at Rome—with a promise that we should hear from him from that place—So we presume he is still in the Eternal City—*You* must think again before you make up your mind to run away without seeing your friends in West<sup>4</sup>. You know you engaged your next visit should be in summer, & alas! we know little what may happen before 1841! Our

<sup>1</sup> Mr Hutchinson

<sup>2</sup> The curate See No 221, p. 375

<sup>3</sup> Admiral and Mrs Lutwidge of Holm Rook, near Ravenglass.

JANUARY 1840

united love & best wishes that you may continue to enjoy your Continental travels—as well as to find comfort in your new home. (I, M W) am closing this joint letter before I sleep. W. is already in bed, & not finding an envelope in my room, I hope you will notice my contrivance & frugality in turning your's. God bless you. Affly your's

W. & M. W.

Ambleside. Thursday night

PS I had missed your PS. on a separate paper, & enclosed & directed my note before I saw it—Do you not defend St Tal's [i. e. Sergeant Talfourd's] books more warmly than my slight (not slighting) expression of opinion about some portions of them warrants? *Quis vituperavit?*—Yet in addition to my objection to certain trivialities, & too much of gin & porter, & the Cat & Salutation, and assenting as I do entirely to your conviction that the dreadful act of poor Miss Lamb (not Miss Lamb) & its effects on her brother must make him more loved than ever by all who loved him without knowing that history, I have my doubts whether the subject ought to have been received. I do not think that *he* would like it if he could be consulted.—<sup>1</sup> I had seen all those letters to the Wordsworths long ago.

I am very sorry that you give so poor an account of the state of your Brother's health—or rather of the necessity of his abstinence from mental excitement, for that is not always possible with any of us.—

*No address or post mark.*

*Endorsed* : 28<sup>d</sup> Jan. 1840. Mrs Wordsworth.

1838-1840  
No 140

238. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

Feb<sup>y</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> 1840.

p. 2, line 5. . . . I had heard that Dora Wordsworth was staying with the Henry Coleridges & am glad to learn from you that the marriage is to take place . . .

<sup>1</sup> This sentence is an addition by H. C. R.



FEBRUARY 1840

1838-1840  
No. 141.

239. *Miss S. Burney to H. C. R.*

Feb 26<sup>th</sup> 1840

p. 2, line 14. . . Grieved, grieved, indeed I am at the melancholy account you give of that noble creature Southey ! And his charming wife, how I feel for her ! She is my particular friend, & I was the unconscious means of her first becoming acquainted with Southey. They have now been in habits of intercourse, & in continual communication of each others works and thoughts for many years.<sup>1</sup> She wrote to me just before her marriage, speaking chearfully of her resignation of her pretty house & garden near Lymington, which she was about to part with, & of her future prospects on being removed to a new home. And all this—what has it led to, but misery ?—Yet, as a devoted friend, giving up her whole time to him, how great a blessing she will [be] to one in so helpless & pitiable a state.—I have often wondered, since her marriage, at not having heard from her ; I did not know her proper direction, or I would have written to her. But perhaps it may be as well I did not compel from her a reluctant account of her husband's situation. The first suspicion & the gradual confirmation of what was coming upon him must have been dreadful to her !—Poor, poor creatures ! I hardly know which to pity most . .

1838-1840  
No 145

240. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

March 10 [1840]

<sup>2</sup> Poor dear Miss Mackenzie ! I was sadly grieved with the unthought of event , and I assure you my dear Friend, it will be lamented by me for the remainder of my days. I have scarcely ever known a person for whom, after so limited an acquaintance, limited I mean as to time, for it was not so as to heart & mind, I felt so much esteem, or to whom I have been more sincerely attached. I had scarcely a pleasant remembrance connected with Rome in which her amiable qualities were not mixed, and now a shade is cast over them

<sup>1</sup> See Dowden's edition of the correspondence of Southey with Miss Caroline Bowles

<sup>2</sup> There is no formal beginning to the letter.

all. I had hoped, too, to see her here, and that Mr W— Dora, and Miss Fenwick would all have taken to her as you and I did. If you should learn anything further about her, her last moments, and about the poor orphan Bepina,<sup>1</sup> pray do not fail to let me know. If that arrangement affecting me & William, which was rather unluckily talked of lately in the House of C—<sup>2</sup>, could be brought about I certainly should think of visiting Italy once more, but with much less interest than if our lost Friend had still been at Rome to receive us. But I dwell too long upon this melancholy subject.

How comes it that you write to us so seldom, now that Postage<sup>3</sup> is nothing. Letters are sure to be impoverished by the change, and if they do not come oftener, the gain will be a loss, and a grievous one too.—

I have been much annoyed by a serious charge of Plagiarism brought against Coleridge in the last number of *Blackwood*.<sup>4</sup> I procured the number for the purpose of reading it—With the part concerning the imputation of the thefts from Schelling, having never read a word of German metaphysics, thank Heaven! though I doubt not they are good diet for some tastes I feel no disposition to meddle. But when in further disparagement of the object of his remarks he asserts that C. was indebted 'to Germans for the brightest gems of his poetic crown', I feel myself competent to say a few words upon that subject. The Critic names Schiller and Stolber[g] as, among others, strong instances in support of his assertion - - And what are the passages adduced, two Hexameter verses, and a

<sup>1</sup> She was ultimately sent to Scotland and educated by Miss Mackenzie's relatives See note <sup>1</sup> on p 410

<sup>2</sup> 'On 27 Feb 1840 in debate on the Pension to Sir J Newport, Mr. Liddell complained that Wordsworth's name was not on the Civil List. Upon it being objected that Wordsworth held an office, Mr. Liddell replied that it was true Wordsworth held a provincial office which afforded a tolerably respectable income, and an offer was made to transfer the appointment to his son, & to place Mr. W's own name upon the pension list; but that the proposed pension (150 l a year) was so much lower than that awarded to other persons of literary distinction that a just and commendable self-esteem induced him to decline it' Hansard III S. II. 676, 684

<sup>3</sup> Penny postage was introduced in 1840

<sup>4</sup> 'The Plagiarisms of S T Coleridge', *Blackwood's Mag*, March 1840; unsigned, but ascribed to De Quincey in Lowndes' *Bibliographers' Manual*, 1857-64.

hexameter and pentameter, word for word from Schiller, and passed off by Coleridge as his own. If it be true this was excessive folly on Coleridge's part, but it is beyond measure absurd to talk of this paltry stuff as the Magazinish has ventured to do. So far from such things being gems in his crown they would be much honoured by calling them farthings in his Pocket. But then C. produced the lines to shew that he was a great discoverer in metre, one who had for the first time found out and by these specimens exemplified in a modern language & that his own, the spirit of these several constructions of musical sound. But having admitted that it was silly if not worse in my Friend to claim what was not his own, I feel free to affirm that Coleridge had carefully studied and successfully practised English Hexameters before he knew a word of German. And I am astonished that he did not give specimens of his own, with which he had taken, in Hexameters, I know far more pains than anything of the sort is worth. These are the sole proofs of his robberies of Schiller, but if he had stolen ten times as freely, I could have added in explanation & partly in exculpation, that he gave to Schiller 50 times more than he took without thinking worth while to let the world know what he had done. C. translated the 2<sup>nd</sup> part of Wallenstein under my roof at Grasmere from MSS.—about that time I saw the passages of the Astronomical Times and the antient Mythology, which, as treated in Coleridge's professed [?] transl[ati]on, were infinitely superior.—As to the passage from Stolberg,<sup>1</sup> it was begun, as I know, as a translation, and amplified. Coleridge took incredible pains with the execution, and has greatly excelled the original; but why he did not in this case also speak the plain truth I am quite at a loss to conceive — — Compare Chiabrera's epitaph upon Ambrosio Salinero, which I have translated, with Coleridge's tombless epitaph upon one he calls Satyrane and you will have another instance how una[d]vised was his way in these little matters. I used to beg he would take the trouble of noting his obligations, but half his time was passed in dreams, so that such

<sup>1</sup> 'Hymn to the Earth' (Oxford edition, p. 327) a free translation from F. L. Stolberg's *Hymne an die Erde*.

MARCH 1840

hints were thrown away. I sho[u]ld not have thought it worth while to write so much, had not the unfairness with which the Blackwoodite treats the *Poet C* in this point led me to suspect that as a metaphysician he has been used somewhat in the same manner

Ever affection

Yours &c.

W Wordsworth

*Addressed* : Prepaid. H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 80 Russel Square, London.

*Endorsed* : 16 Mar: 1840. Wordsworth (Miss Mackenzie) Coleridge's imputed plagiarisms.

1838-1840  
No 143

241. *H. C. R. to W. W.*

[March 16<sup>th</sup> 1840.]

p. 4, *line* 8. . . . I have not yet told of the great success I had in reciting your two Sonnets—at our Non-Con dinner. . . .

1838-1840  
No 146

242. *H. C. R. to W. W.*

[March 19<sup>th</sup> 1840.]

My dear friend—

You ask why I write so seldom—The answer is an obvious one And you will give me credit for being quite sincere when I make it—It is but seldom that I dare to think that I have anything to say that is worth your reading.—The feeling is not so strong as it was, because I have for some years been aware of a part of your character which I was at first ignorant of. Rogers a few mornings ago took up your *Dedication to Jones*<sup>1</sup> to read to me—'What a pity it would have been had this been left out' he said. 'Every man who reads this must love W. more and more—Few know *how* he loves his friends.'

Now I cannot charge myself of late with having omitted to write whenever anything has occurred to any friend of yours or indeed anyone in whom you take an interest—To others I frequently write mere rattling letters, having nothing to say, but merely spinning out of one's brain any light thing that one can pick up there— I need not say *why* I cannot write so to you—

<sup>1</sup> *Dedicatory Letter in Descriptive Sketches, 1793*

Formerly, and even now in a slight degree, I used to be checked both in writing and in talk by the recollection of the four Sonnets so beautiful and yet beginning so alarmingly

' I am not One who much or oft delight

To season my fire-side with personal talk '—

Now, after all, a letter, a genuine letter, is but personal talk—As a proof how ready I am to write when I have anything to say I answer your gratifying letter by return of post—I call it gratifying on account of the affectionate terms in which you write of dear Miss Mackenzie I have nothing to add to what I wrote before but that I heard yesterday to my great concern that Mr<sup>s</sup> Sismondi had declined taking charge of the Orphan.—This makes it more probable however that the intended provision for the child was actually made—She lived, Miss Julia Smith<sup>1</sup> tells me, a week after she was aware that her death was likely to take place—Let us hope that the poor child will not be left to the tender care of the Scotch kindred of her adopting mother—Depend upon it I will let you know all I hear on the subject—(I have copied what you wrote in a letter sent today to Kenyon at Florence. P.S:)

The first thing I did after reading your letter was to go to the Russell Institution and finish the article on Coleridge—I had read merely the part on Schelling As to that, unless the 'Magazinst' [''] I thank thee—for the word '—be a mere har the charge must be deemed made out—Had I Schelling's book—I would give myself the trouble to compare closely the Original with the Translation—But Mr<sup>s</sup> Green<sup>2</sup> will certainly do it And the assailant has rendered the defence too easy, if there be one in fact—not to make one suppose that he was sure of his point—And yet as you remark the imputations arising out of Coleridge's translations are so ill sustained—or rather they are so silly that they would justify any hope that there may be after all

<sup>1</sup> Second daughter of W. Smith, M.P. for Norwich (died 1835), a friend of Clarkson and an active abolitionist H. C. R. became intimate with the widow and daughters about 1838 in January 1840 he records a call on them when he found only the old lady at home, adding that it is not worth while to go when Julia is away Presumably she was already in Rome Miss Mackenzie was acquainted with all the family

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Henry Green (1791–1863), surgeon; Coleridge's literary executor.

MARCH 1840

an apology for C. if the charges were brought forward in the same style and supported by the same kind of evidence—I firmly believe that the Hexameters which appeared only in the *last* edition, were disregarded by C: himself And through mere ignorance of the editor published as C's—C. must have been as sensible of their insignificance as you are—And on that account and on account of the unsuitability of the Verse to our language, disregarded alike his translations & originals—

When I was in Germany 1800–1805 and was learning the language, I was struck by the novelty of these classic metres—And I sent to a magazine Some specimens of various kinds of Verses—One or two of which I venture to think very fine even in my translations—I had never the courage to shew them to you.—But may perhaps now take heart and do so—And with the less reluctance because they are most significant and supply a text for an enquiry into Gothes religious feelings—It is singular that you should particularly mention one passage about the stars in connection with Greek mythology—as being infinitely superior—Now I had translated the passage—And many years afterwards falling in with the translation of C. I naturally compared them—I need not say that I find my verses wretched indeed compared with Cs—Yet in this one respect they are better—They retain the dramatic & argumentative character—Cs verses would have been unexceptionable in a lyric poem—or even as a soliloquy. But tho' in a drama he has quite lost sight of the situation of the speaker—Max in *his* verses forgets his mistress in his dreamy declamation about the stars—Schiller has not made such a great mistake I hear the postman's bell—So with my kindest regards to your diminished household

I remain  
Affectionately yours  
H. C. Robinson

19<sup>th</sup> March 1840

30 Russell Square

I called once on Miss Fenwick & was obligingly received I know nothing about Dora now, but expect soon to hear about her having made the enquiries

MARCH 1840

*The Difference*  
(from the *Xenien*)

Aristocratical dogs will bark at a beggar, the real  
Democratical cur yelps at a Gentleman's coat—

*Address* · W: Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Rydal Mount, Ambleside.  
prepaid.

*Post Marks* Coram St 1 py P. Paid. D Paid 19 Mr 19 1840.

*Endorsed* · March 1840. H. C. R. to Wordsw.

1838-1840  
No 148

243. H. C. R. to W. W.

[April 1840]

p. 1, *line* 16 . . . My ire has been roused by a man who is really rivalling in his laborious exertions to do mischief, Joseph Hume himself.—Our common friend Warburton<sup>1</sup> Talfourd related to me on Sunday his really despicable tricks to defeat the Copyright bill You of course are aware of them all—

Now I will tell you his precious schemes as to the London University—You recollect that the *idea* of the Lond: Univ: was—to establish in the Metropolis a board of Examiners to confer degrees on all students repairing from a number of Colleges in the Kingdom, all of which were to include the various sciences & branches of learning hitherto confined to Oxford & Cambridge. And in this way—academical scholarship was to be encouraged in every part of the Kingdom—Now Warburton has made this notable discovery that it is a hard thing for a man to be deprived of a degree because he is too poor to go to a large School—and therefore he has proposed—And got a large majority of the fellows of the University to concur with him in proposing that the new Charter to the London University shall enable the Senate to confer degrees on any man who can have crammed

<sup>1</sup> Henry Warburton (1784 ?-1858) was an active politician, who took part in many important questions. As H C R's letter shows, it was as a member of the newly founded University of London that he fell foul of Warburton, who supported what has since become the external examination system. Whatever advantages this may have, H C R rightly considered that the passing of examinations is not equivalent to a University education. The letter also refers to their disagreement on the subject of the Copyright Bill.

himself sufficiently to pass an examination—without enquiring where or how he got his knowledge !

He told the fellows of the Univ. that the Council of our College did not object to this ! And in fact in my absence he mentioned the business.—No one objected, but no formal vote was given—However, I have on the other hand, obtained a Vote of address to the Government requesting that no change may be made in the charter without *our* being previously informed of the intention I have already *recovered* several of the most influential members of the Council—And I have no doubt I shall ultimately defeat him. His measure would degrade the University to the lowest point—And this is one of the attempts which can only succeed when mischievous zeal is awake, and good intentions are laid asleep—. . .

*p. 4, line 13.* . . . Among my amusements lately was the attending our Non: Con: [i. e. Nonconformist] club of which I have already told you—I was in the Chair—And I executed my project of reciting your two Non Con Sonnets—They were very warmly applauded—And so much talked about, that I should not wonder if it were made a rule of the club to recite them regularly—

Our three standing toasts are—

‘ The Memory of the two thousand ’<sup>1</sup>

And then it was that I took the club by surprise by declaiming as impressively as I could

‘ Nor shall the Eternal roll of Fame reject ’

The second toast is

John Milton

On this I recited

‘ Yet truth is keenly sought for & the Wind.’

Our third toast is

‘ Civil & religious liberty all the World over ’

Having unhappily no third Sonnet I made a speech . . .

*p. 8, line 1.* . . . Whewell has of course sent you his ‘ Isle of

<sup>1</sup> Non-Jurors.



APRIL 1840

the Sirens'<sup>1</sup>—I doubt whether you will tolerate his metrical vagaries—Poetry is to you so earnest a matter—Your business in life, your posthumous fame also is inseparably combined with your love of it So that you will with difficulty pardon a mathematician & a man of science for presuming to disport himself even in a metrical form so un-english as the Hexameter. You will think this a mere impertinence—If you gave yourself the trouble to read the thing through you would like the matter better than the form—Perhaps you are not aware that the greater part is a mere translation of Carlyle's *Chartism*—I have something to say of Carlyle, but I must keep that back—I wont trouble you to read on a third half sheet.

I shall rejoice to hear that you continue in your best health—The last Rydal-Accounts have been very good—From Keswick nothing good is now to be expected— . . .

1838-1840  
No 157.

244. W. W. to H. C. R.

June 3<sup>rd</sup> 1840

My dear Friend

I have been shamefully long in writing to you—Having two letters to acknowledge ; for this delay which has cost me a good deal of self-reproach, I have no excuse to make, but such a one as you offer for yourself, in your former letter, that you had in fact nothing to say that you could persuade yourself w<sup>d</sup> be found interesting.

Your first letter turned upon the narrow-mindedness of Warburton, in connexion with the London University—he is one of those wrong-headed Men (as will be shewn also this day, when the unfortunate Copy-right bill comes before the House) whose obstinacy faithfully keeps pace with his ignorance : I quite go along with your views of the University question—as I did of the privilege question—but I cannot say the same of that you take of Lord Stanley's bill<sup>2</sup> as far as I am able to

<sup>1</sup> William Whewell (1794-1866) His *Isle of the Sirens* (some passages of Carlyle's *Chartism* put into hexameters) was privately printed in 1840.

<sup>2</sup> In 1839 Government proposed to increase the recently established grant for elementary education & to distribute some of it among Roman Catholic schools Lord Stanley moved an amendment to revoke the appointment of the Committee of Education & this was negatived by

judge of its contents from what has been said thereupon, & upon the subject in general, in the Ho: of C.—I have carefully read the speeches of both of [*etc*] its Advocates & its Enemies—and am decidedly of opinion that it is a disgrace to the House, that the majority in favour of the Motion was not larger. As to the fear of a rising in Ireland that may happen, or may not—happily for those who have voted in favor of the Mover *they* stand upon higher & firmer ground than is to be found in apprehensions of this sort—and with this observation, tho' I could willingly say much more upon it, I dismiss the Subject.

Our life here is without incident, except now and then, as the other day, we hear of a Person drowned—mostly by some fault of his own, in one of our Lakes. You may judge of how little happens among us when I think it worth while to tell you—that yesterday, being desirous of hearing the result of the Cockermouth Election I walked out to waylay the Coach—I heard it coming at some little distance & being in the high-way between Keswick & Ambleside I ran on before to ask the guard, who I thought might have occasion to stop at the foot of our hill—upon my beckoning to him he alighted good-naturedly, shewed me the state of the Poll—and said, Mr Horsman was in front upon the top of the Coach—there were several Persons there, & Mr H. stretched out his pale oval face, & said, upon my greeting him—' we have had some correspondence together Mr Wordsworth ' ' Yes ' said I upon the poor unfortunate Copy-right bill, which has been so scurvily treated—as you are returned, Mr H. I hope you will take care of it '—My views of politics did not allow me to congratulate him upon his return & the Coach drove on. I have not yet heard any particulars of the election—but tho' Gen. Wyndham has some things much against him—especially his living with a woman, openly—that no one believes to be his wife—I am pretty confident, from what I know of the place in general, that if he will live there something more than he does, & be gracious in his manners, which a Gentleman who formerly saw much of him a majority of only two. O'Connell & Smith O'Brien were among the supporters of the increased grant & its appropriation on a more liberal principle. The Lords carried the amendment by a large majority, but the Queen refused to revoke the Order in Council.

tells me he used *not* to be—he will then oust Mr H. upon the next occasion. H. is a clever Man & to him *personally* I have no objection, but sh<sup>d</sup> be rather glad to see him in Parliament as some with his opinions will, & *perhaps ought* to be there.

Yesterday I heard a good deal about little Pappina<sup>1</sup>—Our lamented friend Miss M. had little to leave her—but Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletcher who lives close by some of her family, who are her most intimate friends, says they have among [them] settled upon the child £2000—& they have the best intentions towards her; but they are apprehensive of much discomfort from her, as they know she is of a violent & perverse temper—& they are not mistaken from what I saw in part, & from what Miss M told me. She is to come to Scotland (together with Miss M's Niece, who was with her Aunt at the time of her death—whither she had gone, poor thing! on acc<sup>t</sup> of her own health) & is to be brought up under their eye, tho' not living in their house. Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletcher represents these Relatives of your late friend to be most excellent People, so that the Child will have a better chance of growing up for happiness, notwithstanding the heat of her southern blood, which perhaps may be moderated by the cooler climate of Scotland—I shall make farther enquiries, & if I hear anything more about her, which is likely to interest you, I will let you know.

Why should you be so troubled about not remembering whether you had mentioned your recitation of the Sonnets before? You had done so—but bless me! if that is to dishearten one what is to become of poor Mr<sup>s</sup> W. and myself who are not quite 5 years older than you—I cannot at this moment determine, whether I have written to thank Mr Dice,<sup>2</sup> from whom a little while ago, I rec<sup>d</sup> 5 solid volumes of Middleton the Dramatist's Works it seems to me as if I *had* written but Mary says No—Should you fall in with that excellent Man, pray tell him the dilemma I am in—he would think me quite gone, if he sh<sup>d</sup> receive another letter upon the same subject.

<sup>1</sup> 1 e. Beppina, the ward of Miss Mackenzie, who had recently died & left the child inadequately provided for

<sup>2</sup> 1. e. Alexander Dyce (1798–1869), scholar

JUNE 1840

The memory is no doubt the first of the faculties that age impairs—Dryden writing at 70 tells us that it failed in him when nothing else had, as he gave striking proof—his most poetical, if not his best things, being written about that age.

Give up Germany & come to us—we can, I trust get you a nice lodging where you were before—or a still more agreeable one through the field—by the brookside in the way to Dr Arnold's—Hartley Coleridge is come much nearer us, & probably you might see as much of him as you liked—Of Genius he has not a little, & talent enough for fifty. The Hardens are just returned from Paris, & I know would be delighted to see you at any time.

We hear of no favorable acc<sup>t</sup> from Keswick, but the decay is very slow—No tidings of Lovel. Poor Owen Lloyd is in confinement—& our best hope is that he will not live long, as he has lately had frequent shocks of epilepsy—that has made grievous havoc both in his bodily health, & faculties of mind.

We in this house are all pretty well—Miss F. has had rather a bad cold, but she is recovering She will be stationary in this country till the end of Sep<sup>r</sup> & means to return to it after a visit to her Durham friends—She expects Mr<sup>1</sup> & Mr<sup>s</sup> H. Taylor in a few weeks—With best wishes from all Aff<sup>te</sup>ly yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Endorsed*: Wordsworth. [This is written by M. W. except the name]

1838-1840  
No 158

245. W. W. to H. C. R.

June 8<sup>th</sup> [18]40

My dear Friend

I find no difficulty in answering your question. Mr C[larkson] if his state of health allows it ought to demand or rather insist upon a sight of the Letters, or if he be unable to stir in the matter himself, some Friend of his, better if a person known

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir Henry Taylor (1800-1886). See note on p. 429 *infra*. His wife was the daughter of the first Lord Monteaagle.

to Messieurs Wilberforce, should do it for him. It is intolerable that at Mr C's age such a threat should be hanging over him, and his relatives and Friends. Looking at the question *prudentially* only, and bearing in mind what I recollect naming to you during our Tour, a charge reported to me on pretty high authority as being made in conversation by Lord Grey against Mr C, I am decidedly of opinion that this course should be taken. The accusations, if any such there be, may be repelled and the aspersions I doubt not wiped out, by Mr C himself while living, and even supposing the worst that something to be regretted or lamented w[ould] still remain, as in the matter of Mr C's importunity about his Brother, yet still nothing can be so bad, as an insinuation and menace (for a menace is in it) of this character—

In respect to Mr Southey's Letters to the Wilberforces as quoted by them, there is nothing in the opinion there expressed derogatory to Mr Clarksons moral character, or to the constitution of his mind morally considered—There is no ground whatever for believing that Mr Southey imputed what he thought amiss in Mr Cs Book to personal vanity, much less to any deliberate wish to derogate from the deserts of others. And I am pretty sure that no one could be farther from thinking Mr Clarkson unjust to Mr Wilberforce in particular, in that Book than Mr Southey was. All Mr Clarksons friends in this part of the Country were of one opinion—that Mr C's Book would have been more generally interesting, and better constructed as a literary composition, and more useful if it had been confined to his own personal exertions in this cause, and to what he was mixed up with, or was an eye witness of. And that nothing further was required from him or expedient, than a *brief* prefatory summary of what had been done in the cause before he took it up, and the like by way of appendix if the writing of his book were deferred till the Trade was abolished. But this putting off we all lamented—By the words 'nothing of this sort would have happened &c'. of what sort? it sh[ould] seem that it is meant to be insinuated no injustice to Mr Wilberforce—Mr S could I am convinced have no disposition to make any such charge—though he had

JUNE 1840

cause to regret, as all Mr Cs Friends had that owing to Mr C's having (in consequence of his health being utterly ruined by his labours) withdrawn from exertion, and probably from the same cause not kept his *mind* upon it for a while, He as an historian did not do justice to Mr Stephen & Mr Macaulay<sup>1</sup> & perhaps some others. But neither Did Mr Southey nor any other candid person ever impute these deficiencies, for such they were, in a book calling itself the History of the Abolition, to love of self or any cause more reprehensible than want of due inquiry and consideration.—

For my own part I have many times expressed my regret, before I ever interchanged a word with Mr S. on the subject, that Mr C's book was not what he Mr S recommended, and [? what or which] I have little doubt (though I cannot recall the time, seeing so much more of Mr Clarkson than Mr S did) that I pressed upon him myself.—

I have said nothing upon the pain which the course taken by Mess<sup>rs</sup> W— has caused me. I cannot bear to think of it either in one case or the other. I differ however from you in one respect. Unfeeling as it is, dreadfully so if the W's know poor dear S's state of Mind & Body to have quoted fro[m] his Letters in that way, I do still think their conduct in respect to the hanging out the menace still more reprehensible.—

I think you have quite sufficient grounds for calling upon Sir Robert Inghs,—if you are shy about it, I will write to him should you desire it.—ever affectionately

and faithfully yours W Wordsworth

I have galloped through the *penning* of this Letter on account of the disturbed state of my eyes, though thank God they are very far from being at their worst.

*Endorsed*: 8<sup>th</sup> June 1840. Wordsworth. W & Clarkson controversy. Southey's Letters.

<sup>1</sup> Zachary Macaulay

JUNE 1840

1838-1840  
No. 159b

246. W. W. to H. C. R.<sup>1</sup>

[19<sup>th</sup> June 1840]

My dear Friend,

I arrived home from a visit so late last night and so much jaded in mind & somewhat in body by a long walk, that I could not write to any one. A Letter however has this morning been prepared for Sir R. I—and [it *deleted*] I have only time to tell you that it will go with this mornings post along with this note  
ever faithfully yours

Friday Morning

W W.

M. W. to H. C. R.<sup>2</sup>

Dear friend—

W<sup>m</sup> & I called at Mr Harden's the other day where we learnt that you contemplated a visit to West<sup>d</sup> next *Winter*—Why defer this so long—We thought that your next was to be made in summer—for y<sup>r</sup> own sake it ought to be; & we should rejoice to see you—it seems to be thro' Charity to *us* that you come always in winter—Always welcome however—

M. W.

*Endorsed*: 19<sup>th</sup> June 1840. Wordsworth. Autograph.

Miscellaneous Bundle 6  
X. 2

247. W. W. to H C R.

[June 24. 1840]

My dear Friend

I have nothing to say for not replying to your first letter immediately, & suffering a day to pass without notice of your second, but that I have been engaged in work, which too often deprives me of mastery over my own time & thoughts—besides my eyes are too often uneasy—& M<sup>rs</sup> W. is often

<sup>1</sup> An answer to a letter from H C. R. asking W to announce an intended visit by the former, in order to show Sir Robert Inglis two letters of Southey on the Clarkson business, one of which had been published in a garbled form by the Wilberforces

<sup>2</sup> On the third page of the same sheet as W. W's note.

JUNE 1840

engaged—who holds the pen for me—by little less than necessity at this moment.

I am glad for Sir R. I's own sake that he has called upon you—As to publishing any words from Mr S's letters, in his present state of mind & body, as he cannot be consulted, I think it ought not to be done. it is quite enough to say publicly that you hold letters from him & that you are both ready & wish to shew them to any friend of the W's whose interference might tend to set them, & such of the Public, as they may have missed, right upon that point.

I am still decidedly of opinion that while Mr C. is yet living some one of his friends should insist upon a sight of those passages in Mr W's or Mr Clarkson's letters injurious to the latter—in order that he may have an opportunity of defending himself. I think this by far the most important part of the painful question. Mr Clarkson has already confessed, to his own honor, that he was wrong in pressing to the degree & in the way he did his Brother's professional advancement & it is possible that from his mind, so apt to be possessed with one idea, other improprieties somewhat of the same sort, may have come ; if it be so, & a sufficient explanation cannot be given, it could not but be satisfactory, I should think, to himself & to every one who reveres his name, that he should express his regret or sorrow.

The sketch of the conversation which you proposed to hold with Sir R. I. appears to me quite unobjectionable—

Let me hear from you after the interview, & as often as you feel disposed, your letters are always acceptable [*sic*] to us all.

Er most faithfully

Yours

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

Rydal Mt June 24<sup>th</sup>

*Endorsed* : 24<sup>th</sup> June 1840. Wordsworth. (C & W affair)



JULY 1840

1838-1840  
No. 162c.

248. *Mrs. Anne Montagu*<sup>1</sup> to *H. C. R.*

2 St James's Park  
(within Story's Gate)  
July 5<sup>th</sup> [1840]

My dear Sir

' I thank you very kindly ' as the North Country people say, for the loan of your Book—' The convention of Cintra & other tracts.—

I always thought very highly of Mr Wordsworth's magnificent Works, and I have read the ' Thoughts of that Master-Mind with the highest delight. I wrote a letter to you before upon this subject, but I feared that it would be considered extravagant praise, if commendation from me is *praise at all*.

I wish that the treasure of his ' Thoughts should not be trusted to a frail pamphlet but that the freight should be more safely bestowed, where it may go down the Stream of Time, to make future generations wiser and better— . . .

*Endorsed* 5 July 1840. *Mrs Montague* [*sic*] (pro memoria).  
Wordsworth's prose (autograph).

1838-1840  
No 165b

249. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

[July. 1840]

My dear Friend

I see no objection on the ground of delicacy or any other to your printing what you have sent. *But* as Mr S. speaks of himself as quite well, I strongly advise that the expression, in respect to his state of health should be softened The word 'lamentible' [*sic*] in particular omitted; and the rest put as gently as you can to answer your purpose.

You surprize me by saying that Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson cares so little about the THREAT held over her husband and his memory. For under the boast lies obviously a *threat*. As I said in a former Letter, this appears to me far the ugliest part of the proceeding. As to you, you are comparatively young and

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Basil Montagu.

JULY 1840

vigorous and quite able to take care of yourself, but it is not so with that good old man—Ever faithfully yours

W. W.

Pickersgill has offered to come down and paint my picture for Sir Robert Peel's Gallery at his request——

Suppose instead of '*put it out of his power*' has put out of the question his writing, or you might hit upon something better

*Endorsed* : July 1840. Wordsworth (the book).

1838-1840  
No 167.

250. W. W. to H. C. R.

Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> Sep<sup>r</sup>. [18]40.

My dear Friend

We are all rather sorry that you are about to leave England ; as we had some hopes that you might be induced to turn your steps this way. I have just left my dear Sister, having told her I was going to write to you. She said give my love to him & say it would cheer my aged heart to see him. These were her very words. For this last six weeks, or two months, we have lived in a crowd, and shall not be sorry when the heat of the season is over. We have had several of our relations under our roof, & Mr Quillman & his Daughter have been with us some time. They are I believe about to depart, & my Son John and his second Son W<sup>m</sup> leave us tomorrow. The Boy is full as interesting as when you saw him. He charms us all by his sweet looks and ways, and his remarkable intelligence—We shall be truly grieved to part with him— —

What you say of the W's is little different from what might be expected. I lament that it should be so—Your Pamphlet I read carefully over; and found only one passage which I c[o]uld have wished otherwise put. It is that in which you place the supposed remissness of the Members of the Church in somewhat invidious contrast with the Dissenters in the matter of the slave-trade. Neither the clerical nor Lay members of an Establishment are naturally so much given to stirring as Sectarians of any denomination; but to my certain knowle[d]ge a great many of our Clergy took a deep interest in that question, And some as the World knows, a conspicuous part in it.—I

SEPTEMBER 1840

have not seen poor Southey's Letter upon the death of his Son ; the Book not having fallen in my way. He is decaying mind & body by slow but sure process ; and his Brother who saw him the other day, says that if his disease be as he suspects a *softening* of the brain he may be carried off by paralysis at any moment ; if on the contrary a *hardening* of it, he may last some time. It is a sad case, with the alleviation however that he appears to suffer no pain.—The chest, or rather Crypt which you kindly allude to is arrived. It fully answered our expectations, being both curious, and, in the carving, beautiful[ly]; wholly uninjured and its age 815-years. It is much admired by everybody.—Haydon has just sent me a spirited Etching of his Portrait of the Duke of Wellington taken 20 years after the Battle of Waterloo, from the Life. He is represented upon the field ; but no more of the Picture—take my Sonnet<sup>1</sup> which it suggested the other day. The lines were composed while I was climbing Helvellyn. We had a glorious day, and Dora reached the top without ever dismounting. Mr Quillinan and I walked.—I wish you had been with us. I was seven hours on my feet without being at all tired ; so that if we are to see Italy again together in tolerable time I am still capable of some exertion —

Pickersgill is coming down to take my portrait for Sir Robert Peel, and we are daily looking for Rogers, with whom I am engaged to go to Lowther—We are all well—I must conclude, with a thousand good wishes to save the Post, or you will not get my Letter, tomorrow being a blank day. We are all well—With much love from every one your

faithful friend W. Wordsworth

Don't give a copy of the Sonnet to any one, as I consider it wholly at Haydon's disposal.

farewell

Pray write to us from Germany.

*Addressed* : H. C. Robinson Esq., 80 Russel place, London.

*Post Marks* : E. 4 Sp. 4 1840 AMBLESIDE Sp. 8 1840.

*Endorsed* : 4<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 1840. Wordsworth. The book.

<sup>1</sup> MS. not in the Crabb Robinson collection

OCTOBER 1840

34th letter in  
album.<sup>1</sup>

251. Wordsworth to H. C. R. [?]

Levens near Kendal  
Oct<sup>br</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> [1840]<sup>2</sup>

My dear Friend,

Welcome to England—your long and kind letter was most acceptable, and afforded us much pleasure in every thing, but your annoyance and loss by the Hamrley [?] Bank. Surely there must have been much knavery in that concern— I now write merely to thank you for your Letter and to tell you that we all have been and are well. Mr<sup>s</sup> W— is here but tomorrow evening will put herself into the Railway at Lancaster, and expects by half past eleven to be at Birmingham so far on the way to Hereford and her Brother's House with whom, poor Man ' she purposes staying at least a month ; and whether I shall have resolution to go thither and after a weeks stay conduct her home, is still somewhat uncertain.—

Were I fourteen years younger, and could have gotten leave, I would have ventured, I think, upon the trip of which you give so tempting a sketch—but that is all over. I still howev[er] can not wholly suppress a wish to have a peep at Naples and do what the cholera prevented us doing.—

Have you seen the last Quarterly—There is a well-intended but very feeble notice of me in it, and an ignorant and injurious one of Coleridge—The Passage occurs at the beginning of an article upon Carlyle ; and it is said to be written by Sewell, a high Church[ma]n of Oxford.

The Sonnet upon the Duke's Picture<sup>3</sup> was printed very incorrectly, in all the newspapers in which I saw it. It was in one passage altered by myself after I sent it to you, thus.

In his calm presence. Him the mighty deed  
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest  
As shews that time-worn face—

Haydon tells me that it is Altered.—But too much of this.

<sup>1</sup> See note to p 255.

<sup>2</sup> Year inserted in pencil [by H C R ?]

<sup>3</sup> 'On a portrait of the duke of Wellington upon the field of Waterloo by Haydon.'

OCTOBER 1840

I return to Rydal on Friday, on Monday go to Carlisle and on Wednesday thence to Lord Lonsdales at Whitehaven.  
M<sup>rs</sup> W— sends affectionate remembrances

ever yours,  
W W.

1838-1840  
No. 179b.

252. *H. C. R. to W. W.*

My dear friend—

[December 1840]

I trust you have given me due credit for not writing a letter either of enquiry or in congratulation on your late really wonderful escape.

(The French *sçavoir gré* express the feeling I mean)

Had a vague rumour of what had occurred reached me I should have been alarmed, for at our age it is by no means easy to be chucked over a hedge out of a carriage in motion without incurring any harm—But the account published in the papers was so very precise & in detail as to shew that the real facts were known—The sense of joy at the escape must therefore have been stronger than that of vexation at the inconvenience of having to make a journey of miles—and at the pecuniary loss of a broken carriage, which I was ignoble enough to think of . . .

1838-1840  
No. 181a

253. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

(Written by M. W.)

My dear Friend

Decr 17 [18]40

Two or three words will suffice as we are to have the great pleasure of seeing you so soon—

Your old lodgings are ready for you—you will not find Agnes there, but a very nice Person in her place & I doubt not but that you will find all things as comfortable as heretofore, & at the same rate—therefore come as speedily as you can—

You will be happy to learn that Miss Fenwick is under our roof—& that we are all pretty well—The Arnolds arrived at Foxhow on Tuesday all well—& delighted to hear that we are to see you.

With our joint best regards ever aff<sup>ly</sup> yours  
W Wordsworth.

# JANUARY 1841

1841-1842  
No. 2.

## 254. *Harriet Martineau to H. C. R.*

Jan<sup>y</sup> 8<sup>th</sup>. 1841

p. 6, line 9. . . . May not one send respects to one's benefactors, without leave? I would fain offer mine to M<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth. For twenty-two years I have owed him more than I could ever estimate. When I was a little girl, & every body about me was raving about Byron, I used to keep a few chosen ones listening by the hour together to my recitations from the *Excursion*, & others of his great sayings. I could almost venture to say that I knew the *Excursion* as well as he did himself before I was twenty. What are differences of views in the presence of such sympathies? I regard them little. . . .

1841-1842  
No 4a

## 255. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Rydal Mount 12<sup>th</sup> Jan 1841

p. 1, line 1. You will think it strange perhaps that I should allege as an excuse for not writing to you before, or for writing but a mere note now that I have nothing to say—To be living in daily intercourse with the man whom I believe firmly posterity will recognise as the greatest English poet of the age, And to collect nothing from his conversation worth stuffing out a letter with, is what I am really ashamed of but I cannot help it And I have lived too long to begin now regretting any want of any sort of talent or faculty whatever— . . . .

p. 2, line 17. . . . The poet is in full vigour of health & intellect M<sup>rs</sup> W: as delightful as ever, being a model of goodness Poor Miss W: in an unexpectedly improved state—Her mind feeble but she talks nothing absolutely insane or irrational, but she has so little command of herself that she cannot restrain the most unseemly noises, blowing loudly & making a nondescript sound more shrill than the cry of a partridge & a turkey. <sup>1</sup> From this she is to be drawn only by a request to repeat Verses which she does with affecting sweetness—She is fond of repeating her own pretty lines Which way does the wind blow? . . . <sup>1</sup>

There is also in the house now a Miss Fenwick a very sensible

<sup>1</sup> These dots are H. C. R.'s own. They do not signify omissions.

# JANUARY 1841

& gentlewomanly lady of fortune—A great friend of James Stephen &c &c—

My time is spent in reading what I instantly forget And in talking what no one ever recollects

We have had some Christmas feasting—And I have had the further society of Dr Arnold.

We have had less than the usual excitement of disputation—Ws tone is far more liberal than it used to be. He does not abuse even the Non-Cons except in jest Nor the Whig-rads at all—Party animosity seems to be dying away for want of nutriment—

I am thinking of going to Keswick to take a last look at poor Southey—but not for pleasure *His* is a deplorable case And the family in a wretched state of dissension—My first impression taken from Dr Henry S: at London was in favour of the Wife. Now it is turned on the side of the Son & two daughters ag<sup>t</sup> the Wife a daur & the brother—but I keep myself of course from all part-taking—M<sup>rs</sup> Southey I wish to see She is certainly a clever person . .

1841-1842  
No 5b

## 256. *H. C. R. to J. Masquerier*

Rydal 18<sup>th</sup> Jan: 1841

p. 1, line 15. . . . I came here on Christmas Eve And have enjoyed my visit very much—Wordsworth is in the full possession of all his faculties poetical & others Except that he cannot walk so well as he used—So that I have spent more time alone & over my books than has been my practice—I have also had the pleasure of Dr Arnold's Society—An excellent scholar & liberal theologist with a wife whom I like better than either his scholarship or his divinity— . . .

1841-1842  
Nos 10, 11 and 25

## 257. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

[Written by Dora W.]

My dear Friend

[Jan. 28 1841]

As M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth and Dora are making comments upon your Extracts from M<sup>rs</sup> Southey's letter to M<sup>rs</sup> Hughes, the best thing I can do is to give you in writing a brief detail

of such part as I have taken in this unhappy affair : & pray understand that I do this, not in justification of myself, or to rebut the charges brought against me, but solely to furnish better means of determining the value of my judgement, a point in which I am mainly interested on account of the Connections of Mr Southey who have been, & are suffering so much from the imputations cast on them.

And first—as every one must know, with whom I at any time conversed upon Mr S's intended marriage, I thoroughly approved both of his marrying again, & of the choice he had made ; which, as far as I knew, promised all that his friends could desire.

About the middle of Oct<sup>r</sup> 1838, the Miss Southeys (Bertha not being then married) chanced to be staying some time in this neighbourhood, & their Father's engagement with Miss Bowles was then communicated to them in a letter from himself. This intelligence was a shock to them—how could it be otherwise ? They were wearing deep mourning for their Mother, who had not been buried 12 months ; & whom they had watched day and night during the long & melancholy disease that preceded her dissolution. In addition to this, I observed that those consideration[s] & feelings which naturally indispose grown-up Daughters to look favorably upon their Father's second marriage, affected them more than was to be wished ; & thinking that their notions upon second marriages in general, were not sufficiently enlarged, I took much pains to set them right on this subject, & I can safely say not without success.

This was my first step in the affair.

(In justice to Kate I must here add that she frequently said, that if her Father was to marry again, Miss B was of all Persons, from what she had heard, & seen of her in her writings, the one whom she should prefer.)

And now I proceed to give you a clear understanding of the next.

Not long after Mr<sup>s</sup> S—'s arrival at Keswick I heard with great pain that there was no domestic harmony between the old and new Female Inmates of Greta Hall. Having opportunities



of seeing Kate from time to time, I did all that I could to tranquillize her mind, urging her to bear the change, & all things consequent upon it that troubled her, with patience & resignation; & never did I shrink from endeavouring to rectify whatever appeared to me to be amiss in her own views, purposes & conduct; in this also I *know* I was in no small degree successful.

On the first Monday of July last, M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth, in passing through Keswick, had an interview with M<sup>rs</sup> Southey: I was in the Town at the same time, but an important engagement prevented my calling at Greta Hall, as I had anxiously wished to do; M<sup>rs</sup> W. was deeply affected by the distress of mind with which M<sup>rs</sup> S., entering herself upon the subject, spoke of the discord in the house; & the earnestness with which she prayed to be judged charitably by her, & the family at Rydal Mount. The report of this strengthened greatly my desire to converse with M<sup>rs</sup> S., & encouraged a hope that I might *possibly* be of some use in bringing about a reconciliation between her & Kate.

Accordingly I went over to Keswick on on [*sic*] purpose. I need not say how much the condition in which I found my poor friend, Southey, afflicted me. With M<sup>rs</sup> S. I had a long conversation;—for truth's sake, & in order to prove that I was under no degree of partiality which would preclude a fair consideration of all she could urge in her own behalf, I did not conceal from M<sup>rs</sup> S. what, as I thought, had been erroneous in Kate's judgement, & unwarrantable in her feelings; but I added, that before M<sup>rs</sup> S's arrival at K: she had corrected and subdued all this—and to you I cannot but say my belief is, that had M<sup>rs</sup> S: then taken a just view of Kate's feelings & claims as a Daughter; & of her own position in the family, & been as candidly and kindly disposed towards Kate as Kate was towards her, all things might have gone on as well as could be, under circumstances otherwise so afflicting.

To return to the interview I have pleasure in declaring that tho' M<sup>rs</sup> S was extremely agitated, she took in good part every question I thought it necessary or expedient to put to her; & more than this—she entreated me to cross-question her,

that was her very expression. In several points with which I had been dissatisfied, & *especially* in respect to her not having communicated to Mr Southey's daughters the state of body & mind in which their Father had been, during his residence in Miss Bowles's house before his marriage,—& their protracted sojourn there after that event, she gave explanations to me that were most acceptable, as removing much of the blame I had previously attached to her conduct, (before her marriage) as evincing an error in judgement, if not a want of feeling. But upon the whole the interview was sadly unpromising. The views she had taken of Kate's behaviour, the interpretations she had put upon her words and actions, & the notions *so different* from my own, which she obviously entertained of her general character, *extinguished*, when I bore in mind Kate's sentiments, whether right or wrong, towards Mrs S., the faint hope I had carried with me of being serviceable—I left the house however with a strong sympathy in Mrs S's sufferings, & with an unqualified pity for her, as being exposed to trials which her constitution of body and mind, conjoined with her previous position, for so long a time, as a single Lady & sole Mistress of her house had made her unequal to.

Kate, tho' she was at K. at the time knew nothing of the conversation between Mrs S. & Mrs W. nor of my own with Mrs S. As I clearly foresaw that no good could come by communicating to her what had passed.

Succeeding weeks brought no alleviation of this unhappiness ; but seeing Kate from [time] to time, I continued to do my best to calm, to soothe and support her in what, all circumstances considered, was assuredly a grievous lot.

As you know, the old, faithful and cherished Servant of Mr Southey was dismissed, & Kate, being at Rydal Mt. when she heard of this from her Brother, who came from K. to tell her & Mr & Mrs Hill, what had occurred, I of course became acquainted with their plan of proceeding for the future. They mentioned two objects they were fixed upon ; the one to have an arrangement for Kate living under their Father's roof, apart from intercourse, as much as possible, with Mrs S.; & the other that she might be allowed to see her Father once a day, alone

at any convenient hour. I approved of both these proposals the one as the best means of preserving peace, & the other as being due to the rights & claims of filial affection.

And, as Cuthbert was about to write to his Uncle I authorized him, if he thought it would be of any service, to tell Dr Southey of that approval.

Here it may be proper to state that Cuthbert's letter making these same proposals to Mrs S., & dated by mistake '*Rydal Mount*' instead of Rydal Lodge (Mr Hill's residence) I did *not* see, & therefore was in no way answerable for the terms in which it was expressed. Nor ought I here to omit, that I was not aware that Cuth: had quitted his Father's roof, or that it was his intention to do so, till he had been two or three days in lodgings at Keswick. Had I been apprized of his purpose by himself, I should have spoken against it, in the belief that he might sufficiently have shewn to the Old Servant what was due to her long-tried merits & various claims, without going so far while he was dependent upon his Father;—but he, remembering what his Father had enjoined, & what his poor Mother & all her Children owed to this faithful Creature, thought otherwise,—& acted upon the dictates of his Conscience, as his own letter to Mr Myers feelingly sets forth.

About this time I recommended to Kate to draw up a Narrative as impartially as she could, of all that had passed between Mrs S. and herself, & this I did chiefly in the hope that at some *future* day it might become an instrument for rectifying her Sister Warter's unkind and unjust notions respecting her character & conduct, & so assist in bringing about a reconciliation between them. But in consequence of Mrs S. having sent for & told her own story to Mr Myers, I thought it right (before he decided against Kate, that he should be made acquainted with *her* view of their common grievances) that the statement should be shewn to him, & this was done. Soon after this time Mr & Mrs Warter were about to visit Mrs S., upon which Dora wrote to them requesting from me that they would call at Rydal on their way to Keswick; for believing that their unfavourable impressions must have been taken from *one* quarter, I wished they should hear some-

JANUARY 1841

thing of the other side, before they should meet the conflicting Parties—This proposal was rejected & drew from Mrs W. those unworthy reflections upon my conduct, so prominent in her's & her husbands letters.

And now there is only one point to touch upon, & that is of a negative character, & therefore not so palpable. Mr Myers (a clergyman of K. who had been *called* in by Mrs S. as a 'Defender'—her own word as gathered from your abstract) came over to Rydal to ask me to go to Keswick as a Mediator—this I declined for many reasons in which *both* Parties were considered; *two* only need be mentioned. I did not see how any benefit could arise from my presence, unless Mrs S. & Kate should be confronted, & point by point discussed between them, which I felt must be impossible, having witnessed their respective agitations when speaking of these matters *apart* from each other. And before things were pushed to such a painful extreme, a conviction was forced upon me, as I have told you above, that no reconciliation which might lead to *domestic* harmony, was practicable.

Kate is now at Rydal Mount & I need scarcely say, that during, & since Mrs Warter's unsisterly visit to this neighbourhood, I have continued, & shall continue to support, & do all in my power to comfort the Children of my afflicted Friend.

And now I have done, & have only to beg that you, my dear friend, Mr Kenyon, or any other friend of the Southey family, to whom you may shew this letter, would bear in mind what I have said in the beginning, of my motive for writing it.

I am glad that nothing untoward, beyond a little delay, on your journey occurred. We were all very sorry to part with you, & miss you much & shall be most happy to have you back again at any time. Let us hear from you ere long.

Ever most faithfully, Your's  
Wm Wordsworth

Rydal Mount  
Jan<sup>y</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> 1841

Pray let Mr & Mrs H. N. Coleridge see this letter at your convenience—but do not allow it to be copied

# JANUARY 1841

P.S. In two most important points the above letter is I feel deficient ; it has not been stated that I was especially moved to give every possible consideration to this course of painful events by a knowledge of the very delicate state of health into which Kate had been thrown by the anxiety & fatigue she underwent during her dutiful attendance upon her Mother for the last three or four years of her life whilst she was labouring under a most afflicting malady—by a severe and dangerous sickness she was herself seized with—and subsequently by the ignorance in which she was kept as to the condition of her Father from the 12<sup>th</sup> of March when he left Keswick for Buckland till the last day of Aug<sup>r</sup> when he returned home with M<sup>rs</sup> Southey. This has been omitted—neither have I more than glanced at far the worst feature in these proceedings viz: M<sup>rs</sup> S—s jealousy of the participation of M<sup>r</sup> S—s daughter in the offices & attentions w<sup>h</sup> his lamentable state required ; this I believe to have been manifested far beyond what Kate's statement sets forth & M<sup>rs</sup> S's reluctance to tolerate such participation has now been carried so far as to permit an interview between the Parent and daughter only once a week !!

I must not conclude without testifying that Kate, who has been at Rydal for the last six weeks during three of w<sup>h</sup> she has been an Inmate of my house, has borne up under the most trying circumstances with admirable calmness & submitted patiently to the hard terms imposed upon her—has been dispassionate in her judgements of others and not in any way eager to justify herself.—

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth.

*Address on letter* · H. C. Robinson Esq—

*Endorsed on letter* . 28<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1841. Wordsworth, on the Southey family.

*Endorsed on P. S. :* 1841. Wordsworth (The Southey family).

<sup>1</sup> A valuable letter from Wordsworth on the Southey-family quarrel.

It deserves to be carefully preserved as his testimony on the Matters in dispute he desired that no copy sho<sup>d</sup> be

<sup>1</sup> The longer endorsement was evidently written in H. C. R.'s old age.

JANUARY 1841

taken—And that I should let it be little seen or heard of unless rendered necessary to justify the character of the attached eldest son of Southey—

1841-1842  
No. 14a.

258. *Dora Wordsworth to H. C. R.* <sup>1</sup>

[Feb 2<sup>nd</sup> 1841]

Dear Sir,

Is that what you desire—I suppose so seeing your letter to me begins thus ‘Dear Miss Wordsworth’ well then Dear Sir—my Father bids me say it gives him much pleasure that his letter was approved by you & M<sup>r</sup> Kenyon & he further bids me say & therefore I must tho’ I feel it to be an unnecessary caution that he does not wish the letter to be shewn except to those few friends who from the interest they take in this unhappy affair may be entitled to this mark of confidence. *If a convenient opportunity* should present itself my Father would wish the letter to be seen by M<sup>r</sup> Taylor—<sup>2</sup> Miss Fenwick probably will be in town next month & you might prefer its being put into his hands by her rather than by yourself—but please yourself—we feel *very very* grateful to you for what you have already done—

Here is Edith’s sad letter pray make what use of it you judge best, for I know that will be the best.—

All unite with me in very affec<sup>t</sup> regards &

Believe me *dear Sir*

faithfully yours

Dora Wordsworth

*Endorsed* : Feb: 2, 1841. Dora Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> In a postscript to this letter & in various other parts of H. C. R.’s correspondence with the Wordsworth circle in 1841, there are references to and accounts of the dissensions in the Southey family which it has not seemed necessary to publish.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Sir Henry Taylor (author of *Philip van Artevelde*, 1835). Taylor was a step-cousin of Miss Fenwick, who frequently stayed at his house at Mortlake, where H. C. R. visited her. There are many references to Taylor in the *Diary and Correspondence*, and also in Southey’s *Life & Correspondence* (vols. 5 and 6) and in his *Correspondence with Miss Caroline Bowles*. Southey and he became acquainted in 1823 and were afterwards very intimate.

FEBRUARY 1841

1841-1842  
No. 196.

259. *Dora W. to H. C. R.*

[*Endorsed*: Feb. 1841]

My dear Mr Robinson

. . . We all keep well spite of this cold Nor' Easter w<sup>h</sup> blows as if he were bent on blowing evry spark of warmth out of our bodies—rarely are we visited with wind from this cutting quarter w<sup>h</sup> perhaps makes us feel it the more keenly when it does come. All unite in affect<sup>o</sup> & very affect<sup>o</sup> remembrances & believe me to remain, dear Mr Robinson

Very sincerely yours  
Dora Wordsworth

Sunday Ev<sup>g</sup>

*Endorsed*: Feb. 1841. Dora Wordsworth.

1841-1842  
No 236

260. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

25<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1841

p. 6, line 12. . . It comforted me to hear that dear Mr Wordsworths fears were somewhat allayed. Tory let him be & welcome—Churchman as high as he likes but not to the exclusion of Chanty—that is all I contend for . . .

1841-1842  
No 41a.

261. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

April 17<sup>th</sup> 1841

p. 2, line 2. . . Your half confidence makes me anxious to know when the plunge as you call it is over that I may write to Mr<sup>s</sup> W—— It is singular that I have never seen Dora since at the age of 18 she was a perfect Niobe not indeed weeping for her children but for the first friend she had ever lost. Poor thing she could not speak for tears. I hope that she will experience all the happiness that she expects. . . .

APRIL 1841

1841-1842  
No. 43b.

262. W. W. to H. C. R.

12 North Parade  
Bath  
April 18th [1841]

My dear Friend,

It will be a fortnight, what a blunder? *three* weeks next Wednesday Since Mrs W and I left home, for Brinsop, where after stopping a day at Birmingham we remained ten days. Thence we came along the Wye the banks of which noble river I was truly glad to revisit—to Tintern Abbey where last Tuesday we had the great pleasure of meeting Miss Fenwick and Dora. We slept at Chepstow, thence by steam to Bristol, and to Bath immediately by rail, just by the Watch 23 minutes!—It is now high time to thank you my dear Friend for the valuable, and what will be to us the most useful present, of Tegg's<sup>1</sup> (you see I can bring my Pen upon this occasion to write the name) *Teggs* Cyclopaedia [*sic*] It is a sort of Book which all my life I have wanted, but on account of expense never thought it right to buy. In fact I had too many other drafts upon my means.—The Books reached Rydal since we left home.—This day I have attended, along with Mary, Widcomb Church, where as I have heard from you, your Mother's Remains lie. I was there also the day before yesterday, and the place is so beautiful especially at this season of verdure, and blossoms, that it will be my favourite walk while I remain here, and I hope you will join us and take this ramble with me. We shall remain here till the 11th of May but the sooner you come the better.- -

Some time before Mary and I left home we inscribed your name upon a Batch of Italian Memorials, which you must allow me to dedicate to you when the day of Publication shall come. One of these pieces suggested at Acqua Pendente extends to 360 Lines blank verse— —Pray let me hear from you at your

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Tegg (1776-1845), bookseller and publisher who became famous for his cheap reprints and abridgments of popular works. *The London Encyclopaedia of Science, Art, Literature, and Practical Mechanics*, in 22 volumes, was begun in 1825 and was published in 1829. Carlyle mentions Tegg in his petition in favour of the Copyright Bill in 1839, and Tegg himself wrote two pamphlets on Talfourd's proposals to extend the copyright.



APRIL 1841

early convenience. Miss Fenwick is not so well by any means as she was in Westmorland; and Dora's looks are not at all improved since she left home but this is not to be wondered at considering the plunge she is going to make—

All unite in kindest remembrances.

Ever your affectionate Friend

Wm Wordsworth

*Endorsed*: 18<sup>th</sup> April 1841. Wordsworth.

1841-1842  
No. 53b.

263. M. W. to H. C. R.

My very dear Friend

[May 9<sup>th</sup> 1841.<sup>1</sup>]

I have but a few moments to tell you of our plans, since they were fixed—but I must first thank you for your communication, which was most welcome—& thankful were we for the *measure* of good which your note contained. We were glad that you were spared further attendance upon y<sup>r</sup> poor Nephew & Niece *for the present*—for truly you yourself needed rest.

Tuesday is to be the important day—& in the afternoon the Pair will take their way *towards* Alfoxden (you know that was W<sup>m</sup> & his Sisters residence) & Nether Stowey—Meaning to reach Wells that night—Next day, We all depart—(somewhat sorry to leave our pleasant abode here) Miss F. W<sup>m</sup> & myself taking the same route, intending to overtake them, & pick them up, before we reach the object of this journey.—Whence we all return to Bridgewater on Thursday Evening & there separate, Q. and his Wife to proceed to Glo[u]cester to join the Rail way, for West<sup>d</sup> & we to Miss F's Sisters, near Taunton—John & W., the younger, bend their course direct North on the day we depart.—& no more can I say for I must send directly to the Post—

Only d<sup>r</sup> friend let us hear of y<sup>r</sup> Brother & of yourself—directed to

Pophams Esq

Begborough

n<sup>r</sup> Taunton

<sup>1</sup> The date must be May 9<sup>th</sup>, since Dora's wedding was on Tuesday the 11<sup>th</sup>, and the letter was written on Sunday.

MAY 1841

to tell us of your B<sup>r</sup> & yourself [*etc*]<sup>1</sup>—we shall perhaps remain there one week—but you shall thence hear of our future movements meanwhile God bless you—the 2 W<sup>s</sup> & John are at Bristol to day Q. arrived last night

ever aff<sup>ly</sup> y<sup>rs</sup>

Sunday Ev<sup>s</sup>

M. W

*Endorsed* : May 1841. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth.

1841-1842  
Nos 49a and 50b

264. *Dora Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount

May 19<sup>th</sup> [1841]

My dear Mr Robinson,

Many thanks for all your good wishes & many more for all your kindnesses & many very many for the one particular kindness which your note communicates—Tokens of friendly regard & from my *Father's* friends are most grateful to my heart on this all important occasion & God grant my future life may prove me not altogether unworthy the good opinion of those friends—

Your tea-pot will be highly prized by us & I need hardly tell you how much pleasure it will give to Mr Quillinan & myself when you afford us an opportunity of shewing you what good tea can be brewed therein & as you often go abroad & we probably shall find a home in Canterbury for the coming five or ten months it *may* be in your power without much inconvenience to yourself to look in upon us some of these days—Mr Q has his crest upon his plate & I should much wish it to be on y<sup>r</sup> valuable offering especially as my old name is *the* name w<sup>h</sup> appears there unluckily however he has not his seal with him so he begs you may not give yourself more trouble for he will undertake to have the crest engraven on the spot left for it when he comes up to town & as that will be, in all probability, before the end of next month we shall be obliged by y<sup>r</sup> keeping your gift for us till we can take charge of it ourselves—or should you leave town before that time if it is sent to Mr Moxon's care we shall be sure to receive it safely.—

MAY 1841

We find dear old Aunty very comfortable & delighted to see us & it is most affecting to me to observe the childlike *fun* & pleasure she makes for herself in addressing me by my new name—

We left my Father & Mother & Miss Fenwick quite well & wonderfully cheerful last Friday m<sup>s</sup> at Bridgewater my brother William accompanied the party to Alfoxden & was *our* companion north to Kendal—Aunty sends her love & Mr Quillinan unites with me in very aff<sup>e</sup> remembrances, & with my very grateful thanks

Believe me dear M<sup>r</sup> Robinson

faithfully yours

Dora Quillinan

My thoughts are often with y<sup>r</sup> poor nephew & his afflicted wife. God grant her fortitude to meet her trial. I *shall* be thankful when you can tell us that singing in the ears w<sup>h</sup> is so distressing has left you

Probably you have heard that Cuthbert Southey passed his examination with great credit. His sister M<sup>rs</sup> Hill tells me Lord Kenyon is much interested in his cause & is exerting his influence with the Trustees in Cuthbert's favour this is all very pleasant & now I am really full of hope that the 'knavish tricks' will be frustrated Mr Southey is much the same—stronger I should suppose in bodily health seeing he has been out walking again. M<sup>rs</sup> Hill goes on Friday to Keswick to visit her sister in her new home

*Endorsed* : 19<sup>th</sup> May 1841. M<sup>rs</sup> Quillinan (1st letter).

1841-1842  
No 53a

265. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

Exeter May 22<sup>nd</sup> [1841]

Sat evening

My dear Friend

So far have we arrived on our pleasant Tour, & that we may not miss the satisfaction of hearing from you I lose no time in telling you, that, if you write on the receipt of this, your letter may reach us directed to 'Elliott's Royal Hotel Davenport'—

MAY 1841

We stay here over tomorrow & on Monday proceed to that place—where I understand we shall be detained, by the interests thereof, for three days. Thence we proceed Coastwise towards Lyme—& soon after part from our dear friend—who will return to Bagboro' & W<sup>m</sup> & I to Town via Salisbury & Winchester.—It will be towards the end of the week after next before you hear of our arrival there.

We have had a pleasant drive to day, the weather, after a week of cold & broken,—including 2 complete rainy days, has favoured us, & the country being quite new to us both, we have much enjoyed it—I wish you had been of our Party—

We have had good accts from Rydal—all having had prosperous journeys—& found my sister well—Willy only parted with Dora & her husband at Kendal, & his business will take him to them again tomorrow—So that I doubt not they will be a happy household—& our absence will be scarcely felt among them.

We are anxious of news from Bury<sup>1</sup>—& to hear my dear friend that you are better—Aff<sup>ly</sup> yours with good wishes from Miss F & William

M. Wordsworth

*Endorsed*: 22<sup>d</sup> May 1841. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsw.

1841-1842  
No 51b

266. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

May 24<sup>th</sup> 1841  
[90 Russell Square]

*p. 2, line 10.* . . . Towards the end of next week you expect to be here—But you do not say *where* your first visit is to be—I wish it were in your power to appoint an early day for dining with me—Say the day after your arrival—And inform me of this before you come—It would enable me to invite a small party to meet you—The earlier you come to me the better chance of your visit not being thwarted by a summons to Bury<sup>1</sup> of which I am daily apprehensive.— . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Tom Robinson, his nephew, was dying of consumption.

MAY 1841

1841-1842  
No 52a.

267. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

May 29 1841

p. 2, *line* 10. . . . My friends are coming to London—Wordsworth will be here the latter end of the week—And I hope to be able to get up a dinner and a breakfast or two—Dinner for shew, breakfast for real pleasure . . .

1841-1842  
No 52b

268. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

Lyme Monday night May 31 [1841]

My dear Friend

Tomorrow M<sup>s</sup> we shall part with our dear friend at Charnmouth & trust ourselves to the Public Conveyances by which we hope to get on to Salisbury—where we are under engagement to pass 2 nights—& the like space with our nephew at Winchester—whence, on Saturday we trust the Rail-way will speed us to London—We shall be at first with our Friends the Marshalls<sup>1</sup> 41 Grosvenor—& if on our arrival there we find that it should suit them & you, we can fit as early a day as you like, say Monday, to dine with you. But I cannot speak more *decidedly*, as they may have made some engagements in connection with us, that we could not break.

We have had a most delightful tour—been favoured by weather & every thing else—but feel very sad just now at the thought of parting with our dear friend. I hope we shall find your ears in better plight & that you have comfortable news from Bury

I must not say more  
ever faithfully yrs  
M Wordsworth

*Endorsed* : 31 May 1841. M<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Marshall, *née* Jane Pollard, was an early friend of Dorothy Wordsworth. Her second husband was Lord Monteagle, who was intimate with Miss Fenwick.

JUNE 1841

1841-1842  
No. 62.

269. *Dora Quillinan to H. C. R.*

[June 21<sup>st</sup> 1841]

My dear Mr Robinson

My Mother who like all the world is gone this morning to see the grand launch<sup>1</sup> deputed me to express her regret that in her hurry & bustle she had expressed herself so indistinctly in her last letter to you as not to be understood by you—what she wished you to understand was that Father & she had kept one day *sacred* to you before they left town—on w<sup>h</sup> day they feel themselves at your entire command—either to breakfast with you or dine with you or do both if you will—& the day which will suit them best is *Friday* 25<sup>th</sup>—if you cannot come up to town this week then indeed they could only give you a 'snatchy visit' from Hampstead or Harrow for they leave town on Monday for Fulham—on Wednesday they merely pass thro' to Hampstead whence they pass on to Harrow where they remain till after the 7<sup>th</sup> the speech day & then turn their steps homewards—Mr Quillinan & I have an invitation for that day & also an invite to stay at Harrow during my Father's & Mother's visit—so possibly we may be visitors in the house on the 7<sup>th</sup> but if we have to go from town on that day I need not say how pleasant it would make the drive could you be our companion & now let me thank you for your kind note to me w<sup>h</sup> arrived by todays post. I saw the Moxons yesterday (we dined with them at Miss Rogers) but they did not mention the precious parcel w<sup>h</sup> you had entrusted to their care I feel certain however it is quite safe & we will seize the very first opportunity of getting it into our own possession & I need hardly assure you that it will be nourished & cherished as all things dear to the heart are nourished & cherished—Am I writing nonsense I fear I am tho' I know I am feeling wisely because I am feeling very gratefully very gratefully—but my ears are not yet accustomed to London noises nor my mind to London bustle & I am all confused I am writing in Gro<sup>s</sup> S<sup>t</sup> whilst I wait for the coming in of one of the Ladies

<sup>1</sup> *H.M.S. Trafalgar* was launched at Woolwich on 21 June, 1841, in the presence of the Queen, Prince Albert and some 30,000 spectators.

Rob<sup>1</sup> Inglis, Mr Cunningham<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth & the Ma<sup>r</sup> of Trinity<sup>2</sup> sat enthroned in stalls—W: was quite revered And shared the notice of the large party with Sir Rob<sup>t</sup> . . .

p. 8, line 8. . . . My dinner party went off tolerably well—Not so well as it ought in consequence of my having too long a table for eight persons—And so impeding conversation Besides the dinner was too large & yet not par[ticu]larly good. Here is the party—

Robinson	} Of these, you have seen I believe none but Wordsw: & Booth <sup>6</sup> —
Dr. Woods—Wordsworth	
Harness <sup>3</sup> —Copley Fielding	
Cookson <sup>4</sup> —Dr. Carlyle <sup>5</sup>	
Booth	} Except Cookson <sup>4</sup> who is a firm Unitarian a hearer of Madge <sup>7</sup> And an old family friend of Wordsworth, all my party consisted of religious people tho' in different ways—C: Fielding the capital water colour painter is even a Puseyite Harness a very liberal belletrist Clergyman but a theoretical favorer of Oxford doctrines And Dr Carlyle follows in the steps of his brother the philosopher—We kept it up till 12 OClock tho' the party broke into groups Kenyon & Fellows <sup>8</sup> came in after dinner— . . .

<sup>1</sup> Allan Cunningham, the poet.

<sup>2</sup> Christopher Wordsworth

<sup>3</sup> *H. C. R. to T. R.*, 21 May, 1842 describes 'the Rev W. Harness, author of *Welcome & Farewell*' as anti-evangelical, a verse-maker and dabbler in polite literature 'professing orthodoxy in doctrines and High Churchism in matters of discipline, but in whom the man of literary taste is more apparent than the theologian'.

<sup>4</sup> 'Cookson is an especial favourite of mine as he is of Wordsworth—He is a quiet unobtrusive U[nitarian]—a solicitor of great ability. The only thing wrong about him is a tendency to consumption . . . *H. C. R. to T. R.*, 13 May, 1848

<sup>5</sup> Brother of Thomas Carlyle

<sup>6</sup> James Booth, a Unitarian friend of H C R

<sup>7</sup> Rev. T. Madge, at one time Unitarian minister at Bury, and subsequently at Essex St Chapel, which H C R regularly attended from 1846 onwards. Madge was a great and early admirer of Wordsworth and it was in his rooms that H. C. R. first saw *The Excursion* in 1814.

<sup>8</sup> Sir Charles Fellows, who also lived at 30 Russell Sq., was an antiquarian traveller in Asia Minor. He gave many Lyceian works of art to the British Museum.

JULY 1841

1841-1842  
No 69b.

272. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

July 21. 1841.

p. 2, *line* 9. . . . My yesterday's party was but a small one—Mr & Mrs Quillinan late Dora Wordsworth—And Mr & Mrs H. N. Coleridge—Daŭr & Son in law of the poet And Mary Lamb—She was very comfortable & seemed to enjoy herself—She is now removed to a comfortable residence in the neighbourhood of many friends—I am within a walk of her— . . .

1841-1842  
No. 69a

273 *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

July 28<sup>th</sup> 1841

p. 1, *line* 28. . . . Mr Wordsworth very kindly listened to my Story<sup>1</sup> & gave me his advice & opinion & thus fortified I hope that I shall have no difficulty in persuading Mr C. to write a letter . . .

p. 2, *line* 20. . . . I was delighted at seeing Wordsworth so well—He looks much better than when I saw him 2 years ago—Not so dear Mrs W— but doubtless she has been harrassed a good deal & now that Dora is settled I hope she will be soon strong again—Nothing is so refreshing as the sight of happy faces & both Dora & Mr Quillinan looked as happy as possible. He certainly looks ten years younger than when I saw him last in —84 There is certainly no striking disparity in point of age in their appearance. There is a little in point of height. . . . .

1841-1842  
No 75b

274. *Valentine Le Grice<sup>2</sup> to H. C. R.*

Lichfield Aug. 14. 1841

My dear Sir

Virgilum vidi

I should be forgetful of your kindness, if I did not invite you to sympathize in my pleasure—a pleasure which you wished to have obtained for me—

<sup>1</sup> About the Wilberforces, who had delayed returning Mr Clarkson's letters to their father

<sup>2</sup> Lamb's friend and correspondent. H C R. describes him as 'a wit and a "scholar"', the son of a Bury clergyman, whom I heard of in my boyhood as a persecuted man, because the friend of Dissenters. Valentine Le Grice



AUGUST 1841

I have been at Rydal—I spent the Evening with the Poet—He received me with the greatest affability—& friendliness.—My journey of pleasure is now complete—

It was gratifying to find that my Name was not unknown to him Coleridge had very *often* spoken of me. This it rejoiced me to hear, as I had not been in contact with Coleridge for so many years & had my misgivings on Coleridge's recollections—You, too, had been so good as to prepare the way for me.—Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth's friendly reception of me harmonized with the Poet's hospitality—The day was beautiful—the Evening beautiful—all was beautiful—I shall never forget the 10<sup>th</sup> of August—

He has given me a walking Stick—It is very odd that a friend gave me a Stick in the same kind way many years ago—I preserve the letter I wrote to him on the Occasion & if I can find it I will send it to Mr Wordsworth.—

I am at this place whither I came expressly 40 miles out of my way to see Dr Johnson's birthplace—his house &c. Think of him setting out on foot for London—think of the associates—Reynolds—Goldsmith &c whom he found there—all now gone. What food for reflection in my mind (as I walked under the elms of the Cathedral yard—) on the half-century of Johnson's Literary Life.—

I have had a delightful tour—follow me—Penzance—Bath—London—Brighton—Cambridge—Wisbech—Hull—York—Richmond—Penrith—Keswick—Ambleside

RYDAL

LICHFIELD

The feelings harmonize as to both spots—Wordsworth & Johnson each have given a Moral Tone to the Age of their Existence

Farewell      Health to you

Yrs

C V Le Grice

*Endorsed*: 14 Augt 1841. Autograph.

is now [*Rem.* 1855] a Cornish clergyman, advantageously known as being prohibited preaching within the diocese of Exeter', doubtless because he was notorious for his free opinion'.

OCTOBER 1841

1841-1842  
No. 90.

275. *H. C. R. to D. W.*

80 Russell Square

11<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1841

p. 8, line 15. . . . As when in France, I had a longing desire to see 'Rennes' merely because it is the scite of Sterne's tale of the Sword, so when I came here<sup>1</sup> I wanted to see

Kilve by the green sea

And I took directions from my Linton acquaintance (of whom I have not time to speak) where to sleep—I should have slept at Stowey but the weather set in thoroughly wet, so that I was forced to postpone my investigation for the benefit of the next generation You are aware that there is an equivocation in the tale of the young novitiate in lyeing—It is by no means clear whether he lied by mendaciously affirming

At Kilve there is a weather-cock

Or whether he relied on his faculty of keeping his own counsel & falsely assigned a fact materially true, as a motive or the source of a sentiment—By the bye I have always forgotten to ask, but a thousand times intended it, whether the Lyswyn<sup>2</sup> farm thus insiduously set up in opposition to Kilve be or not the farm in which John Thelwal lived in Wales & where I spent a week with him anno 1799—I should like to know— . . .

1841-1842  
Nos 91b-92a

276. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

My dear Friend

[Oct 14<sup>th</sup> 1841]

The party assembled here, consisting of dear Miss Fenwick, our little friend, whom she brought with her 10 days ago, Anna Ricketts; Miss Rogers, my Sister Mary Hutchinson & her daughter (whom we found at Rydal after our return from our Spring wanderings) my husband & myself were overjoyed by the sight of your letter—having lost sight of you so long—We had frequently talked of you, wondering what you were about—& I could not help reading pro bono publico your very entertaining detail as we sate round the dinner table—before I sent it up to our poor dear Sister, to whom, like your-

<sup>1</sup> To Minehead during a tour in S. W. England.

<sup>2</sup> *Anecdote for Fathers*, l. 30 et seq.

self, you so considerably addressed it—& your affectionate attention had its desired effect—for she was delighted—& assured me, as she generally does on such occasions, that she would answer it *tomorrow*.’—

Miss Rogers, who returned to us on Monday to *finish* a visit which *in part* she paid us on her way into Scotland, a month ago, leaves us tomorrow, & my Sister etc next day. Our little friend remains 2 or 3 weeks longer—before that time we look for Dr Wordsworth—when no doubt our Sons will contrive to meet their Uncle—after which, except perhaps for a visit from Kate Southey,—our dear friend Miss F. and we shall be closed-in for the Winter—& shall look forward to a Month of *Whist* by our Christmas fire a great pleasure dear friend which we claim from you as a *right*—& which you must on no consideration deprive us of.

Your letter is very interesting especially as we travelled over so much of the same ground ourselves—& shall have so much to say about it when we meet—You are right in your conjecture about Lyswyn farm<sup>1</sup>—but you do not mention Alfoxden—surely you did not miss seeing that place, *famous* above all the Poet’s haunts—except perhaps Racedown, where with him & his Sister Mary Hutchinson (as she then was) passed a long winter & spring—& to which our dear friend took us the day before our separation—We parted at Charmouth, we by Coach to Salisbury Winchester, &c, as you know to London when you were upon that melancholy occasion at Bury—She to her Brother in Law’s in Somersetshire

We hear little from Greta Hall—no change in dear S. except that we understand he is occasionally very much more irritable, sometimes violent. Poor Kate’s visits are, as stipulated, merely

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gordon Wordsworth writes in reference to this answer to H. C. R.’s question in the previous letter. ‘It is a confirmation, but not a final one, of my belief in a visit paid to Thelwall by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Dorothy and the youthful Basil Montagu which is wholly unrecorded save for a casual reference in the Fenwick note to an *Anecdote for Fathers*—That must have been in 97 or 98 so it is very curious H. C. R. should apparently not have heard of it when he visited Lyswen in 99—I was there myself in 1919 and the vicar, who assured me he knew all the traditions of the place, had never heard of Thelwall’s existence or of any particular farm called Lyswen Farm—It is an intriguing puzzle.’ See Knight’s note to the poem in the Eversley edition, vol. 1.

OCTOBER 1841

for a few minutes once a week—Bertha, who was at Keswick with her Sister for a few weeks a short time since, occasionally, poor thing! went to look at her Father, who alas! was scarcely ever conscious of her presence. She never saw Mrs Southey. Since her return home she has given birth to a Son, who was christened last Sunday by the name of Herbert Southey.

The Arnolds only left Fox how at the end of last Month—having been confined here, in consequence of a fever which was prevalent, & in some instances fatal at Rugby—After the vacation some of the upper Classes joined them here, & you would have been surprized to have heard the humming sound of Latin & Greek that used, as we passed, to issue from the window of your sitting-room—where was located one of the Masters—by the bye one, who is to be married to that nice creature Jane Arnold who in less than a year is to be converted into the *Matron* of a *boarding house*! The connection seems to be highly appro<sup>d</sup> by the family—but we think it a pity so early that her youthful freedom should be interrupted—but this is not for us to determine.

I rejoice that Dora is abo[u]t to draw nearer her old friends—I shall feel our separation to be much less painful than had they remained at Canterbury—tho' she seems to have liked the place, & certa[i]nly has been very happy there.

As W<sup>m</sup> has not been in correspondence with you, since your magnificent present of books arrived, he begs me to tell you, with his best thanks how well they look upon the shelf on which Willy in our absence proudly placed them—And I am also to tell you, that, for the quiet of his mind he has given Courtenay positive directions to sell out of the N.P.B.—reconciling himself to any loss that may fall upon him.

And now, dear friend I will release you with the affectionate remembrances fr all here, & in the earnest hope that we shall see you at the appointed time, viz to eat your Christmas day dinner with us, I remain most sincerely yours

Rydal Mount

M. Wordsworth

Oct<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>

Endorsed : 14<sup>th</sup> Oct<sup>r</sup> 1841. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth.

1841-1842  
Nos 95a-96b.

277. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

Oct 28<sup>th</sup> 1841

p. 4, line 21. . . . Miss Airy who is here with her Brothers children & just returned from the North . . . . . brought a piece of news which I was very sorry to hear but wh<sup>ch</sup> I hope has passed away as you do not allude to it. It was that Mr<sup>s</sup> Hutchinson was laid up at Rydal in consequence of ascending Scaw Fell ten days before. Mr Wordsworth talked & looked very handsome & she could not have supposed from what she saw of Miss Wordsworth that she ailed anything more than weakness in her limbs. . . .

1841-1842  
No 96a

278. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

[29<sup>th</sup> Oct] 1841.

p. 1, line 18. . . . And now about your invitation I had fully made up my mind not to go to the North again in Winter, having spent I know not how many Christmasses with you—until I had before made a tour there in *la belle Saison*—but I am a weak creature and yield—I need not say that I highly enjoy my monthly visits—My whole demeanor & my repetition of them proves that—Neither need I say that I consider these repeated invitations as the highest testimony that I can possibly receive as to my social qualities And may serve as a refutation of the cruel judgement that has been just passed on my outward man by an artist who has defied all the world to say that he is a liar—You have heard that M: Helios has been set up as an artist in opposition to the whole tribe of miniature painters—I was forced by my niece to sit to him—And the result is, as one friend says a ‘frightful’ likeness another says an ‘aweful likeness’—I mention this for two reasons—or rather with two objects—(we do misuse that word reason sadly)—The first is, to warn you against asking or permitting any one you love to employ this same artist—And the other is to request that at some future time you & your household do subscribe the certificate which I direct to have

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engrossed on parchment & fixed behind the picture as the only condition of its going out of my hand

'We do hereby certify that the original of this light-begotten portrait was neither rancorous nor fraudulent, but what the French call un bon enfant—Selfish only in a pardonable degree And that he died at the age of — (this being perpetrated in his 67<sup>th</sup> year) leaving as many friends & wellwisher[s] as people of that age usually do '

M. W.

X. Y. Z—

&c &c &c—

1841-1842  
No. 97a

279. W. W. to H. C. R.

[Oct. 1841]

I hold the pen for my Husband M. W.

My dear friend

I was determined by nothing that Mr Courtenay had said or insinuated. Only as far as he was concerned sanguine expectations, which he has often expressed to me upon the N. P. B. having not been realized, but quite the contrary—I have had less confidence in his judgement both here, & in general.

My resolution was come to in consequence of a growing conviction that there is something very unsound in the constitution of these Banks however well any one or more of them may happen to be managed for any given length of time: & with regard to this particular one, the low & falling price of the Shares in the market proved the want of confidence of the Public in it. Furthermore I learnt from a Quarter entitled to much respect, that the N. P. had been commenced under the influence & direction of a Person not remarkable for judgement—so that the plan of proceeding was obliged to be changed; I was further informed, that if Sir R<sup>t</sup> Peel acted as he had hinted in Parliament respecting the law as it ought to stand with regard to these Banks, a great shock would be given to them all.

What mainly influenced me however was the consideration of my advanced age & the state & poor prospects of Dora &

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William—not overlooking John's numerous family without any prospect of increased means—I wished what I had to leave behind me, to be, for their sakes, as much upon a certainty as possible tho' at considerable loss—amounting to, in what has been sold to a little more than 1,5<sup>th</sup>—I am very sorry indeed that you should have been so deep in it—having purchased so high.

I will conclude simply with observing that I saw no cause for fear that the Bank might break, & I or my heirs be called upon to make up deficiencies, but I apprehended that the Shares might prove so low that if there arose a *necessity* for selling that might be practicable only at very heavy loss.

Pray promise to come down for a month at Christmas! Miss F. consents to play whist, after her fashion every evening—so do Mary & I.

ever affly your's  
W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

*Endorsed* · Oct<sup>r</sup> 1841. Wordsworth (investments).

1841-1842  
No 107b

280. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

Nov. 29, 1841.

p. 4, line 27. . . . They [M<sup>r</sup> Geo. & Miss Airy] made a call at Rydal & saw dear Miss Wordsworth in her garden chair & could hardly perceive any decay. Miss A— never heard M<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth talk so much before—She admired his Beauty & his talk also— . . . .

1841-1842  
No 107a

281. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

(Private)

[Nov. 1841]

*My dear Friend*

We shall soon be looking out for your visit; and you must excuse me if I put you to a little trouble before you Leave London.<sup>1</sup> I was thinking of publishing a Vol. of poems this winter we have given a good deal of our late [?] little [?] leisure to prepare it for the Press; but I am checked by the fear which has been expressed to me 'that Moxon may Crash [?]'

<sup>1</sup> See Note 1 on p. 449.

NOVEMBER 1841

could you in a quiet way collect for me any information upon this point. I know that the publishing trade is in general in a most agitated[?] state And I know no reason for thinking that his concerns are an exception but send <sup>1</sup> for a contrary opinion. I should be glad if I could get some light from you—

Some time since I request[ed] Courtenay to sell out of the provincial Bank for me if he could procure an average of 94£ a share. I have heard nothing from him for several weeks—I know you do not like to communicate with him ; and I am loth to annoy him with Letter after Letter, but if you could learn for me whether the shares have actually fallen below that average, I should conclude that this is the reason why I do not hear from him. It would then be my duty to consider whether I ought not to fix upon a still lower average for sale, or wait till the half years dividend.—Courtenay did sell out about six hundred pounds for me at rather *better than* 94£.

Now for a commission which you may execute with much less trouble by calling at Dwerry, and Bells, I think that is the name,—A watchmaker's shop, on the left hand as you pass into Mount Street from Berkley Square.—Tell them that Mr Wordsworth paid upward of thirty shillings to them last summer for repairing his watch ; but he found it would not go and therefore he sent it by Miss Rogers to be set right. That no doubt must be done long before this time—Pray bring the watch down with you. I expect them to make no charge as though I . . . <sup>2</sup>

The Quillmans are now in London <sup>3</sup>.

1841-1842  
No 109.

282. H. C. R. to W. W.

Dec 15<sup>th</sup> 1841

p. 2, line 4. . . I called also on our friend Moxon to day—I enquired about you, announcing my intended visit—He informed me of your having a few weeks back written about the publication of a new volume—he supposes you have been

<sup>1</sup> This is most of it scratched out, but apparently not by the writer, as is indeed proved by H. C. R.'s answer in the next letter. The passage is very difficult to decipher.

<sup>2</sup> Incomplete, page missing.

<sup>3</sup> Written across p 1.



DECEMBER 1841

deterred by the sad report of the late Sale of the edition on hand—This he says is certainly very bad, but not *peculiarly* so—He says that the whole book selling returns in London at this season do not amount to more than a sixth of what they were a year ago!!!!!! He seemed still to think that this is hardly a good reason for not publishing the new volume—which might serve as a spur to the back volumes—besides being in itself profitable—He referred to the failure of Knight And to the current reports as to the change of property in the Quarterly as significant events—

I have been unable to ascertain the question of *credit* which you put me—The only person from whom I expected to get some precise information I have been unable to get sight of But your question has been not a moment forgotten by me - - -

1841-1842  
No 119

283. H. C. R. to J. Masquerier

Rydal—Ambleside,  
Jan 5<sup>th</sup> 1842

p. 2, line 13 . . The poet is in excellent health and spirits—Very laborious too he is bringing out a new Volume composed of poems of early & late years This is a bad time for a poetical novelty—poetry is become a drug—but Wordsworths fame is now so established & strong that it will carry through what in the infancy of his renown would have perished—that is for a season—under a storm of sneers sarcasms parodies & burlesque—Some of the new works will supply food for the scoffers—More, will afford nutriment to the thinkers—The latter will have employment in the study of the Sonnets in the last Quarterly—I wish the Setting had been more attractive. I cannot recommend the article to your attention—But you may pick the plumbs out of the pudding— . . .

p. 3, line 11. . . I brought down Mrs Quillnan and we arrived here on Christmas Eve—And I shall take her back about the 16<sup>th</sup> or 17<sup>th</sup>—This rail way travelling is delightful & very economical too We made the journey for 4 Guas each And in between 16 & 17 hours. A few years since it was usual to be two nights on the road And incur near double the expense— . . .

1841-1842  
No 121b

## 284. H. C. R. to T. R.

Rydal Ambleside  
6<sup>th</sup> Jan: 1842.

p. 1, line 18. . . . My life here has been very regular—And very pleasant. W: is become more companionable being more tolerant than he used to be—he is now very busy preparing his new Volume—It will contain early & late poems—he has mentioned to others, so I may, to you the dedication to me of a portion of the Volume or of a particular poem I hardly know which I would rather it were of a single poem, as then it would be more certain that the name would not slip thro' the fingers of a future editor—It seems very foolish in one who is conscious that he can do nothing to make his name live (as he is not willing to follow the precedent of burning a temple for the purpose) to take pleasure in the thought that it will be enshrined in an immortal work Yet I cannot help envying *Cyriac Skinner Lawrence*, And other worthies in their predicament—For the first time I have good reason to be angry with my name—W: has confessed to me that he has taken much trouble And written some half dozen lines but cannot make the ignoble name endurable in verse—So he has given it up But he has fixed his stamp on *Wilkinson*.<sup>1</sup> He is growing squeamish—he has left out *Jim* after dear brother<sup>2</sup>—I fear you wont understand the allusion—no matter I shant tell you—

<sup>1</sup> *To the Spade of a Friend* The first line reads :

'Spade' with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands,'—

Cf *Knight op cit*, 1 321. *W. W. to T. Wilkinson*. . . . 'On the other page you will find a copy of verses addressed to an implement of yours; they are supposed to have been composed that afternoon when you and I were labouring together in your pleasure-ground, an afternoon I often think of with pleasure, as indeed I do of your beautiful retirement there'

The year before, 1805, in a letter to Sir G Beaumont, Wordsworth wrote of Wilkinson as 'a Quaker, an amiable, inoffensive man, and a little of a poet too, who has amused himself upon his own small estate upon the Emont, in twining pathways along the banks of the river, making little cells and borders with inscriptions of his own writing, all very pretty as not spreading far. This man is at present *arbiter deganharum*, or master of the grounds at Lowther. and what he has done hitherto is very well, as it is little more than making accessible what could not before be got at'.

<sup>2</sup> *We are Seven*. The first line of the original version read: 'A simple child, dear brother Jim.' The last three words are all omitted in the final revision.

There will be new poems unlike any he has ever [<sup>1</sup>written—And<sup>1</sup>] published. They will probably excite new clamour but that is now of no moment—His fame is now fixed—What say you to the Sonnets in the Quarterly? <sup>2</sup>—I wish the setting was worthy of the gems. That is by Henry Taylor—Some of these are exquisite & not one that is not wise. But, it is not the wisdom of the day. It runs counter to the fashionable doctrine he even ventures to oppose himself to Fitzroy Kelly—Is not that rash?

Dr Arnold is here as usual—You should read his Introduction to his new Volume of Sermons—he does not scruple to declare himself ag<sup>t</sup> the doctrine of Apostolic Succession in most strong terms—he treats it as a sort of *Anti-Christianity*. I have lent him Harwood's Materialism in Religion—I fear it will sit hard on his stomach—It is food not easy of digestion . . .

1841-1842  
No. 125a

285. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

19<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1842

p. 2, line 21. . . . 2. Wordsworth: I have nothing new to relate—The dedication will not be precisely what I wished, but it will be very honourable to the dedicatee—There will be a tragedy!!! And I hear it will have even *actable* qualities—It will be very various in it's contents. That is the volume. The poet was never more amiable—And with his family peculiarly hospitable & kind—I find my return next year is regarded as a thing of course— . . .

1841-1842  
No 127b

286. *H. C. R. to W. W.*

[22 Jan 1842.]

p. 3, line 8. . . . I shall in a few days see Moxon—I will prepare him for your writing to him—You will bear this in mind that if the new volume remains your property then were

<sup>1</sup> Deleted in MS

<sup>2</sup> In the *Quarterly*, Dec 1841, pp 1-51, is a detailed criticism of the volume of Wordsworth's *Sonnets*, published in 1838. In dealing with the sonnets *Upon the Punishment of Death*, the writer refers to the part taken by Fitzroy Kelly, at that period M P for Ipswich, in the debates on capital punishment in the House of Commons in 1839 and 1840. Kelly desired the total abolition of the death penalty.

JANUARY 1842

Moxon unfortunate, you would be safe—If possible, I would avoid letting him see you have any apprehensions—Tho' I dare say, he has never been regardless of his own interest in all he has done with you Yet it is still never to be forgotten that he is the first publisher who has been instrumental in letting you receive the tardy & still inadequate remuneration of which low minded critics during so many years have defrauded you— . . .

1841-1842  
No. 132a.

287. *H. C. R. to W. W.*

Feb 8<sup>th</sup> 1842

*p. 3, line 6.* . . . I have seen Moxon and learn from him that the work is going on—I found him less hopeful than I hoped to find him as to the probable sale of the new volume—But as the profits whatever they amount to will not be in diminution of any other—there would be no wisdom in refusing the less because one cannot get the more— . . .

1841-1842  
No 136a

288. *H. C. R. to M. W.*<sup>1</sup>

21 Feb 1842

My dear friend

Having prepared a very small little packet which I wanted to send to you, I called in Dover St to enquire about the means, when I learned to my surprise & pleasure that the Volume was in far advance—Mr Publisher ventured on a breach of trust by shewing me the Dedication—It is perhaps indecorous in me to acknowledge my knowledge of it—If so, you must keep this to yourself—To you, however I may whisper—that it is precisely what, & every thing I could wish—The two qualities in the writing which especially gratify me are the entire absence of every thing like praise or compliment and the simple cordial & unadorned style—You are not to take this for self-denial I have, after all, sense enough to know that to be the object of such heart-felt expressions from such a man is the very highest praise and compliment—According to certain notions, which *his* writings are every day rendering more & more obsolete, the lines may be thought unpoetical, And so they

<sup>1</sup> Mistakenly endorsed 'to W. W.'

would be justly deemed by the critics of that age when *Hayley* was our living classic—and Gray our grand model—

But they are not perfect ; and I have with great deference & due humility to propose that in the second line *in* be substituted for *to*<sup>1</sup>—It is not indeed a *vital* point—And my proposal may remind you of those critical labours by virtue of which, you may say

‘ *To* is deposed and *In* with pomp restored ’<sup>2</sup> . . .

1841-1842  
No 140a

289. *H. C. R. to Dora Quillinan*

7<sup>th</sup> March 1842

p. 1, line 10. . . . I called on Moxon to day to see what progress was making in the work—I find it will still be some fortnight before the *issue* takes place—Moxon has shewn me the 9 lines—<sup>3</sup> If you have seen them you will not need to be told by me how much I am delighted with them—They do not flatter my vanity, but they make me proud—And yet surely it is but a variety of ‘vanities most vain’ Here is a poor creature who never said or did anything deserving of memory And who is delighted that his name will be stamped with that sort of immortality which is given by the writers of books that are to live for ever—Kenyon by the bye is of the family of that *Lawrence*—two of the name are in fact immortalised in *Miltons Sonnet*—And the family consider themselves thereby ennobled. . . .

1841-1842  
No 140b

290. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

Athenæum

7<sup>th</sup> Mar. 1842

My dear friend

I called this morning on Moxon partly to hear him *report progress*, partly to deposit with him a small parcel, insignificant enough in itself, but which I hope you will kindly receive as

<sup>1</sup> The suggestion was adopted the line now runs .

‘ In whose experience trusting, day by day . . . ’

Vide lines *To Henry Crabbe Robinson* prefixed to *Memorials of a Tour in Italy*, 1837 But see No 203

<sup>2</sup> ‘ A waggon-load of meanings for one word,  
While *A*’s *depos’d* and *B* with pomp restor’d ’

[Quoted by J Warton. *Essay on Pope* (1782) ii. 236 ]

<sup>3</sup> The lines to H C. R.

MARCH 1842

a friendly memorial from me. And which memorial is not merely an intimation of what has been but, it is hoped, will be for years to come referred to as a subsisting thing.

—Just as I wrote the above—Kenyon came up And had the assurance to say knowing whom I was writing to, ‘*give my love*’—Marry come up! I dont approve of such familiarities in any body but myself

I breakfasted lately with Rogers—I could not resist the temptation to repeat the *nine* lines . . .<sup>1</sup> He praised them with great warmth and intimated how proud I might well be &c &c &c

It is too late now I suppose—but it occurred to me to day—but what ought to have occurred to all of us months ago ; that the tragedy might have been sent to Talfourd And he might have shewn it to—Macready &c &c &c . . . .<sup>1</sup>

I have a little favour to ask—It is that when you can catch *him* unfatigued and in a goodnatured mood you will get him to write you two or three

‘*Written at the request of H. C. R.*’

That is really the least troublesome mode of doing a disagreeable thing—

My niece has just made a humble application to me for such a note. And I some four months ago was applied to by a Son of W. Tooke of Univ. Coll memory for the like, but had not courage to ask on my late visit— . . .

[PS.] I shall not expect to hear from you till the book is out I believe the revisal of proofs to be both an anxious & worrying occupation I did not enquire whe<sup>r</sup> the *to* has been made an *in*

1841–1842  
No 141b.

291. H. C. R. to *T. R.*

March 10 1842.

p. 2, *line* 12. . . I rejoice you are so well pleased with the inscription—You have characterised it very justly. . . . This is a notice of me to make me *proud*. Gothe’s reference to me in his

<sup>1</sup> H C R’s dots.

MARCH 1842

correspondence with Zelter<sup>1</sup> might make me *vain* The puff of me by the Duchess of Weimar only *ashamed* These are the chief honours conferred on me in print—'Vanity of Vanities says the preacher all is vanity' . . .

1841-1842  
Nos 141a 142b

292. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

March 13— 1842

*p. 1, line 4.* . . . How glad I am that all goes on well at Rydal— Yet I wish you could have told me that the new volume was to contain a portion of the great work. I remember the Tragedy but not 'distinctively'. I shall like to see it again. I glorify myself in having brought you & Wordsworth acquainted because it shews that I understand you both. If either party had been disappointed in the other it would have mortified me. You do not mention Miss Wordsworth, I suppose therefore that she remains much as she was . . .

*p. 1, line 24.* . . . Sunday Mar: 19<sup>th</sup> The above was written immediately after I received your first letter. Why has it not been finished? Why but because I have been poorly & singularly oppressed in spirit. Your letter of today must be answered for I am as pleased as you can be at the little poem you have sent. Knowing you both I feel the Truth of every line which general readers will not do & so perhaps will think you are not sufficiently praised but you will remember who desired to have for Epitaph—Here lies the friend of S<sup>r</sup> Philip Sydney . . .

*p. 6, line 8.* . . . How often do I call to mind a sentence in a letter of Wordsworth which he wrote to my Husband, after the wreck of the Abergavenny<sup>2</sup>—'Heaven grant us patience for this life needs it above all other qualities!' . . .

<sup>1</sup> Published 1834. The relevant passage, in which he is described as 'a kind of missionary of English literature' occurs in vol. 5 of the *Correspondence* and is translated by H. C. R. See Sadler, 1872, n. 79, note 2.

<sup>2</sup> On which John Wordsworth went down.

MARCH 1842

1841-1842  
No. 143b

293. H. C. R. to M. W.

80 Russell Square  
15 Mar. 1842

My dear friend

Your husband is among the most fierce enemies of the new postage<sup>1</sup>—but I believe he has never been honest enough to state frankly the main objection to the new law—It is, that it furnishes an excuse for a number of well meaning but not over wise correspondents to beset him with untimely advise [*sic*] or insignificant communications—My practice you know is to escape being classed with these by writing to *you* not him, so then if you indiscretely let him hear of the officious letter—Why then! Half the fault is yours—There's an instance—My half in joke half serious argument about *to* and *in* is gravely answered by him—To which my reply—and that very seriously is, that I am so conscious of having a *dull ear*, And so well aware how delicately framed *his*, is, that I should as implicitly defer to *his*—decision on a question of versification, as I should to Titian's were he alive, on a question of colour—It has occurred to me that his objection to the near position of *in* and *ing* is strengthened by the custom in the North of sinking the *g*'s in the participle present I certainly was not aware that it was by any means a *general* remark that *trusting in*<sup>2</sup> is appropriated to matters of importance & *trusting to* used in things of little moment—I should rather have said that the *right* expression having once been usual on certain solemn occasions, the *abuse* could not reach so far—but it does not follow that a correct writer should not reform the colloquial impropriety wherever he can—However I would never consent to his making an alteration that was not the result of his conviction—

I called yesterday on *Moxon* It was to make a suggestion—Not so much to recommend, as to suggest for consideration Whether there ought not to be two titles (printed apart) & so leaving to the possessor of every copy the retaining of which he pleased—One title of course to be the one you have prescribed

<sup>1</sup> Penny postage had recently been introduced.

<sup>2</sup> The O E D. does not discriminate between two constructions.



MARCH 1842

And which that possessor will retain who has not the edition in Six Volumes—But I wo<sup>d</sup> have also this Title—‘The p.w. &c—leaving out a *new edition*—and then adding { *Volume*  
the *Seventh* }

Persons having the six volumes would like to have such a title as it would give a completeness to their former possession—M: remarked that Mr W: might object that he meant on some future occasion to make a new distribution of the poems—There is no doubt that this will be done but that does not affect the present proposal I would on no account have the title—A new edition in seven Volumes. That would be untrue in fact And altogether unwarrantable— . . .

1841-1842  
No 151b. c

294. H. C. R. to M. W.

30 Russell Square  
22<sup>nd</sup> April 1842

My dear friend

I am this evening arrived—Owing to peculiar circumstances—chiefly that of not knowing my own plans, & my movements not being known to others the *book* could not be sent to me—I have looked at it with a sort of feverish anxiety to begin—but must wait a few hours—for I have *business* most unpoetical to transact tomorrow

I like the look of it at all events and that is something—I have not heard a remark either of satire or eulogy which is singular.

It is no bad sign of something like a just Sense in the country, that no one ventures on an immediate & rash judgement. . . .

23<sup>rd</sup> April 1842.

I am very busy today—but over my tea I read one poem, (but one,) so beautiful, that it must surely become a great favorite—The Musings at Acquapendente—It illustrates happily the poet's peculiar habit—his anticipations of unseen Rome occupy him quite as much as the reflections on the already seen North Italy—What a delightful intermingling of domestic affections—friendships And the perception of the beauties

which appertain to home as well as to the country visited as a stranger—The poets mind blends all & allows of no insulation—I called on Kenyon this morning He read me a charming letter from Miss Barrett full of discriminating admiration—...

I may now say again—what I have said already—Reading the Dedication as part of a published book and not by stealth that I am well aware that I have received the highest honour I ever shall receive in this Life—Being in the King's Commission of Assize & Nisi Prius is a fool to it! My pride is mixed up with humility I feel that I possess—that is, my name possesses a sort of *vicarious* immortality It is well—if a man can *do* nothing to stamp his name, that the friendship of a great poet should *fix* it—That friendship is evidence of qualities—but why pursue the obvious thought? I have no fear of any loss of the identity from the obtrusion of an *e* at the end of Crabb—No wonder that M<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth took for granted that my name was spent [*sic*] like that of the only man who ever gave distinction to it—But Launce's dog Crab was without the *e* And if I recollect right with a single *b*—I informed—Moxon of the misspelling And he ought to have corrected it—

Kenyon said to me, to my surprise, I find *Ws* journey is put off—He was to have been here last week—I have asked him to dine on a day mentioned—I tell you of this, because both you & the Quillnans warn me that your journey is a *profound secret* - - So it shall be for me—but you see Kenyon referred it [*sic*] as a known thing—I could only, & truly declare that I was ignorant—

You know that I am in the neighbourhood of the Terminus And shall be glad if you can use me in any way—I should like to meet you there at all events

Of course I shall now be sure of seeing you *all* to dinner And if you like it shall be an incognito dinner Or all but—...

1841-1842  
1876.

295. H. C. R. to T. R.

12<sup>th</sup> May 1842  
7 A.M.

p. 4, line 14. . . . But after all you will be more desirous to know about my breakfast on Monday—for the reason that the taper in one's hand looks bigger than the star at the horizon—It went off to the great satisfaction of every body—that is, the company liked one another And did not care much about the provender common to all—This was my table

*The host*

<sup>1</sup> Miss Weston	M <sup>rs</sup> Words:
Wordsw.	Cargil <sup>3</sup>
M <sup>rs</sup> Cargil	Soph. Weston
Miss Bayley <sup>2</sup>	Trotter <sup>4</sup>
W: Wordsw. <sup>5</sup>	

I believe I am correct as to the position (n'importe) W: made himself very agreeable And was much pleased with *all my ladies* . . . The likings were reciprocal And the Miss Westons cannot find words to express their gratitude to me— . . .

p. 5, line 8 . . . This party renders it of less importance if I sho<sup>d</sup> ultimately not have Wordsw: to dine with me—At present it stands thus—I am going to see him this morning—When he will let me know on which day it is that he is to dine with some great man—either the 20<sup>th</sup> or the 21<sup>st</sup> And on the other

<sup>1</sup> 'I first saw the Miss Westons in 1839 They once lived at Bury, and my name being mentioned, I was introduced by Miss Weston's desire - - - The Miss Westons went to Rome and I gave then a letter to Miss Mackenzie On their return our acquaintance became more intimate. Miss Weston was a woman of superior understanding and attainments She was an admirer of Wordsworth, Kenyon and I brought them together. Wordsworth professed great respect for her' *H C R.*

<sup>2</sup> A niece (?) of Kenyon and one of his residuary legatees.

<sup>3</sup> A barrister who, by H. C. R.'s advice, had studied under his friend Serjeant Rough Later Cargill took Holy Orders.

<sup>4</sup> The friend who was travelling with Goddard, the young man who was drowned in Switzerland three days after they had met H. C. R. and the Wordsworths in 1820

<sup>5</sup> This 'table' seems to indicate that Wordsworth's son or some other member of his family was present as well as the poet.

MAY 1842

he will dine with me ; But as I have said before, unless you feel quite recovered I shall give up my party with the greatest cheerfulness—For I do not think that while you are indisposed, however slightly, my niece ought to be alone . . . .

1841-1842  
No. 161a.

296. H. C. R. to T. R.

May 21<sup>st</sup> 1842

p. 2, line 6. . . . Now as to my dinner. A much humbler concern,<sup>1</sup> but being purely personal it admits of a more copious statement—It went off very well The parties were—*Primo*—The Host *Secondly*—He himself (*αυτοσ*)—As an enthusiast insisted on so referring to Homer, thinking (after the fashion of the Rabbins) that the *name* ought not to be profanely pronounced - -

3<sup>rd</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup> Two Rev<sup>d</sup> Divines, both anti-evangelical, both verse makers & dabblers in polite litera-[ture]—both professing Orthodoxy in doctrines & high-churchism in matters of discipline—But in whom the man of literary taste is more apparent than the Theologian—

5 *Tho<sup>s</sup> Madge Esq<sup>r</sup>* who not being in the order of succession And never hav<sup>g</sup> had what Horne Tooke called the ' infectious hand of a bishop waived [*sic*] over him ' nevertheless audaciously presumed to put *Rev<sup>d</sup>* on his card—A sham as Carlyle would call it—But being a lover of Wordsworth & his poetry was *ex speciali gratia* invited to be of it—

6<sup>th</sup> *Cookson Esq<sup>r</sup>* Att<sup>y</sup> at law—An intimate friend of the poet—And also a hearer of Mr Madge's—These were the only two of my party whose character suffers any imputation to rest upon them—

By the bye, I must go back again to 3 & 4 because I find I have omitted the Names 3 being the Rev<sup>d</sup> *W: Harness*—Author of *Welcome & Farewell*—And 4 being *The Rev<sup>d</sup> Peter Fraser* whom you may recollect by a sobriquet given by me to him & which you alone will understand *Ben Cork*.

7. The poet's Son in law Mr *Quillman*—

<sup>1</sup> He had just described a meeting of the Presbyterian Association.

MAY 1842

8. *Tho' Alsager*—One of the leading men in the conduct of the Times, being especially concerned in all that respects the collection of mercantile & foreign news—He was the intimate friend of Charles Lamb And therefore Wordsworth was very glad to see him—

9 *Ja' Gooden Esq<sup>r</sup>* residing in Tavistock Square an elderly gent: long an admirer of W: And a good scholar, of which he gave me a proof in turning into Latin verse—' As the laurel protects the forehead of poets from lightning So the mitre the forehead of bishops from Shame—

10—My old friend *Thomas Amyot*.<sup>1</sup>

The poet made himself very agreea<sup>1</sup> indeed. He talked at his ease with everyone—Indeed he has been remarkable [*sic*] pleasant during his visit here. And has dined every day, except when he condescended to wander into the terra incognita of Russell Square, with Bishops & Privy Counsellors, Peers and Archbishops— .

1841-1842  
No 162a

297. H. C. R. to T. R.

28<sup>th</sup> May 1842  
30 Russell Square

Dear Thomas

Your last note contains a remark, which on consideration you would hardly re-write Viz: that my dinner must have contained matter for future history—Now this shews an inadvertency to a fact which I should be glad to forget too— Viz that one may be often in the company of very great men without bringing away any thing which the commonest people might not have furnished—And when y<sup>e</sup> complain of my not being *so copious* as I ought on such occasions you only remind me of what I am already sufficiently aware, and that is that I want in an eminent degree the Boswell-faculty With his excellent memory & tact, had I early in life set about following his example, beyond all doubt I might have supplied a few Volumes superior in Value to his Johnson, tho' they would not have been so popular—Certainly *all the names* recorded in

<sup>1</sup> Sadler, op. cit 1872, i. 14.

his great work are not so important as Göthe Schiller Herder Wieland The Duchesses Amalie & Louisa of Weimar & Tieck—As Mad de Staël La Fayette, Abbé Gregoire,<sup>1</sup> Ben Constant,<sup>2</sup> As Wordsworth Southey Coleridge Lamb Rogers Hazlitt, Mrs Barbauld Clarkson &c &c &c For I could add a great number of minor stars—And yet what has come of all this? Nothing—What will come of it? perhaps nothing—And tho' I have not passed the age of recording what I formerly heard I have now less power than ever of noticing what takes place before me—

All this ought to give me pain, if I had the faculty of feeling pain from such reflexions which unluckily I have not. I say unluckily, for precisely because I do not feel pain, is the reason why I have never exerted myself to find a remedy—

Basta! The last week has been unproductive I have had hasty conversations with the poet—And I have seen the Miss Westons, Miss Bayley, Kenyon &c And I have read Mad d'Arblay's memoirs And had several meetings at the Univ: College &c &c &c

I shall go tonight to Lord Northampton's Soiree And tomorrow I am to dine with the poet at Kenyons—On Tuesday I dine with Harness On Wednesday I go to Mrs Hoare's to meet Wordsworth . . .

1841-1842  
184a.

298. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

May 1842

p. 8, line 7. . . . It is very kind in you to have copied out the Sonnet. I had noticed it with delight & though I am almost sure that the other to which you allude was written before Wordsworth's marriage & am quite sure that he told me that the first two lines were suggested to him by the sight of a

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated theologian, man-of-letters and politician during the Revolutionary period. He was a moderate and sane upholder of the popular cause and throughout his life (1750-1831) stood for his principles and for a wide and generous tolerance. His name was honoured by the friends of liberty in England as elsewhere, and not least by those who, like H. C. R., were lifelong opponents of slavery and the slave-trade

<sup>2</sup> Benjamin Constant, 1767-1830, politician, writer and orator, started life as an ardent supporter of the Revolution and afterwards became a fighter in the cause of constitutional government. His political opinions and actions were much influenced by his long liaison with Mme de Staël.

young girl of whom I was speaking to him & who to look upon was indeed 'a phantom of delight' nor can I see any indecorum in the sight of such an object suggesting to the Poets mind the development of the characteristics of a perfect woman & then observe the ending

'and yet a spirit still, & bright  
with something of an angel light'

To me I confess the charm of the Poem would be destroyed if its imaginative[sic] power were changed into the description of an individual. I may be wrong but if you think I am ask the Poet himself & let him decide betw. us . . .

[Note by H. C. R.]—N.B. The Poet expressly told me that the Verses were on his Wife<sup>1</sup>

1841-1842  
No 167b.

299. H. C. R. to W. W.

My dear friend

[8 June 1842]

I have had a *trouble* lately which I felt too much, to be willing to let you partake of it, for you have after all enough of your own—It has been suggested to me today, however, by a kind hearted man, that possibly you might assist in relieving it, at no heavier cost than a very few hours of your time—I only regret that the suggestion was not made to me before you left London—And the possibility of carrying it into effect may depend upon what I suppose to be still uncertain, the length of your stay *in these parts*.

Poor Mrs Aders is sunk into poverty—*He* has found means to go to Messina, where I expect he will dye; tho' his health is said to be improved by the journey Mrs Aders is utterly without any means of support except what her pencil affords her. She has taken to portrait painting—And she paints heads in crayons for 5 *Gues*—I have not yet had the means of obtaining more than one Sitter—And I own it did not occur to me to ask you to sit; of course, *for me*—But asking Basil Montagu to day if he could suggest to me the best mode of putting a little money into her pocket—The money being ready And only the mode to be settled He said—'There is no way so good as finding

<sup>1</sup> This is confirmed by Mr Gordon Wordsworth.

JUNE 1842

her employment—If W: would sit to her, And she were successful it might make her fortune '—*Making her fortune* is big language—But it might lead to other commissions—*She lives N° 72 New Bond St*—She works with great rapidity And I believe would not need above two sittings—Now the first question I would ask you is—whether you will have the *time* to sit—because if this were answered in the affirmative I think I can answer for it, that you would not grudge the time or the trouble, tho' I own that I do think the act of sitting a great bore, unless it be to an artist of the first rate—It is quite a minor consideration certainly, but I am selfish enough, after all, in the expectation that the likeness would be a pleasing one, to think that the portrait would have a sterling value in my eyes—I will thank you for an *immediate* answer—I may be able to do something the beginning of next week—Or you might yourself—If you were in town on Monday & were yourself to call on her—The call would be an honour & a consolation And if you yourself announced the intention, it would be a great joy to her—But if the thing cannot be done now—We must not fret about it but hope it may be done hereafter—<sup>1</sup>

I have been but a poor creature since I saw you—I contracted a cold coming *down* to Hampstead (*up* I should say, save that London is dignitatis causa always supposed to be on a hill) on Wednesday on the outside of an Omnibus And I am still very lame—or rather tender footed

If you were fixed at Hampstead, & Highgate were not too far off, Mr<sup>s</sup> A. is in the habit of going to Mr<sup>s</sup> ——— Coleridge's friend—Such are the tricks my no memory is perpetually playing me.

I expect my brother tomorrow—

My affectionate regards to all your family And my Comps to your obliging hostess, whose attentions to me I feel very strongly—

In haste

30 Russell Square

8<sup>d</sup> June 1842

Affly your's

H. C. Robinson

*Endorsed* : June 1842. To Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> There is no mention of such a painting in Knight's 'Portraits of Wordsworth' (*Wordsworthiana*, pp 29-60)



JUNE 1842

1841-1842  
No 169b.

300. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

June 1842

p. 2, line 16. . . . I see by the M.C. this morning that W. W. Jun<sup>r</sup> has got the Stamp Office & his dear Father a Pension I hope it is not a niggardly one though one can hardly hope that [it] is so liberal as one could wish. . . .

1841-1842  
No 169c

301 *H. C. R. to T. R.*

2<sup>nd</sup> July 1842

p. 3, line 21. . . . Wordsworth is now left nearly alone And M<sup>rs</sup> W: has therefore written to ask me to forego my determination not to go to see them—Their friend Miss Fenwick has left them for a time—M<sup>r</sup> Carter<sup>1</sup> & Wilham are now busily employed removing the office from Rydal to Carlisle which is to be the future seat of the distribution—So that the Ws will be left nearly in solitude—And what is a much more grievous bereavement than all the others—There is the deplorable loss of their friend Dr Arnold—M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold & the Children will need their consolation And will occupy much of their time, but this will not supply the place of other society—On the contrary it will require other society to enliven & subdue the melancholy of an intercourse with them— . . .

1841-1842  
No 173a

302. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

[21 July 1842]

p. 4, line 7. . . . I put up at Ambleside & walked back to Rydal M. The Ws reproach me for not taking up my abode with them, but I mean to be but a short time here—I found them all well. I dined and spent the evening with them. . . . I had an agreeable gossip with the Ws—which is now an ordinary pleasure - -

<sup>1</sup> John Carter was the clerk who assisted Wordsworth in his duties as Distributor of Stamps in the county of Westmorland It seems probable that Carter undertook most of the business. He became a trusted friend, and after the poet's death, when Mrs. Wordsworth was blind, frequently stayed with her and acted as her amanuensis See *infra* some of her letters to H. C. R.

JULY 1842

p. 5, *line* 15. . . . I dined again at Rydal Mount And after dinner had one of the most delightful walks I ever enjoyed, even in the days of my youth, in this charming country—

Three young men came by appointment to take a walk with Wordsworth—And we were on our legs from  $\frac{1}{2}$  p 3 till  $\frac{1}{2}$  p 7—For me as well as for him quite as much as was agreeable. And I feel the effects now in my renewed tenderness of the left sole. . . . It would be idle to tell you of our walk at length—Suffice it to say that it included *Loughrig tarn* & gave us a splendid view afterwards of Grasmere lake. . . .

1841-1842  
No 175a.

303. H. C. R. to M. W.

Aug 6<sup>th</sup> 1842

p. 3, *line* 18 . . Yesterday my first call was in Upper Spring Street, pleased to find M<sup>rs</sup> Quillinan avowedly greatly improved in health From her I hear that you are now in unusual seclusion—The *stamps* as well as their keepers have left you—You will assuredly not be long in solitude—

1841-1842  
No 176b

304. J. Jaffray to H. C. R.

Ramsgate 18 Aug<sup>t</sup> 1842.

My dear friend,

I have your note which like your French Correspondent's<sup>1</sup> letter is 'sans date'. I return your draft of a letter to him with one or two alterations. I have copied the whole on another piece of paper that you may compare the two and then take your choice. . . . I am writing with a steel pen which I cannot manage at all. . . .

1841-1842  
No 180a. b

305. H. C. R. to M. W.

Aug 27<sup>th</sup> 1842  
Athenaeum

p. 2, *line* 19. . . . In the matter of friendship it will become a question for decision at a debating society—Which is the worst Correspondent the one who throws your letter unread

<sup>1</sup> Baudoun, who, apparently, had written to Wordsworth for money  
[ 467 ]

into the fire, Or the one who sends it the moment it arrives to the printer—With all your predilection for the very reverends who are in the order of succession I do not suppose that you will be willing to grant to the bishops of your church the right assumed by my lord bishop of New Jersey—I will not dispute any of the spiritual pretensions of this branch of the Catholic Church—But certainly the American bishops have not acquired the character of *Gentlemen*, which I believe English bishops at all events are—It was just said by a sensible man here, (I write from the Athenæum) Mr W: cannot write a letter which would do him dishonour, but it is monstrous that on that account such liberties should be taken with him ' The poet is a metaphysician—tell him to explain to you what I mean when I say that I have no objection whatever to the printing of his letter or reporting his speeches as an *opus operatum*, but a very great deal indeed as an *opus operans*—

The expression of Mr Ws feeling on the frauds practised by the states will do some little good, And had the publication been legitimate the produce would have been so too— . . . I meant a few days ago to send a civil message to your friend Mr Faber. The book<sup>1</sup> has matters that will justify many a civil word . . . But it has also detestable doctrines—the only damnable heresies that I know. There is on p. 421 a vindication of putting to death for heresy coupled with something like an adoption of Mr Ws philosophy of capital punishm<sup>t</sup>., or which the world will consider as such—And perhaps as the produce of their '*thoughtful conversations*' together. . . .

1841-1842  
No 188b

306. H. C. R. to W. W.

My dear friend

19<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1842

I should have written yesterday to express the fullness of my pleasure, but I wished first to have a little chuckling in private with Dorina—So I went to her last night And found her quite happy I learned too, to my sorrow, that she had given herself the trouble to come all the way to Russell Square to be the bearer of the glad tidings—

<sup>1</sup> *Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches, 1842.*

There is but one draw-back on *my* satisfaction A little bit of party shame—I am still a whig & have whig-predilections—And now my imagination is disturbed by very offensive combinations—

The Whig-ministry & Lady Morgan—!

The Tories and the Poet !!

But the mortification is not such as to stand in the way of my feeling real heart-felt joy at an incident that will remove every shadow of discomfort & apprehension from the most sensitive and delicate mind—For no one can feel more acutely than *HE*, that even that economy which is required both by conscience & honour is near akin to what offends every gentlemanly & generous habit—

I am not sure indeed whether *you* won't have your little Draw-back too—For you will be troubled now by the looking forward to the execution of old schemes—And the supplying the deficiencies left on former journeys—Depend on it your husband will never rest his head on his pillow with perfect repose till he has planted it in

'Soft Parthenope'—

And you must submit to the martyrdom of another pilgrimage beyond the Alps— . . .

1841-1842  
No. 189b.

307. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Oct 22<sup>nd</sup> 1842

p. 4, line 12. . . . *Sir Rob<sup>t</sup> Peel has granted Wordsworth £300 pr Ann out of the civil list.* The Whigs granted the same Sum to Lady Morgan—Do you not feel a little party-shame? I do—Wordsworth is made quite happy by this accession to his income . . .

1841-1842  
No. 199.

308. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

My dear Mr Robinson, Rydal Mount—Nov<sup>r</sup> 28 1842—

The sight of my handwriting (if you know it) or of my signature, will not be so agreeable to you as that of some of your lady-correspondents here ; but it will not be altogether

unwelcome, as I write for M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth, who thanks you much for your letter and desires me to say that you are expected here without fail on Christmas Eve. All look forward to your arrival as to the Holly-branch without which no Christmas will be genuine here—mind, you are to understand this in the social sense & not turn round upon us & tax us with *un-Christianity*.—Miss Wordsworth counts the days till you come.—She is very well, & oftener merry than sad.—M<sup>rs</sup> W. has been somewhat seriously ailing, but has quite recovered. On her return home from Carlisle & Hallsteads she had the *jaundice*, a troublesome complaint, & one requiring much care at her age. Luckily Dora was here to nurse ‘Mammy’ & ‘keep her in order’.—Miss Fenwick is in pretty good health, & I have no unfavorable report to make of any of the household, except little Jane the Housemaid, who has been very ill & is still in a state far from satisfactory, though we trust that she is mending.—We are all well—pleased to hear so cheering an account of yourself & of your brother—Mr Wordsworth is highly indig[nant] that H. B. the clever caricaturist, should have so little respect for age & genius, as to make such a man as Mr Rogers the subject of that witless vulgar fun, & everybody here is disgusted to hear of it. The wretched beggars who mobbed him were well disposed of by the magistrate, but if they were justly punished for their impudent attempt to extort money from a gentleman well known for his charity, H. B. is worthy of the tread-mill for making money of their vileness.—But the thing is too contemptible to talk about.—<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Mr Faber, who does the duty at Rydal Chapel in Mr Hill’s absence, dined here to-day. I saw M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold & her family & several more of your friends & acquaintances. Poor M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold looks *cheerfully* resigned. I will not bore your eyes

<sup>1</sup> No 747 of H. B.’s (John Doyle, 1797–1868) *Political Sketches*, is entitled ‘a blotted leaf from *The Pleasures of Memory*’, and represents Samuel Rogers in broad-brimmed hat, and gesticulating with a green umbrella, among a group of fine ladies in bonnets and shawls. These ladies, ‘the wretched beggars who mobbed him’, are extending gloved hands. One carries a reticule in her other hand. Two ‘bobbies’ are seen approaching. Rather curiously, Austin Dobson in the *D. N. B.* speaks of Wordsworth as ‘warm in commendation of H. B.’s work’.

<sup>2</sup> H. C. R. gives in his *Diary*, under the date 30 Dec., 1842, an interesting account of a talk with Faber about his religious opinions.

NOVEMBER 1842

with many words, as I have already told you all that is interesting by giving you a good report of your friends in this house, where, I again remind you, you will be soon expected.

All join in cordial good wishes for you & those whom you are anxious about,

& I am, dear Mr Robinson,

though in a very stupid mood this misty morning,

Yours very faithfully

E. Quillman

N.B. 'Sentimental correspondence between Colonel Pirouette Thompson<sup>1</sup> and Miss Martineau—

It is the unanimous opinion of this innocent household now assembled, in the room where your imperial Bust is, that your dear good friend Miss Harriet Martineau must be considerably damaged in the upper story. Vide her letter dated Nov<sup>r</sup> 11. 1842. Tynemouth :—

'We all agree' that is to say Miss H. M. & Col Pirouette, Miss Walker etc 'we all agree that there can be no peace in benefitting by the proceeds of an unjust system of taxation'.—What does the poor good woman mean? Every officer of or under the crown then, every salaried man in the state, every paid magistrate, every soldier & sailor, whether a commissioned or warrant officer or a private is a thief who preys on the vitals of the poor—especially all who receive salaries for past services—we ought to hang up all half-pay officers, (Colonel Pirouette perhaps?) all retired pensioners of every description,—& I have no doubt that some of Miss M's radical admirers would gladly tie the noose for them all—the Chelsea & Greenwich pensioners included —

*Address* · H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 30 Russell Square, London.

*Endorsed* . 28 Nov 1842. *Quillman* (Rydal Mount).

*Post Mark* : Ambleside. Nov. 28 1842.

<sup>1</sup> I. e. Perronet Thompson, M P—a 'philosophic radical' who was on the council of the Anti-Corn Law League. He encouraged H. Martineau in her refusal to accept a pension, as a protest against unfair taxation

1841-1842  
No 200b.

## 309. H. C. R. to T. R.

Dec 8<sup>th</sup> 1842

p. 3, line 20. . . . I am now going to read the last Blackwood in which is an imaginary dologue [*sic*] by Llandor [*sic*] between Porson & Southey on Wordsworths poetry—I hear there is talent in it I am sure there will be plenty of malignity in it— . . .

1841-1842  
No 209b

## 310. H. C. R. to T. R.

Rydal (Ambleside)  
29<sup>th</sup> A.M. [Dec. 1842]

p. 1, line 15. . . . You will expect a sort of history of my goings-on here—But I find I have very little indeed to say—My faculty of noticing & recording good things is very poor—Nor is the great poet I now see every day a sayer of good things—He is however in an excellent frame of mind being both in high health & good spirits, And not over-polemical in his ordinary conversation—But we have no want of topics to dispute upon—The *Church* as you are aware is now much more than *Religion* the subject of general interest—And the *Puseyites* are the body who are now pushing the claim of *Church Authority* to a revolting excess The poet is a *high churchman*, but luckily does not go all lengths with the Oxford School—He praises the *reformers* (for they assume to be such) for inspir<sup>g</sup> the age with deeper reverence for antiquity And a more cordial conformity with ritual observances—As well as a warmer piety—But he goes no further—Nevertheless he is claimed by them as *their* poet. And they have published a selection from his works with a dishonest preface from wch one might infer he went all lengths with them—This great Question forms our Champ de Mars—Which *we* of the liberal party occupy to a sad disadvantage—Last year we had with us an admirable and most excellent man *Dr Arnold*—but whom the poet was on doctrinal points forced to oppose, tho' he was warmly attached to him—Instead of him we have this year a sad fanatic of an opposite character—I doubt whether I have mentioned him on any former occasion—This is *Faber* the Author of a strange

DECEMBER 1842

book lately published *Sights etc. in Foreign Lands*—He is a flaming zealot for the new doctrines And like Froud[e] does not conceal his predilection for the Church—in Rome—(not of Rome *yet*) And his dislike to Protestantism In his book of travels, he puts into the mouth of a visionary character, a doctrine which in his own person he indirectly assents to, or at least, does not contradict—That whenever the Church declares anyone a *heretic*, the State violates its duty, if it hesitates in putting him to death!!! This is going the whole hog with a witness—Thus Faber is an agreea<sup>e</sup> man, All the young ladies are in love with him And he has high spirits conversational talent & great facility in writing both polemics & poetry—He & I spar together on all Occasions And have never yet betrayed ill humour tho' we have exchanged pretty hard knocks.—I think I must have mentioned him last year We have met but once yet at a dinner party when we had not fighting room—He dines with us again today And we shall be less numerous.—You are aware that here I am considered as a sort of *Advocatus Diaboli*— - -

*Miscellaneous Bundle 2*  
IV, 8

311. H. C. R. to T. R.

Rydal, Ambleside  
12<sup>th</sup> Jan: 1843.

My dear Thomas—

I have little to say in the way of anecdote or incident—which after all is the more acceptable part of a letter—Especially when the writer is in the vicinity of eminent men or beautiful objects, both of which is my situation now But alas! It produces nothing now—

Of the last week, it is hardly worth notice to you, that *Faber* the ultra-catholic—(not *Roman*) has left this neighbourhood—he had served the Church at Ambleside gratuitously, being Tutor in the family of M<sup>r</sup> Harrison<sup>1</sup>—he carries away the affections of all the people, having been very zealous & charitable to the poor—he is in fact a very amiable & interesting young man He may become a nuisance to the world, if he

<sup>1</sup> A connexion and friend of the poet's family.



carries out his mischievous principles & acquire distinction ; for he has, as W. thinks, considera<sup>e</sup> talent even as a poet— At present he is very amiable—he & I are very good friends—he has promised to dine with me—And I shall be able to make a small party to meet him—I might indeed ask Us [i. e. Unitarians] for there is no personal intolerance whatever about him, tho his principles might lead to diabolical persecution with the best intentions. . . .

p. 2, *line* 7. . . . The weather has been very mild, so that I have had some fine walks with the poet—And I have had the ordinary occupation of reading & talking—talking & reading . . .

p. 2, *last line*. . . . You know, I believe, that the power to visit the South of Italy will depend on the renewal of the paym<sup>t</sup> of the Pensylvanean Dividends—Which J[affray]: says is now adjourned Sine-die— . .

<sup>1843</sup>  
No 5a.

312 Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.

Jan. 12. 1843

p. 3, *line* 19. . . . I was thinking in a very melancholy way the other day of time past present & to come when of a sudden the thought darted into my mind that if I could hope to see the conclusion of the Excursion<sup>1</sup> it would be worth living for—I am sure that I should live longer if I could only have the hope of seeing a portion of it. . . .

<sup>1843</sup>  
No 5b c.

313 H. C. R. to W. W. and M. W.

30 Russell Square

17<sup>th</sup> Jan 1843

My dear friends

As you live in a sort of back settlement you retain a number of nearly obsolete ideas which the more advanced of the world have long forgotten—I should not wonder if you sometimes dream that London is some hundreds of miles distance from Rydal & several days off in the course of travelling—And you

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *The Reduse* of which *The Excursion* formed the 'second division'. Vide the Preface to the edition of 1814.

have encouraged those amiable anxieties which arise out of the sense of distance either in time or space—Let me put a little refinement into you—The German language has wisely indicated these same relations of time & Space by the word *Stunde* which means both an hour & two miles & a half. Now both to instruct you on this point, And to relieve you from the apprehensions before alluded to—I beg to let you know that at the end of 17 hours after I shook hands with you in your parlour I was snugly nestled in my bachelor attic in Russell Square which brings the *real* distance in space to about 48 Miles !!! It is therefore only in accommodation to antiquated feelings that I let you know of my *SAFE* arrival—Indeed I have not yet heard of any train being stopped by either footpad or Cavalier highwayman— . . .

p. 6, line 12. . . . And now may all my kind friends of Rydal Mount & Ambleside long retain the unmingled cheerfulness which distinguished the last three weeks—This belongs to the *accidents* of life—I am unwilling to consider as an accident their kind attentions to me which seem to encrease from year to year And which I prize the more from year to year . .

1843  
No 8

314 Quillinan to H. C. R.

Ambleside—Feb 7. 1848.

My dear Mr Robinson,

My self-imposed task, in regard to Landor's *galimatias*, has been finished some time, but I shrunk from the trouble of transcribing it, on account of the uncertainty of finding a medium of publication. It is however now ready ;—Mr W. of course knows nothing about it ; but I have read it to our friends here, & even Dora is satisfied. Miss F. is most anxious for its publicity, & suggests that Blackwood himself might be inclined to print it.—But I doubt whether it would be prudent to send it to him, for the publication of it in his Mag. would be on his part a sort of self-stultification.—Can *you* suggest any means of bringing it out ?—It is a ' Dialogue between Walter Savage Landor & the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine '—and it is about as long as or rather longer than, L's Article

in the December Blackwood.—It consists of extracts (pithily selected I think) from L.'s several volumes of *Imv Cons.*, North drawing out his opinions in banter & opposition; & L. denouncing all the principal poets, orators, historians & dramatic writers of antiquity, the principal poets & prose-writers of Italy, & France, & England, the leading statesmen of modern times, all kings, all peers all baronets & the nations of Italy, France & England; in his peculiar manner & in his very words as published in his various works. Then N. questions him about his suppress pamphlet and reads to him the choicest passages, especially against Blackwood—then draws him into a monstrous LAUDATION of himself in his own words, then his grievance against Wordsworth. *The five shillings* for Southey's poetry, & the stolen sea-shell are discussed in a way *very* satisfactory to Miss F. & Dora.—His Dialogue in Blackwood is also exposed in all its meanness & inconsistency & in contrast with his former dialogue between the same interlocutors Southey and Porson. It concludes with L.'s eulogistic 'Ode to Wordsworth'—(which he seems to have forgotten) and North accepts his Article as the best retaliation on L. for his abuse of Blackwood, & as an exposure of no one but the writer W. S. L. —I will send you a copy of it if you think it worth while, but it will be desirable not to shew it to any one else before it appears in print (unless an Editor of a Mag. or Review) Do you think Fraser's would do, & do you suppose Fraser would publish it?—Could you consult Moxon on the subject? *sotto voce*, for it must not be talked of, or the enemy will have the advantage of being prepared for the attack. I care not what revenge he may choose to take on me afterwards.

What follows is *very private & confidential*. You once entrusted me with a secret. I will now communicate a more agreeable one to you. But do not notice it, even to the Rydal Family, till you have it from themselves, which you *will as soon as anybody*.—William Wordsworth has proposed to & been accepted by Mary Monkhouse. She is a nice girl enough—just of age, & has a pretty good fortune—I believe not less than £20,000 besides what she will have from her Uncle Monkhouse. In a worldly point of view it is an excellent match for

FEBRUARY 1843

Willia[m]<sup>1</sup> & in every way we are all inclin[ed]<sup>1</sup> to] hope & believe not a bad one for e[ither]<sup>1</sup> party.—The Communication came upon them at Rydal yesterday to their *much* astonishment, from M<sup>rs</sup> Hutchinson, both Wilham & the Lady being now at Brinsop.—They are shortly coming to Rydal with M<sup>rs</sup> Hutchinson.—We shall all be rejoiced to hear good news of you & yours. All well. Dora returned on Saturday from a ten days' visit to M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Marshall at Hallsteads. She & my daughters join me in all best & kindest greetings to you.

Yours ever  
E. Q.

*Addressed*. H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 30 Russell Square, London.  
*To be forwarded*.

*Post Marks* : J 3 Feb. 8 1843. Ambleside FE 7 1843.

*Endorsed*. 7 Feb. 1843. M<sup>r</sup> Quillinan.

<sup>1843</sup>  
No 11

315. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Ambleside Feb 15. 1843

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Robinson

The sight of your handwriting yesterday was better than a Valentine. We are glad to hear you give so favorable a report of the state of your brother.—All well at Rydal & here, except that M<sup>r</sup> W. & Miss F. have had colds, & are now almost convalescent.—Poor M<sup>r</sup> Southey has had an apoplectic seizure, which it was thought must be fatal, but it yielded to violent bleeding. It has however left him in a condition which makes the Medical man think that it may shortly be succeeded by another from which he is not likely to rally. . . . Kate says there is something now in her dear father's face which was not there before, very deathlike, & she looks to his release with agonised hope. This latter phrase is not her's mind; her's was simple & expressive & I forget it.—M<sup>r</sup> Southey has now a convulsive twitching too & shaking back of the head as if there was something oppressive there, painful to observe. Poor Man, we can but join in his<sup>2</sup> in his good & deeply injured daughter's *pious* hope that the scene will soon close.

<sup>1</sup> Paper torn.

<sup>2</sup> End of page.

# FEBRUARY 1843

Mr Wordsworth last night at Rydal (whither I frequently trudge to play at whist with the trio) hearing me say that I was going to write to you, said that she was also intending the same thing from day to day but had so much business on her hands, & so many letters to write that she was at a loss for leisure. She therefore desired me to communicate *thus* early to you, as one of their oldest & most valued friends, a little family fact, which however you need [not ?] make any profound secret of now, I allude of course to the engagement of *William & Mary*.—The two Guardians of the Lady, Mr Monkhouse & Mr Horrocks of Preston (& their families & connections) having all joyfully acceded, there is no necessity for reserve about the matter. Master Willy might have done worse.—

As for the Dialogue that is to shew up the Savage, I had sent it to M. the day before yesterday, & the construction of it, as you will see, is such that the removal of the Satir<sup>1</sup> material would destroy the whole thing.—I have *plenty* in reserve if Mr L. should not have had enough. Now as to the use of that Satire, remember that though *you* happen to know how I got at it, no one else can ; for extracts from it were published in magazines & newspapers, & in one of these latter I myself saw a long notice of the Satire at Oporto.—I hope you will be satisfied with the way I have treated it.—Miss F. is most anxious for its publication, & I am very much obliged by your Communication with & from Moxon.—The New Monthly will be the proper magazine I think.—Blackwood would have been better, but they would not have published it un mutilated (if at all) & that would not answer at all.

You left no handkerchief at your Rydal-Foot Lodgings !—I will shortly return your two pamphlets Blackwood & the other.

Yours ever truly

E. Q

*Endorsed* 15<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1843. Quillinan, The dialogue & Marr: of William & Mary.

FEBRUARY 1843

1843  
No. 12a.

316. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

16 Feb. 1843

[After congratulations on W. W. junior receiving an appointment]

*line 6.* . . . But I cannot suffer a post to elapse without congratulating you on the news which Mr Quillinan has just written about—This must have filled your hearts with joy—I have not for a long time heard of any thing so fairly a subject for congratulation Coming after the Pension and the office change, it reminds one (against one's will) of the envious remark of one whose name shall not stain this paper—a remark that was made in the spirit of malice & envy—Viz That Mr Wordsworth is 'a prosperous man'—I believe *fortunate* was the word—as if the faculty of composing the Lyrical ballads & the Excursion was a gift of fortune '!! . . .

1843  
Nos. 18a b.

317. *Miss Fenwick to H. C. R.*

March 9<sup>th</sup> 1843

*p. 4, line 13.* . . I have been working very hard at *the Notes*—and hope before I move we may have gone thro' all the published poems—they are now written down in a book interleaved with Mr Q's help—so that when they are revised they may be added to—if other matter should recur to the Poets mind—We expect Mr & Mrs Wordsworth back again on Monday—they are now at Hallsteads—I assure you the House at the Mount has been much brightened up in their absence an effect which will be heightened by your Lamp—which of course they have not yet seen— . . .

1843  
No 24a.

318. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

29<sup>th</sup> Mar: 1843

*p. 8, line 15.* . . . I heard from Wordsworth yesterday. He will attend Southey's body to the grave, invited or not—he writes with feeling as might be expected from him . . .

APRIL 1843

1843  
No. 24b

319. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

1<sup>st</sup> April 1843.

*p. 1, line 4.* . . . I hear that in Blackwood there has just appeared Quillinan's long threatned answer to Landor's attack on Wordsworth—And I will not even look at the cover lest I should be unable to write to you to day. . . .

1843  
Nos 25a.b

320. *H. C. R. to Quillinan*

[8<sup>th</sup> April 1843.]

My dear Sir

You have done the thing capitally! Fully attained your object of shewing that tho' L: is unquestionably a man of genius, his judgement whether it be vituperative or laudatory is worth just nothing at all—

There is no knowing how he'll take it—As far as I can judge, who am not learned in points of honour, you have not uttered a sentence that even a Military Author would be answerable for at the Swords point—But it is not certain that he will be displeased with precisely that part of the Exposure which ought most to annoy him—he will be delighted at reading himself in your article And will not readily think that he can be disgraced by anything himself has said—The only apprehension I had at first was that this dialogue might induce him to publish the lampoon after all—But my demonstr<sup>n</sup> of numerous imitations, if not, plagiarisms from Lord B. will I think deter him from that course—

There are one or two inaccuracies in your dialogue which I am glad of because they will remove to a greater distance the suspicion that I was accessory before the fact to the onslaught—You make him say that the lampoon was not *published*—Now I believe it was, but only withdrawn from the publishers in two or three days—

You say also that Southey was informed of the attack of L on W: Now S. may have heard of it in general—But he pledged himself to me that he would never read the thing if it fell in his way—W: made me the same promise—And the only malicious act that I committed in the whole of this affair

APRIL 1843

was the writing to L: to *gratify* him by the communication of these facts!

I think you have shewn great skill in the way in which you bring in Blackwood And it was no easy matter to say enough & not too much to induce B: to insert the article It was well contrived too that there should be no reference to the thing itself—(the Conversation answered)—

There may be an answer to the first part of your attack Viz: that not all the judgements passed on the heroes of ancient & modern poetry are to be considered as *his*—being ascribed to other characters Wishing to see how far this reply might be open to any friend of Landor I referred to the original dialogues, but my second edition does not correspond as to the paging—<sup>1</sup> Nor does the first <sup>1</sup> always <sup>1</sup> Viz. There is no note to page 96 Vol. 1— Nor can I find on 1, 293–4 the attack on R .<sup>1</sup> Since writing the above at the Athen: I find that the first two Vols are the Second Edit—tho' the third Vol: is not so marked—So I must give you credit for being correct in your references—Except that I find no note to p. 92 of Vol III But he is not the man to take advantage of any blunder of the Sort—Nor is it of any moment—The *Herald* has *lauded* your article And your adversary will hardly find anyone to sympathy [*sic*] with him Or to think you not warranted in your attack—

'Whatever is is right' It was lucky that the cowardly London publishers would not admit the Article for it has a much better effect in Blackwood than it could have in any other periodical

I am curious to know whether there has been any *other* communication than what appears between you & Blackwood's editor—That B: himself should not mind inserting the abuse on B: is an additional proof of the contempt in which L's judgement is held by every one—

I think too you have got over the 5/ worth of Southey's poetry very well

I suppose you will now graciously condescend to let the poet himself into the secret of the vindication—Of which if you do not let him know of it, he is likely to remain as ignorant of the defence as he still is of the attack—

<sup>1</sup> Crossed out in MS.



APRIL 1843

I dined yesterday with Rogers I told him of the article—  
He highly approved of what I reported of it And seemed to  
think it quite right that 'Execution should be done on' so  
flagrant an offender

I hope to hear a better account of Mr<sup>s</sup> Quillinan when  
dispatches next arrive from the North—

I am curious to know something of the Keswick news when  
anyone is disposed to waste an idle half hour on me by the  
communication of any idle gossip—

Kindest regards to all & every of you

&c &c &c

Athenaeum

H. C. Robinson

3<sup>d</sup> April 1843

P.S: A passage has just caught my eye which I do not under-  
stand—or rather dont see the propriety of—*Lauder*<sup>1</sup> was  
a candidate for immortality not by merely *reviving* Milton,  
but by falsely imputing to him what he had never written.  
Practising the most impudent literary forgery ever heard of—

*Endorsed* · 3<sup>d</sup> Ap<sup>l</sup> 43. To Quillinan abo<sup>t</sup> his dialogue on  
Landor.

<sup>1843</sup>  
No 26.

321. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount—April 5<sup>th</sup> 1843

My dear Sir,

Tuesday Even<sup>g</sup>

The sight of your handwriting is always pleasant to the  
inmates of the house I write from as well as to myself.—I am  
much obliged by your's of yesterday, & by what you say

<sup>1</sup> William Lauder, an unsuccessful Scotch scholar, who died in 1771,  
endeavoured to gain reputation and a livelihood by producing libels on Milton  
to whom he had been contrasted in a couplet in the *Dunciad*, ll. 111–12.  
Lauder impudently accused Milton of plagiarism from eighteen modern  
writers of Latin verse, and in 1750 announced proposals for printing, under  
the title *Delectus Auctorum Sacrorum Miltono facem praelucensum*, the works  
from which Milton was said to have borrowed some of his finest passages.  
Lauder's fraudulent interpolations of lines from a Latin version of *Paradise  
Lost* in the poems cited were detected by various scholars independently  
and Dr. Johnson, who had at first been taken in by the impostor, forced  
Lauder to confess and apologize.

H. C. R. suggested to Quillinan a comparison between Lauder and Landor,  
as arising out of the latter's attack on Wordsworth in 1837.

about my Dialogue on Landor, or rather Landor's Monologue on himself or, to be more correct, the dialogue between us,

' For but half of it was his, and one half of it was mine '.

But for *you* I should have given up the *Dialogue* form & spoilt it.—I am very glad, that it gives you satisfaction, & as to Mr Landor's reception of it I have not yet troubled my head about it, for I did not expect to handle such a bear without getting a *rough hug*, and I am quite sure that he has got nothing but what he richly deserved, & what it was right for me to offer, considering his treatment of Mr W.—Since Southey's decease especially, it was necessary to put down his calumny, or it w<sup>d</sup> by & bye, be taken for granted, as a fact admitted *sub silentio*.—As to the references they are all exact (for I took much pains with them) with the books I refer to, the 4 volumes here, unless there are press inaccuracies as to the pages. I only found 2 slight errors of the press—the word *better* for *brighter*, talking of stars & daisies, and *wine* for *wire*, L's allusion to a bar of music. So I hope the references are correct. I do not mean that *all* the *words* attributed to Mr L in this Dialogue are *his*, but the sentiments are, & there is not, I believe, a single discrepancy—there is occasionally a little waggish amplification. But I have scrupulously done him justice; and he must be hard to please if he is not contented. If he is not, I must try again. There is plenty of fun left: but I am rather sick of the trouble, for it cost me a good deal to dovetail all those extracts into an Article.—No doubt, much might be said by him, or any one pleading for him, but he has so particularly & generally and thoroughly damned himself, that there is no redemption for him. Of course I mean only in this matter of his attack on Wordsworth. No learning or genius can can [*sic*] exempt him from the penalty of his own rashness & malignity.—I was almost forgetting to tell how I got at Blackwood. When the London Editors declined the reception of the Dialogue I wrote to the Blackwoods to ask whether they w<sup>d</sup> admit such a thing. Answer, on no account any use of the Editor's character nor *any allusion to him*; but they w<sup>d</sup> insert any notice from myself with my name. I declined the offer, &

there I supposed the correspondence to end. I sent part of the M.S. to a friend in Dublin whom I commissioned to try the Dublin University Mag. Editor. The answer was favorable. What the Englishmen would not do, the Irishman would.

But then though they did not know this, came another letter from Messrs Blackwood, saying I might put anything into their Mag. without my name if I preferred it, but adhering to the other condition. I replied No, & sent them the rough copy of the M.S. to shew them how little it wd suit me to alter the form. They had told me nothing could be admitted that reached them later than the 16<sup>th</sup> of the month. I did not send off my M.S. till the 21<sup>st</sup>, consequently c<sup>d</sup> not suppose it wd be in this month's Mag., if at all. I was apprised of it being there by an Article in last Saturday's Morning Post, which Mr Roughsedge<sup>1</sup> sent up to Rydal, so the murder was out. Mr W. tho no party to my act, is well satisfied & so are all.—Miss Fenwick is at Keswick & Mr & Mrs W. join her there for a day or two on Thursday.

I am writing under your lamp, which poor William calls 'the Summer solstice' for it gives both *heat & light*.—Poor fellow! his disappointment is heavy, but he bears it well. I suppose the unhappy girl has become a monomaniac or is fast tending that way—or else I know not what to think—she must be bewitched —

What think you of Mr Wordsworth's being the Laureat after all? He declined it, very decidedly though with all due respect, but another letter from the Lord Chamberlain, by return of post, has induced him to alter his decision. The duty will not be onerous, merely nominal if he pleases, but the acceptance of the appointment is urged upon him in a way that he could not resist without the utmost ungraciousness. Nothing will be *required* of him. It is a tribute to him 'as the first of living poets'. Some day or other you can see the letters.—I have been driving Mr W. to Bowness today to pay a parting visit to Sir T Paisley who goes to Brazil in a few days from Chatham in the Curaçoa (Frigate I believe) to which he has been appointed for a three years cruise. Poor Lady Paisley

<sup>1</sup> A Rydal neighbour.

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of course does not like it much—but her anxieties w<sup>d</sup> be much greater if we were at war.—We had luncheon there, & then called on the Miss Watsons.—How often we wish you were within hail!—Every one sends his & her greatest regards ‘especially I’ cries William.—Mr<sup>s</sup> W. desires me to say that your ‘dull letter’ for which you apologised was most entertaining & very gratefully received. As to ‘gossiping’ don’t apologise for that—they declare they like it of all things, at least *your* gossip, as it is not about ‘friends who live within an easy walk’.

Mr W. was not invited to the funeral by Mr<sup>s</sup> S. but he sent word to Cuthbert & his Sister Kate that he sh<sup>d</sup> attend & they were very glad to hear it. I drove him over & accompanied him to the funeral; where also were John W. & his son William Mr Southey’s godson (3 generations of Wordsworths). Dr S. was too late for the funeral & much troubled at being so.—Mr Henry Taylor & Dr Southey are executors & take out probate, & will I believe leave to Cuthbert as much of the management as may be consistent with their duty. . . . .

. . . . . Miss F. went to Keswick for 10 or 12 days yesterday to be near Kate Southey & try if possible to prepare a reconciliation with Edith.—Such a heavenly-minded woman *must* succeed— - - -

Yours truly E. Q.

Mr W. will be 73 on Friday next the 7<sup>th</sup> All kind regards to Mr Rogers

*Endorsed* · 5 Ap<sup>l</sup> 1843. *Quillman*

1843  
No. 27d.

322. W. W. to M. W.

no date [see p. 488, Note 2]

My dearest Love, As I have no reason to expect you today or tomorrow, I much regret that I ordered the Carriage to come this day, or if the weather were bad tomorrow. The morning is fine; so that undoubtedly it will be here. Your account of dear Isabella is upon the whole as favorable as we could expect

APRIL 1843

if we encourage hope. When dearest shall I see you again.  
God bless you and all the family

ever yours W W.

[And, the other way up of the paper.]

Dearest Mary

Post  
Office Keswick

In consequence of your Letter just received for which accept my very kindest thanks, I shall wait for you till tomorrow keeping the Carriage if it comes—

1843  
No 27c

323. H. C. R. to T. R.

April 7<sup>th</sup> P. M. [1843]

p. 2, line 2. . . The one incident which without concerning myself personally has most interested me is the acceptance of the Laureatship by Wordsworth—I received a letter from him on Tuesday inform<sup>g</sup> me that he had refused the offer on account of his age (he is 73 this day)—And this got into the papers immediately but not from me—I approved of this decision, which I had confidently predicted And it has been rather annoy<sup>g</sup> to me to be forced to be silent after being loud in commendation—The enemies will consider this as a proof of a grasping disposition. I know him to be a very generous man, tho' anxious on money matters, And yet I shall not be able to refute the insinuations which will be cast on him on account of this acceptance.

You have by this time read I daresay Quillinans Answer to Lander—It is indeed a Rowland to his Oliver And I do not see what reply Lander can make—Qu. has been guilty of an oversight in comparing *Lander* to *Lauder*—Now Lander has not been guilty of the enormities that characterise *Lauder* tho both have been the reviler of a great poet. Qu. has been very skilful in bringing out the abuse of Blackwood by Lander

And the publication of this by Blackwood shews that the Scotch Editor (Prof<sup>r</sup> Wilson) is willing to throw Lander overboard—

Altogether the Dialogue is one of the most piquant things I have read for a long time. . . .

1843  
No. 28a.

324. *H. C. R. to Quillinan*

7 April 1843

*p. 1, line 6.* . . . My chief object in writing to you is to assure you that it was not through me that the intelligence got into the papers of the refusal of the Laureatship—

On receiving Mr Wordsworth's letter, I went to the Athenæum where I meant to make the substance of it known, but before I had opened my lips on the subject, that same substance was repeated to me as from I forget what morning paper—Even the same reason assigned which Mr W: communicated to me I dare say the fact was made known by some official person—In the Standard of Wednesday the acceptance was notified—

On all cases of this kind I have a strong inclination to think that whatever is right—On this occasion unluckily my tongue is tied, having during the period of misinformation stoutly advocated the propriety of the decision taken; it would be awkward to take the other side—At all events this is an occurrence on which the party principally concerned is the best judge

I thank you for your communications about the Imaginary Conversation—The insertion of it under the circumstances is the best proof that could be given of the estimation in which the article is held—It was very natural & reasonable that Christ: North should not like that an unknown writer should take his name in vain—but when he saw what in fact had been put into his mouth, he waived his objection I like especially the imaginative part of your dialogue—The putting L. into a broad grin while his own abuse of Christopher was repeated to him by Christopher is a capital hit—Altogether you have hit off W:S:L: more dramatically than he has himself ever done with any of his characters; for clever as many of the Dialogues are, he fails entirely in the characteristic—

On one point only are you clearly & strangely wrong the allusion to Lauder—You must have forgotten that the *peculiar* offence of Lauder was the mendaciously publishing extracts from Writers in latin before Milton translated from Milton, in order to fix on him a charge of plagiarism—Lauder has done

nothing of the kind—And it is nothing to the purpose that both were revilers of the great poet he slandered <sup>1</sup>— . . .

*p. 4, line 15.* . . . To recur again to the Conversation I am glad Mr W: is satisfied with it As I believe everybody is—Except him, about whose opinion I never supposed you cared anything.

Yet I own I am a little curious about the effect it will have on him—One thing is quite certain; that the insertion in Blackwood <sup>2</sup> must have annoyed him quite as much as any part of the dialogue itself—For it shews that B: despises his abuse.

I hardly think that B: would chuse to put in any palpably personal attack on you And that he would not open his barriers for anything but fair fighting—

Are you aware that the Herald has in two articles—(both long)—given a full account of the Dialogue ?—

You need not fear being reproached for cruelty—Nobody mourns when a mad dog is knocked on the head—

With best remembrances to all

Most truly your's

H. C. Robinson.<sup>3</sup>

1843  
No. 29

325. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Ambleside Monday Morning

April 9. 1848.

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your letter. Yesterday morning I sate down to write to you (about nothing) telling Dora that in a hurried postscript to a letter I had fired off at you a day or two before, I suspected I had so badly expressed my meaning about Lauder that you w<sup>d</sup> be sure to exclaim, 'that's a blunder!'—& to be beforehand with you, that is to explain before I c<sup>d</sup> possibly receive your answer, I sate down to write—but Dora reminded me that my letter w<sup>d</sup> not be a minute nearer to you yesterday than to-day, so I threw down my pen, & went out

<sup>1</sup> There is here a scribbled insertion in pencil, apparently in Quillinan's hand, 'this is an erroneous inference & false logic, Mr Crabbe'.

<sup>2</sup> From this point the letter is written on the back of No 322.

<sup>3</sup> This letter is wrongly endorsed. To Wordsworth (Autograph).

fishing in the rain.—But now that you *have* distanced me, I will not trouble you with the hundred & fifty excellent reasons I c<sup>d</sup> give you for the propriety of my use of Lauder's name. One will suffice. I have nothing to do with the forgery as a forgery, but only with the malignity & vanity of Lauder's motive. Lauder tried to bring Milton into contempt by accusing him of having appropriated other men's goods. Landor has tried to bring Wordsworth into contempt by (penny-) trumpeting W's shell verses (' the most admired in the Excursion) as an audacious robbery from himself and raising a prejudice against him both as a man & a poet as Lauder does in the other instance—the motive in both cases the same.

It is enough therefore for my argument to couple Lauder & Landor together as two vain and spiteful maligners of two illustrious poets, & I stand to that.—I have not seen the Morning Herald. In the M. Post of April 1 was a longish article on that Dialogue beginning ' A *truculent* Litterateur who signs himself Edward Quillinan ', but very much with me & against Landor notwithstanding,—A gentleman in town who is conversant with M. Post doings, writes to me thus—

' I assure you I was shocked when I read the opening sentence of the notice of Blackwood in the Post of Saturday, though very well pleased with what followed, &c &c—Most assuredly you have done a good work & done it most vigorously in respect to M<sup>r</sup> W. S. Landor. The best & manliest thing I have known of B's Magazine for a long time is the insertion of your Article.'—

The writer of the notice of April 1 in the M. Post is, I believe, a M<sup>r</sup> Rosenberg, who does, as a matter of course, those things for the post, & who, I suspect, is more than half a German, & may not have known the meaning of some of the words he used.—He has lately published an Historical Novel in 3 vols called The Man of the People (meaning Mirabeau) as I learn from a huge puff thereof in the Morning Post of two or three days back—query was that puff by M<sup>r</sup> Rosenberg or a Morn<sup>e</sup> Post fellow-labourer in the Office?—

The fact is that there are about a million celebrated authors



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in Great Britain; & they almost all puff themselves. How then can I be otherwise than 'an unknown' since I never took any pains to astonish the public with the splendor of my name?—Blackwood however did know a little of me some two or three & twenty years ago, and considering that we then had a skirmish in which he was said not to have gained the advantage, it was really the more generous in him, almost magnanimous, to admit me.—But enough of this—the bolt is shot & will be forgotten in a week, except perhaps by Mr L., from whom I shall probably hear in some way or other . . .

Miss F. stays at Keswick until the 17<sup>th</sup>—Mr & Mrs W. are expected home from thence, tomorrow, but may delay if tempted by fine weather or imprisoned by bad.—The report from Brigham is rather hopeful than alarming. Mrs J. W. is not considered in danger by her medical men at Cockermouth, & Mr Carr here (*your* constant friend) is of their opinion, that patience & nature will make all right.—William, poor fellow, is at Rydal, &, I fear, rather moping. Miss M. must be, by all accounts, demented. She is at Cheltenham. You will probably see Mrs Hutchinson & Mr Monkhouse. They are in a lodging in Woburn Place (close by you) but we unluckily have not the number.—

Mr W. *could* not persist in his refusal of the Laureatship. He will himself explain all that to you—They will be most glad to hear from *you* about the Americans, at your leisure—

Mr Monkhouse blunderingly sent you a card to No 10 instead of 30—but William has sent them your right number.

Church time.—

In very haste, though I have twenty things to say

Yours very sincerely

E. Q

Kind words from all here

*Endorsed* · 9 April 1843. *Quillman*. On Landor's Affair with Wordsworths see poets [*sic*].

APRIL 1843

1843  
No. 30a.

326. H. C. R to M. W.

10<sup>th</sup> April 1843  
80 Russ: Square—

My dear friend

I have just written<sup>1</sup> one of the very necessary but at the same [time] by no means sentimental letters which it seems profanation to address to a head crowned with laurel—It is hardly decorous to inclose this under the same cover, but let that pass—You may if you think it expedient shake this letter well before you read any further

So then the poet of Rydal Mount is also the poet of St. James's Court—Has he weighed all the consequences of this step?—Tho' he will not be forced like the rhapsodists of old to sing his own odes, or hear them set to musick, yet I suppose he must attend to kiss hands—The Queen will never be content until she has seen her poet in proper person bend his knee before her—And he who never before worshipped any king but king Apollo must now pay his devotions to Queen Victoria—There is no help for this you may depend upon it

I had a letter from the valerous *Valentine* this morning—he deserves no less<sup>2</sup> honouring an appellation having dared to engage in sing[le] conflict with a savage *Orson* I was by no means in favor of his enterprise but I must own that he has done the thing well, very well : I am curious to see how Landor will take his castigation. If he reply angrily he will only make himself ridiculous—If he has any discretion, he will affect to treat it as a joke. Qu: has wisely kept clear of all personalities, nor is there an ungentlemanly expression, that I am aware of—It just occurs to me to ask Has the Ode to Wordsworth ever been published entire? I suspect not—Looking into Ls poems to ascertain that fact I remark a number of poor epigrams—It is in that way probably that he will probably expectorate his bile—He ought to be soon in London I doubt whether I shall see him—he will probably call when I am from home—And I could not, if I wo<sup>d</sup> return his call at Lady B's—<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The letter H. C. R mentions as having been written by him to Wordsworth is 1843 No. 30b, which refers entirely to his investments.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Blessington.

APRIL 1843

I called this morning at No 5 Woburn Place and saw both Mr Hutchinson & Mr Monkhouse I was interrupted almost as soon as I went in—He had just time to inform me in general terms of the cause of the late untoward event which he did without going into particulars—It renders intelligible every word of your note Mr M. remarked that it is quite necessary that the cause should be known to be one of pure calamity involving no reproach on W: nor indeed on any one, being a case of undoubted disease.—

Mrs H & Mr M. are looking remarkably well It was to depend on the letters to be received by this morning's post whether they remained any time or not in London I shall call again tomorrow.

Our old friend Clarkson has been writing a pamphlet on & against the Puseyites—It won't turn the Scales I fear in favour of low-church notions Mrs Clarkson however writes in good spirits. He is in admirable health & strength all this considered—You will bear in mind he is more than 10 years older than the Laureat—

Thank Qu: for his letter for me—I shall be glad to hear what are the Keswick arrangements

With best regards to your whole circle which stretches beyond Rydal now

Affectionately yours

H. C. Robinson

My memory is so bad that I forget whether in my last letter to Qu: I ment<sup>d</sup> what Mrs Hughes has told me<sup>1</sup> that Mrs Southey sacrificed a considerable part of her income by marrying S. And that she wants to collect from friends Southey's letters for the purpose of making a profitable Spec: I sho<sup>d</sup> think that this ought rather to be done by the authority of the Exors who are best entitled to the letters—

Mrs Wordsworth—

<sup>1</sup> He had done so in his letter to Quillinan three days before: p 3, line 17  
' I called the other day on Mrs Hughes—She told me something new about Mrs Southey which surprised me—viz: that on her marriage with Mr S she made a sacrifice of *half* her income—So that the interest of £2000 given her by Mr Southey will still leave her with a very reduced income—She intimated that Mrs S. was desirous of publishing a collection of Mr S's letters—But unless the Executors give their consent this cannot easily be done—'

APRIL 1843

1843  
No. 31b

327. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[13<sup>th</sup> April 1848]

My dear friend

I was indeed vexed at the news of the expected marriage being broken off betw: W. W. & his lady cousin—It has destroyed a pleasant vision of mine harder to part with than your credit as a prophet is to you I guess. It would seem as if Mr & Mrs W— console themselves on this fracture & [as ?] we did on the union which took place here. '—It might have been worse' The Poet Laureate must come up to go to Court . . .

1843  
Nos 33-34.

328. *Quillman to H. C. R.*

Ambleside—April 9<sup>th</sup> [19<sup>th</sup>] 1848.

Wednesday

My dear Sir,

Mrs Wordsworth requests me to tell you, with kindest regards from all at Rydal, that her anxiety about poor Mrs John Wordsworth (who continues in an uneasy state though we trust not dangerous) and other things, would make her a dull correspondent just now ; so she defers all attempt to write to you at present, being quite sure that you will excuse her.—W. W. Junr leaves them for Carlisle tomorrow. His trouble has been a great disquietude to Mrs W. who has moreover a cold which seems epidemic here, & which the Poet has not altogether escaped.—William is gradually recovering his spirits: the engagement was of too recent a date to have taken much root in his feelings, I should hope ; and the obvious fatuity of the poor Girl, which may still farther degenerate into downright imbecility of mind, if it assume no worse shape, must satisfy him that he has missed a heavy & fearful burthen.—You know that Mr & Mrs W. have been at Keswick with Miss Fenwick. Last week I joined them there for two days, with a Lady who is on a visit to us, & to whom Mr W. kindly acted Guide in a most charming walk to Dora's very small but more

than very pretty bit of land at Applethwaite under Skiddaw ;— and in a drive by Lodore & the Bowder-Stone to Rossthwaite. At the latter place Mr W. had not been for some years, and he was quite as much delighted as the Stranger who was there for the first time.—The day of my arrival at Keswick, Tuesday sennight, Mr Lovell<sup>1</sup> dined with Miss F., and was really lively & entertaining. She has read all the odd books in Southey's Library, & has an excellent memory, so that she can apply many queer & pleasant illustrations to the chance topics of social talk when her spirits get an impulse, which I believe is but seldom—She left us soon after dinner, & Kate came for the rest of the evening. She looks very lovely & interesting, but she is a faded or rather a blighted flower, and the traces of severe suffering are but too apparent in her feeble frame and delicate countenance. She however seems happier than when her dear Father was alive—& she is at [as] it were only alive in him & his memory & all that concerns him & his literary remains. Mr H. Taylor is collecting all the letters that he can of Southey to his various friends for future selection, & Kate, among others, is eager to give all the aid her recollections & knowledge of parties supply.—One of Miss F's objects, perhaps the only serious one, in going to Keswick, was to try to soften Kate's mind towards reconciliation with her sister Mrs Warter—'Blessed are the peace-makers for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven'. Of this hallowed number is Miss F. surely. . . . .

You are rather hard upon me, Mr Lawyer, in so coolly setting me down<sup>2</sup> as 'one of those persons who like to have the last word', & you do yourself even more injustice than me by giving this turn to my explanation of the propriety of my use of Lauder's name in illustration of Landor's malignity. It was precisely because I set a high value on your opinion, & know how acute your judgment is, that I wished you to understand exactly the *extent* of my allusion—for if I could not convince *you* that I had not done, nor intended, any injustice to

<sup>1</sup> Lovell had been one of the proposed Pantisocratists his wife was Mary Fricker, whose two sisters, Edith & Sara, married Southey & Coleridge respectively

<sup>2</sup> In a letter of 15 April 1843 (No 32a)

Landor by the allusion, I could not but fear that others might misconstrue me still more, & I could not be easy in my own mind if I were supposed to have imputed forgery or anything of the sort to L<sup>r</sup> by likening him in one sense to Lauder. I cannot but hope that such an idea may not occur to anyone else—not even to him. I w<sup>d</sup> not give him the advantage of even a pretence at a grievance, for there is nothing of personally applied ridicule of him which I cannot match out of his unworthy accusations and insolence to Wordsworth.

Pray make our kindest regards to M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Harrison—& tell them that we see Johnny <sup>1</sup> as often as we can get a sight of him, I know nothing more affecting than this child when he is listening to music that he likes, or to verse of which he *feels* the harmony.—I read to him the other day Shelley's *Skylark*—His delight was an ecstasy—& though he had been very shy of me at first, he drew nearer & nearer & kist me, again & again.—I tried him also with Browning's 'Pied Piper of Hamelin'.—This too succeeded, though not so entirely, for there are more discords at which he frowns—but the tripping measure of parts of it made him crow & shout with joy.—Your interesting enclosure (your Brother's letter, was burnt, as you desired, when read.)

M<sup>r</sup> W. does not imagine that any one in the whole community can in the least blame him for his acceptance of the Laureatship, whatever some might have done, had he accepted it at once. The L<sup>d</sup> Ch<sup>nc</sup>'s 2<sup>nd</sup> letter (& Sir R Peel's private one) left him no alternative. Neither the Lord Chamberlain nor the Prime Minister, nor even the Queen, could make him younger, but they could & did remove the *shackles* of the office, leaving Age no apology.—

(Tell M<sup>rs</sup> Harrison, if you please, that Johnny is in the House with us now—his Maid has just brought him (eleven A.M.) & will call for him in two hours.—The Lady who is on a visit to us is a first-rate musician, & her performance on the piano makes the Boy perfectly happy.—He is, & looks, quite well.—We have a tea-drink tomorrow in M<sup>r</sup> North's field to 120

<sup>1</sup> John Harrison, who was blind, was a young kinsman of the Wordsworths of singular beauty & musical talent: he died at the age of 14.

APRIL 1843

or 180 school-children (all girls, for the boys are too boisterous). When I say *we*, Dora & I (assisted by the Robinson's & Briggess) are only the managers; & the nominal entertainers of all that young rabble. Miss Fenwick pays the piper—or rather the Fidler, for we mean to make them dance.—She gives the fête to Dora to celebrate her Father's Birthday which has been put off in royal fashion from the 7<sup>th</sup> to the 20<sup>th</sup> of April.

Mr W. will probably not be in town this year unless a foreign Tour sh<sup>d</sup> be resolved on. But that is not unlikely, for he seems bent Italy-ward, or at all events, abroad-ward. Mr W. w<sup>d</sup> be very happy of Barron Field's<sup>1</sup> society to the Drawing Room if he went.

I admire your Theology exceedingly<sup>2</sup>, & the more because it leads you into the very jaws of Papish *Infallibility*—

I am charmed, generally & particularly, for I hope to be an individual gainer, by the purchase of Southey's Portuguese Books & Manuscripts by the B. Museum—for I understand the purchase *has* been made.

M<sup>rs</sup> W. & William have just brought the carriage for Dora that she may get a warm shower-bath at Rydal. She takes these baths about thrice a week, & thinks they are of much service to her—not so the homœopathy which she thinks a humbug & so do I. She has been trying your London Dr Dunsford's minimum doses of heaven knows what for the last three weeks without any sensible effect—but she is no worse than when she began.—I have now repaid you in *kind*, & in quantity, certainly not in quality, for your most agreeable & most clever letter. Goodbye

Ever Yours faithfully  
E. Quilman

*Endorsed* · 19 Apl. 1843. *Quilman*.

<sup>1</sup> Barron Field (1786–1846), friend and correspondent of Lamb, held various legal positions in the colonies—in Ceylon, New South Wales and, finally, as Chief Justice of Gibraltar. While at the last-named place, he urged H. C. R. to visit him and accompany him to Africa. The extant correspondence shows that the scheme was not carried out, though Robinson was much tempted by the invitation.

<sup>2</sup> H. C. R. had discussed the doctrine of Apostolical Succession apropos of a gift from Faber of Newman's University Sermons.

1843  
No 39.329. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Ambleside. May 12 1848.

My dear Mr Robinson—

I fear I shall answer your letter bunglingly, for Mr W. (who with Mrs W. & Miss F. dined with us yesterday) took your letter with him last night. Indeed I sh<sup>d</sup> not write this morn<sup>g</sup> at all, as I have but few minutes before the post-office closes ; but I am commissioned to ask you a question or two. Can you tell, or ascertain (so as to put Mr H. Taylor in the way of having copies) how Mr Southey's letters to W<sup>m</sup> Taylor<sup>1</sup> of Norwich are to be got at ?—And could you ask Mr Clarkson about those to him ? Correct copies would be still more acceptable than the originals.—I know you will kindly reply *at your leisure*. We are all much satisfied by your excellent report of your Brother, & to Mr Carr who was enquiring about you yester eve I answered that you seemed to write as if in good health & good spirits. Mr & Mrs W. are in great force, Miss F. as well as usual, Miss W. ditto, Dora has been better for the last three weeks than I have known her for a long time—absolutely free from pain—and as to the rest of us we are all as usual I do not know that I have any news to tell you.—I believe all notion of going to Italy this year is abandoned by Mr W.—The scheme may revive, for I do not suppose the inclination lessened, but no plans or preparations have been talked of lately. Mr & Mrs W. will probably limit their rambles this summer to Herefordshire. They are due at Brinsop this year. . . . .

Mr W. thinks it right that you should be able to contradict the silly statement that has got into the papers, . . . . . that

<sup>1</sup> William Taylor (1765–1836) was a sturdy upholder of revolutionary principles whose house was a centre for political and literary discussion and for social gatherings. He became intimate with Southey at the time of the Pantisocracy scheme, and the published correspondence shows how genuine was their friendship.

H. C. R. made Taylor's acquaintance as early as 1794, and four years later Taylor 'encouraged in me a growing taste for German literature' and his influence had great weight in finally determining H. C. R. to go to Germany in 1800. Taylor, indeed, did as much as any individual to promote the knowledge and study of German literature in England.



MAY 1843

M<sup>r</sup> S<sup>1</sup>—that is to say Miss Catherine Bowles—has been injured in her pecuniary circumstances<sup>2</sup> by her marriage . . with M<sup>r</sup> Southey. On the contrary she is £2000 (that is the interest of that sum) the gainer by the connection, that being the amount of the sum settled on her for life by M<sup>r</sup> Southey. An annuity which she received from (as I understand it) the brother of some person to whom she was formerly engaged to be married,<sup>3</sup> has lately ceased to be paid her in consequence of the failure of the House that paid it—so far her income is lessened & it is given out, probably correctly, that she cannot now afford to live in her own house in Hampshire. But that has nothing whatever to do with her marriage, nor in any way with the Southeys. By *them* that is by M<sup>r</sup> S. she is the gainer of the life-annuity derived from £2000.— . . .—I am quite ashamed of this scarcely legible scratch. With all kind wishes for your welfare from all here,

Yours very truly  
E. Q.

Why should there be no chance of your shewing us your *summer* face?

1843  
Nos 47-48

330. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

My dear Sir,

Ambleside 1<sup>st</sup> June 1843—

If I do not answer a letter, worth answering, by return of post, so as to give the writer some change out of his own coin, I am apt to send but a dull exchange for it at last : so before we start (some of us) on a drive to Comiston, I will thank you for your pleasant letter received yesterday, when I walked through the rain with it to Rydal, & read it to the Poet & his Wife and Miss Fenwick, only omitting the two or three lines

<sup>1</sup> Miss Catherine Bowles became Southey's second wife in 1839, not long before his last illness. They had previously corresponded for twenty years. Vide Dowden's edition of their letters.

<sup>2</sup> This statement conclusively disproves the account given in the *D. N. B.*

<sup>3</sup> The annuity came from her adopted brother, Colonel Bruce.

that give a rather unfavorable report of Mr Henry Taylor's<sup>1</sup> health, because Miss F. is very anxious about him, and Dora thought I had better leave that out—otherwise I should have sent your letter instead of taking it : but then I should not have been charged with all the kind greetings they send you. They were much amused & interested by your letter. All are well there & here which is saying much in few words. Miss F. you will probably see soon, for she intends, I believe, to go to town in about a fortnight. But you shall hear where she will be found there. Of Mr & Mrs W.'s movements too, if any, you will be sure to have a report from themselves or us when they have determined to move, & fixed on the direction. We have not heard much about it lately, but I think Brinsop is, at all events not to be given up. When Miss F. goes, I think both Mr & Mrs W. will be uneasy till they go, Mrs W. on an errand of love & duty, a visit to her crippled brother, and Mr W. to get out of the way of the influx of summer 'lakers', as well as to see poor Mr Hutchinson. But, once started, there is no telling whither he may wend, Here awa' there awa' wandering Willie.—Miss Fenwick is such a blessing to that dear old couple, that I really believe that neither the poet nor his wife, happy as they are in each other, is ever quite happy without her, that is for any prolonged absence from her. Miss F. will not return, we fear till winter ; & if Dora & I stay in this country we also shall miss her very very much, for never was such an admirable woman.—Miss Taylor, Mrs Ricketts's eldest daughter is on a visit at Rydal at present. Major Campbell brought her a fortnight ago, & staid only two days & then went back to Leamington.—Your friend Mr Carr often talks of you, & it might make you vain to tell you how many persons, whom you can hardly think much of, in this country (I mean our neighbours *not* Rydalites) seem to think much of you, & look to your Christmas visit as one of the best Godsend's Christmas affords.—

<sup>1</sup> 1800–1886. The author of *Philip von Artevelde* (1834). There is a reference to Miss Fenwick ('And there was one beside of heart so pure') in his *Stanzas written in 1829*, which are printed in the notes to that play. See too his *Autobiography* and *Correspondence* (ed Dowden, 1888) for sundry allusions to her. They were intimate friends, and it was in his house at Mortlake that she died. See *infra*, letter of 4 Dec. 1856.

JUNE 1843

We are often asked 'how is Mr Crabb Robinson? Where is Mr Robinson?'—Your namesake (Roby) is gone on a visit to his mother at York for some weeks.—There has been much distress & anxiety about Mrs John Wordsworth, but she is, I trust though Mr & Mrs W. are doubtful, at last really mending. She was not 'in the family way' after all! Only some obstruction—but that *only* is a somewhat serious perplexity to the medical attendants. Dr Ferguson was consulted & his kind advice has, I believe, been useful: for they were at sea before.—

Please to tell Mr Kenyon with my kind regards, that I shall be well content to be let off so easily by Mr Landor as by a pun on my *Quill-insanities*, if Mr L. is content to take no rougher notice of my comments on his *Quill-insanities*. It is gentle revenge, considering that the man has a powerful hand, for no one who knows me can suppose that I am so inane as to be insensible to Landor's powers, though the odious misapplication of them, in his gross attack on Wordsworth, compelled me as the son-in-law of the calumniated poet, to treat Mr Landor with more appearance of contempt than I can ever feel for a man of genius.—As to the pun on my name, it is a fair pun & I would give Mr Landor all the credit due to him for an obvious & untranslatable witticism if *it were his*. But Frederick Goulburn, a Major of Dragoons & brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made that pun, and I reported it to Landor during one of several walks with him in Prior Park near Bath above 30 years ago; so Mr L's memory at least is not impaired. Curious but true. It was thus. In 1810 a poem of mine, such as almost any boy might write, was published by Colburn & ran through two editions in a week. It was called 'Ball-Room Votaries or Canterbury & its vicinity'. It was a crude & rash performance, thrown off in mere fun: but

Bien scandaleux, bien bon,  
Le style n'y fait rien;  
Pourvu qu'il soit mechant  
Il sera toujours bien.—

It took: & Mr L. chanced to see it, & out of that accident rose

JUNE 1843

an acquaintance between him & me when I happened to be at Bath in 1811. He sent me his Gebir, & we afterwards often had walks together. In talking of this 'Ball-Room Votaries' I mentioned one or two squibs that it had given birth to, and which were printed in the Kentish Gazette of 1810. One of them was entitled

*' Extempore on reading the Ball-Room Votaries '*

I do not remember the first 2 or 3 couplets, but the joke was that dragoons fought with pens instead of sabres ' now '—that they cease

' To be deadly with steel but are terrible still  
For though blunt are their swords very keen is their Quill '

(& the signature was) ' Inan '

to this Goublurn [*sic*] replied

' That your lines are extempore all must confess,  
For the work has been published six weeks & no less—'

(no very logical objection you will say, for the squib might be extempore for all that, but he added :

' In spelling howe'er you corrected must be  
For your name is *Inane*, which is spelt with an *e* '

I mentioned this to Mr Landor, & he honored the retort with one of his genuine hearty laughs—and lo, he now turns the laugh directed against my assailant on myself—and very fairly & adroitly too. It is only not original ; but it is quite as good as if it were.—

When you see Miss Lamb, & in pretty good health, pray *remember* the Rydalites & Dora to her very affectionately.

If you see Mr Rogers please to give all our kind regards.—Many thanks from Miss F. & Mrs W. for your kindness about Mr Southey's letters for Mr H. Taylor.—

Mr Bedford (the nephew I think of old Bedford)<sup>1</sup> on being

<sup>1</sup> Grosvenor Charles Bedford was a lifelong friend of Southey, with whom he corresponded from 1792 until 1837. Vide Southey's letters.

JUNE 1843

applied to requires money for them! O ye Gods!—And Mr H. T's only object is to do all he can in honor to Southey's memory & for the benefit of *Southey's children*. . . .

Yours most sincerely  
Edward Quillinan

*Address : stamped.* H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 30 Russell Square,  
London.

*Post Marks :* Ambleside Ju 1 1843. C 2 Ju 2 1843.

*Endorsed :* 1<sup>st</sup> June 1843. Quillinan [and, later, in pencil]  
1810—reminiscence. Pun on name.

<sup>1843</sup>  
*Nos 56 57*      331. *Sara Coleridge to H. C. R.*

June 29<sup>th</sup> 1843

*p. 4, line 3.* . . . It has struck me much lately that while Mr Wordsworth's poems abound in pictures of human sorrow of the deepest pathos, and grief even to the severing of soul and body, by far the greater number of them relate to the loss of *children*, not to the heaviest loss of all. The cause of this is plain—but even those who are not childless may be ready to exclaim with Wordsworth's gray-haired man of glee

And many love me, but by none  
Am I *enough* beloved <sup>1</sup>

I often think with shuddering of his Mr W's misery, should he survive his wife. . . .

<sup>1843</sup>  
*No 60.*      332. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Belle Isle Windermere  
near Kendal  
7<sup>th</sup> July 1843.

[Opinions about O'Connell and the state of Ireland; then:]

*p. 2, line 9.* . . . But you will want to hear something about your Rydal Friends. All well,—Miss Fenwick is in London, at Mr Taylor's, a great loss to the Wordsworths & to us. But her return in less than 8 months is confidently relied on. I am sorry to say she had her pocket picked of a purse containing

<sup>1</sup> *The Fountain*, 1 55

seven sovereigns at York the other day ; but whether at the Railway Station or in the *Minster* I am not sure. She will tell you.—For the last three weeks we have occupied Mr Curwen's delightful residence on this beautiful island, & shall continue here 3 or 4 weeks longer, I believe. We have interchanged visits several times with the Rydalites. Mr & Mrs W. were last here from Friday till Monday. Dora then returned to Rydal with them. I went to Rydal on Wednesday to meet John & his two sons Willy & John from Brigham. He brought a rather better account of his poor suffering wife. On Thursday yesterday he returned to Brigham, leaving the boys with their grandparents ; and Dora came back to the island with me. John's boys are coming to us on Monday. We have boats, & are very comfortably independent of neighbours, though by no means without callers.—

Miss F. will tell you all about Mr W's health etc, except that she may not know that one of his eyelids had some of the old inflammation on it yesterday.—Of the late sale of Mr Southey's effects at Keswick I could, as an eye- & ear-witness, give you some curious reports, but I . . . shall for the present content myself with saying, that both Mr Hill & YOUNG SOUTHEY conducted themselves like gentlemen, that everybody admired *young Southey's* demeanor, and that I never in all my life beheld so ill-conditioned & unaccountably vulgar & violent & selfish a fellow as the vicar of . . he ought to have been tarred & feathered—but he wears ' a black coat ' & is so far a privileged bully.—The sale I understood produced so much as £1900. The books (chiefly rubbish, for all the good ones are gone to London) sold at high prices. I was delighted to witness so much competition for reliques of the Laureat—no for reliques of the man of genius & the man of worth.

An interesting portrait of Chatterton (an oil-painting) I bought for Miss F. & also several books of the less rubbishy. I was commissioned by her to make such purchases. The Chatterton is hung up in her sitting-room at Rydal Mount.—You were curious to know how Mr Faber got on among the Cardinals. Ask Miss F.—She has heard from him several times, & may give you some account worth hearing. Dora says she

JULY 1843

has nothing to say but ' *love, kind regards and how do you do ?* '.  
My daughters join me in kind greetings.—I shall be very glad  
to hear from you at your leisure.

Yours truly

E. Q

1843  
No. 63

333. H. C. R. to M. W.

19<sup>th</sup> July 1843

p. 2, line 2. . . . You can I believe distinctly recollect 44 years—  
You may then be aware that precisely 44 years ago all Europe  
was ringing either shouts of joy or screams of terror at the  
pulling down of a castle called the Bastille, the work of the  
Parisians of that day—Now the Parisians are if not better at  
least more quietly employed in looking on while Eight Bastilles  
are building. And besides this, they are now digging one vast  
fosse with the usual bastions & forts which will encircle this  
huge city with one vast wall—by which the whole Parisian  
public will be completely at the mercy of the government.  
And all future insurrections (Emeutes as they call them) will  
be rendered quite impossible—There will be no more glorious  
three days No more leading of Kings and Queens in triumph . . .

p. 4. . . . I will not digress from France And therefore I think  
it fortunate that it is in my power to gratify your vanity as  
a wife by informing of the way in which your husbands literary  
fame is spread in France—There is a work of immense popu-  
larity now publish<sup>d</sup> reviewed<sup>1</sup> under the title of 'Thieves  
literature' in the last Foreign Quarterly—I heard that it  
contains a motto from his poems at the head of a Chap—Of  
course a translation only—I anxiously hunted it up And I  
communicate it to you that you may admire the beauty of the  
words themselves And rejoice that anything so characteristic  
and discriminating & illustrative of his peculiar genius should  
be given to the French public—It is this

J'ai cru, J'ai vu, Je pleur ; Wordsworth
---

!!!

But to my deep mortification & shame I confess I know not the  
Original . . .

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps by Thackeray. See the Oxford Thackeray, V xiv. 459.

JULY 1843

1843  
66a. b.

334. H. C. R. to T. R.

July 21-2. 1848

p. 6, line 11. . . . The post this morning has brought me three letters, One very kind & interesting from Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth all about family matters & not without serious & unpleasant incidents, such as at *our* age must occur in all families; her Sister *Joanna* has had an attack of paralysis. Now Joanna is the laughing girl whose loud expression of joy roused all the echoes—The poem<sup>1</sup> is a famous one for the ridicule which the revilers have cast on it tho' I love it exceedingly. She is the subject of the poem which treats of the maiden '*ruddy fleet & strong*'<sup>2</sup> The very beau ideal of a stout hearted & stout bodied rustic girl—But she too is now sinking under disease. But her image will live for ever in poetry. . . .

1843  
Nos 67 68 69

335. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Belle Isle Windermere  
July 23<sup>rd</sup> 1848.

My dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Robinson—

Your letter<sup>4</sup> was very welcome, and I am so prompt in acknowledging it that I may give you some report of Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth, who with two of their grandsons, Willy & John, have been here since Friday, and will probably leave us to-morrow as they expect John & William, their sons, from Brigham at Rydal. From John's coming you will rightly infer that his poor suffering wife is in a more hopeful state than she was. There was a letter *from her* two days ago<sup>5</sup> written in

<sup>1</sup> *Poems on the Naming of Places, II. To Joanna.*

<sup>2</sup> *Poems Founded on the Affections, VI. Louisa.*

.. nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,  
And down the rocks can leap along  
Like rivulets in May.

H. C. R.'s remark is interesting in view of Mr. Hutchinson's notes on the identity of *Louisa*, pp. 108 and 897 of the Oxford Edition of Wordsworth's *Poems*. See too the discussion in the *Athenæum*, Sept. 16; Oct. 14, 21, 1894, to which he refers.

<sup>3</sup> 'Mr' inserted above the line as an afterthought.

<sup>4</sup> Not in Dr. Williams's Library

<sup>5</sup> 'two days ago' replaces 'the other day'.



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cheerful spirits, so we trust that there is less cause for fear. But Miss Hutchinson ('Joanna') who is on a visit near Stockton, has had some paralytic seizure that has much disturbed & alarmed Mr & Mrs W.; the latest report is favorable and we are assured that there is not much danger. But such warnings are too significant to be forgotten. She is a dear generous singleminded woman, & would be an irreparable loss to her family.—Your report of Miss Fenwick's good looks is very satisfactory. Mr & Mrs W. & Dora, to whom, in spite of your prohibition, I read every word of your letter (but of that anon) quite brightened up as if the same sunbeam had touched their faces, at that sentence. Miss Fenwick is more than a favourite with them, & I do not think they can now live at perfect ease without her. No wonder. She is a *trump*. There is more solid sense in union with genuine goodness in her than goes to the composition of any hundred & fifty good & sensible persons of every day occurrence.—

Wednesday 26<sup>th</sup> July.

I was called away & have been unable to resume my pen, for I accompanied Mr & Mrs Wordsworth & my two girls to Rydal Mount on Monday Morning and did not return till last night. We left the two little boys here with Dora because a letter had arrived telling us that their father wd not be at Rydal before today<sup>1</sup> Thursday.—I gave your message to Mr Carr who was much gratified by your remembrance.—We were at the sale of Mr Brancker's costly effects on Monday & yesterday. All the world of these out-of-the-world regions there—so they will be today tomorrow & all the week—more loungers than buyers, yet no lack of the latter, & these have brought money with them & spend it freely, if we may judge by the competition & the prices given for things. One Lady, a Mrs Dixon of Coniston Waterhead, paid or is to pay several Pounds for knocking her head against a plate glass. Its transparency deceived her & she supposed it was an open casement—luckily her head did not go through or she would have suffered horrible mutilation of face—My daughters & I were at the Rush-

<sup>1</sup> 'today' inserted above the line.

bearing<sup>1</sup> on Monday Evening. The tea-drink was given to the children by Mr Harrison in his own grounds. You know what a pretty procession they make.—Mr & Mrs Wordsworth were not there, having tired themselves at the sale. Mr Wordsworth ought to have been at Buckingham Palace, at the Queen's Ball on Monday,<sup>2</sup> for which he received a formal invitation. 'The Lord Chamberlain presents his compliments to Mr Wordsworth.'<sup>3</sup> He is commanded by her Majesty to invite Mr Wilham Wordsworth to a Ball at Buckingham Palace on Monday the 24<sup>th</sup> July—ten o'clock, *Full Dress*'

To which he pleaded, as an apology for not [*sic*] attendance, the non-arrival of the invitation (quaere command ?) in time : & as he dated his answer from this place, 'The Island, Windermere', that w<sup>d</sup> explain the impossibility, for the notice was the shortest possible, even if [it] had been received by first post. But a man in his 74<sup>th</sup> year w<sup>d</sup> I suppose be excused by royalty for not travelling 300 miles to attend a Dance, even if a longer notice had been given—though probably Mr W. would have gone had he had a fortnight to think of it, because the Laureat *must* pay his personal respects to the Queen sooner or later, & the sooner the better, he thinks.—I have been lately reading many of the old New Year & birthday Odes & nothing struck me so disagreeably as their *idolatry* : the royal personage is not panegyrised but idolized : the monarch is not a king but a God.—It has occurred to me that Mr W. may in his own grand way compose a hymn to or on the King of Kings, in rhymed verse or *blank*, inviting a blessing on the Queen & Country, or giving thanks for blessings vouchsafed & perils averted—etc. This w<sup>d</sup> be a new mode of dealing with the office of laureat, & w<sup>d</sup> come with dignity & propriety I think, from a Seer of Wordsworth's age & character. I told him so, & he made no observation. I *therefore* think it likely that he may consider the suggestion—but he certainly will not, if he hears that

<sup>1</sup> The old custom is still preserved in Cumberland & Westmorland of making a flower-festival on the day when fresh rushes used to be strewn on the floor of the church—the date being fixed as nearly as possible to the day of the Saint to whom the church is dedicated The church at Ambleside is dedicated to St Anne, whose day is July 26th

<sup>2</sup> 'on Monday' inserted above the line, in pencil.

<sup>3</sup> 'to Mr Wordsworth' crossed through in MS.

JULY 1843

anything of that sort is expected from him. So do not mention it .—He *may* do nothing in any case,

B. Isle—July 28<sup>th</sup> 1843—

Another break.—I was engaged to dine with Dr Briggs, and Dora took a fancy to go as far as Ambleside with me if I w<sup>d</sup> row her to the Waterhead. I therefore did row her up to Mr Brancker's garden ; we found M<sup>rs</sup> Benson Harrison at the Sale, & she took D. to Rydal in her carriage which very conveniently arrived when I was doubting what to do about getting so poor a pedestrian as my wife to her father's. I slept at Ambleside : walked to Rydal after breakfast yesterday, saw John Wordsworth of Brigham & his boys, W. W. Jun<sup>r</sup> also, & John W. of Keswick or Sockbridge, or Corfu). Mr W. went off to the Brancker Sale, & I drove M<sup>rs</sup> W. & Dora to Grasmere to see poor Lady Farquhar & M<sup>rs</sup> Luff—then back to *the Sale*. Thence Dora & I came back by water all the way, bringing Miss Briggs to the Island with us. I pulled the boat the whole way again ; and when I tell you that I the other day rowed two of the Miss Cooksons and my two fat girls, all the way from this isle to Newby-Bridge & BACK AGAIN (at least 14 miles) you will understand that I have become a patient waterman. Tomorrow we return to Ambleside by water, D. going again to stay a day or two with her father & mother. I have not made up my mind whether I shall go on to Rydal with her, for I rather grieve at any unnecessary absence from this delightful place where we cannot remain much longer as we are only in a borrowed house.—As Mr W & I were walking to Rydal from Ambleside the other day we met a carriage containing Mr Chauncey Hare Townshend and 3 ladies, two Miss Wigstons (Aunt & Niece) & Miss Townshend, a cousin of M<sup>rs</sup> Edward Curwen They had been to Rydal, had been much disappointed at not finding Mr W. there, & asked if they might come again. Mr W. invited them to tea & they went. (They have been staying at Lowood Inn & intended to stay there for some time, but H. C.<sup>1</sup> fell in with Mr C. H. T. who asked him to dinner, & could not get rid of him—he haunted Lowood for the next three days, & bored them to

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Hartley Coleridge.

death, so they decamped to Keswick to be fairly quit of the poor fellow. This is only for *you*—I would not on any account be the medium of intelligence of that distressing sort to any of H. C's family: his bottle-mania is uncurable, & I fear Derwent's visit to this country has been embittered by the proofs he has had of his brother's weakness in this respect)<sup>1</sup>

I am told, in a letter from a friend that some of Southey's letters to Sir Egerton Brydges have appeared in the June number of Bentley's Magazine! I knew there were many interesting letters from S to Sir E. B. & I tried through one channel to get at them for Mr H. Taylor. The difficulty is now explained. They were sold no doubt to Bentley! Pray tell this to Miss Fenwick—I have given you pretty nearly all the gossip I have in my bag, so I will for a few minutes turn to your letter again. You may, I believe, now rely on the confirmed good reports of Isabelle Wordsworth's<sup>2</sup> & Miss Hutchinson's amendment.—We shall be glad to hear that you have had no anxiety to call you to Bury again.—About Ireland my humble opinion *was* that the Repeal Movement<sup>3</sup> might have been checkt at first, because the head (I will not even now say the heart) of the people was not heated for it. But the Government made no demonstration; they did not even notice it, till O'Connell had got the steam up. I do not think that any strong interference of the Government would effectively check it *now*: but I hope it will spend itself without injury for want of resistance. Peel is prepared & his army stands by quietly so long as O'Connell is able to restrain his masses from a breach of the peace; & I think he *will* do that, & go on bullying till his masses are tired & break up, or till the Tories are worried out, & the Whigs come in with the understanding that O'Connell is again to be conciliated & Ireland humbugged by seeing a few

<sup>1</sup> This passage is enclosed in heavy square brackets,—apparently the writer's, as an aside.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. John Wordsworth.

<sup>3</sup> The Anti-Corn-Law League had been formed in 1838, and in 1843, led by Cobden and Bright, began to hold monthly meetings. In the same year a monster repeal meeting near Dublin was forbidden by proclamation and O'Connell and other repeal leaders were arrested. The agitation for repeal went on until, in 1846, Peel carried his free-trade proposals.

Irishmen get places, & hearing those Irishmen promise wonders for the nine millions who will go on starving & hoping, while the mighty Dan gets a popular grant of a round sum of repeal—Rent £100,000 ‘say’ £100,000. You know he gives as a proof of his pacific policy that he has invested a portion of the Rent in the 3& $\frac{1}{2}$  per cents.—how much is not said.—Grattan had a grant for his patriotism! Why not O’Connell?—He & his party are abusing the Whigs outrageously. I take all that to be acting, & that the *Farce* is intended to end in the restoration of the Whigs with O’Connell & ‘justice for Ireland’ riding on their shoulders. I do not say that the farce *will* so end—only that I think such is or was the intention of its *getter-up*<sup>1</sup>. Whither the force of circumstances may drive him it is impossible to tell. If a beggar-man gets on a run-a-way horse & spurs him the chance may be that he will ‘ride to the devil’. My reason for thinking that the Repeal Agitation might have been kept from overboiling before it began to simmer is derived from the Irish Newspaper politics when it began. It happens that I receive *many* Newspapers from Ireland, & having much leisure, & feeling much interest for the country where my father & his fathers were born, & being moreover a Papist myself though not a native of Ireland, I read those Papers with attention—among them is ‘*the Nation*’ which I receive weekly.—They seem to give me the popular mind of Ireland. At the real Commencement of this agitation (Repeal had often been mentioned before but not actively worked) a few months ago, all the Irish *Tory* Press that I know anything of was as much against it, as the London *Morn<sup>g</sup> Post* or *John Bull* is still. That was of course: *but* the leading *liberal* papers were, some of them, against it—the *Dublin Evening Post* for example, an able & widely circulated paper. That *Dublin Even<sup>g</sup> Post*, & *several*, I believe I ought to say *all* of the other *Liberal* Papers are now for it, per force: that is, the Government having done nothing, or some little something which is less than nothing, to stop ‘the Movement’ which was sluggish, it became a rapid ‘Movement’, the O’Connell Assemblies became larger & larger, the thing spread all over the country, & the Newspapers

<sup>1</sup> An unfinished phrase, ‘and of its’ is added above the line in fainter ink.

whether Tory or Whig<sup>1</sup> hitherto influential *against* it were becoming unpopular, found they were losing their customers, threw themselves into the current of the very Repeal which they could have successfully resisted at the fountain-head if the Government had interfered at first. They would have abused the Government for interference, it being their vocation to abuse the Government, but they would not have advocated the Repeal. Now they could not sell their wares if they did. They have quite lost their influence against the measure, so go with & strengthen it —

Still I think it will prove a bubble—a mere stormy bubble. As for extraneous influences in its favour, those of America though noisy enough to be heard here are too far off to do O'Connell much good : and her threats about Canada cannot be realised as yet. The Americans have neither money nor credit to go [to] war with us & triumph. And as to France, Louis Philippe, whatever he may secretly wish, is too wise to forget his position, & the great mistake made by Louis the 16<sup>th</sup> & its consequences. Louis 16, or his ministers for him, assisted America against us, & the revolutionary principles imported from America into France by the French Army brought Louis to the scaffold & all Europe & South America into a vortex of which the vibrations will continue to be felt long after the Citizen King's bones repose among his ancestors at St. Denis, if any of those bones be really left there, & if those of the son of the Duke of Orleans can ever repose there.—What Ireland wants is food for her millions of poor ; mitigation of the famine-misery that prevails in Ireland. Legislation that cannot touch that in some considerable degree can never make the Irish people a quiet people. The Irish Aristocracy can do that if they will, & if they will not they ought to be compelled by legislation measures. If the Irish gentry did their duty among their people, the priests would help them, or if the priests did not, they would lose the prestige of their hold upon the people.—All this [is] but an opinion, & I only state mine without presuming to lay stress on it to a man of your sagacity.

But as to your scheme of mediation by the English Catholics,

<sup>1</sup> ' or Radic ' added above the line in fainter ink.

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that we never do. It is strange but true (& easily explicable if I had time, & had not inflicted such a long letter on you) that the Irish Catholics have no longer the least fellow feeling with the English Catholics—Lord Camoys & a few others are in favor so long as they will serve a turn—but the English Cat. Aristocracy, as a body, is *odious* to O'Connell & his followers, & therefore of course to his mob-audiences.—It has been raining for the last hour, but now it clears up, & I release you—Dora & my daughters send kind regards &c &c and I am

Your's truly

Edward Quillinan

I had almost forgotten & indeed hardly need to say that Mr & Mrs Wordsworth will be happy to shew any attention in their power to Mr Martyn Roberts or any friend of your's, or friend's friend by you introduced. Of 'the Soul's New Birth' we old babies know nothing.

Mr W. shewed me your letter about Paris, & the eight Bastilles! I was delighted with it, & so were all its Rydal readers.—

Endorsed. 23 July 1843. Quillinan.

28—

<sup>1843</sup>  
Nos. 79 80. 81

336. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

The Island, Windermere, near Kendal.

August 25, 1843.

My dear Sir

You will think that I give you letter for letter with too much of the punctuality of form: but I was going to write to apprise you of some changes that had necessarily been made in our plans. But of these presently. First let me thank you for your letter, especially for that part of it which relates to your brother. We are full of hope that no anxiety on his account will cross our expectation of seeing you in the North at Christmas.—Your letter directed to *Ambleside* would have come to me through Bowness today had I not chanced to pass through Ambleside last evening & to call at Mr Nicholson's on my way to Rydal with my daughters & a Bride & Bridegroom

(who were married only a week ago, near Dover, & have come all this way on purpose to see *us* not the Lakes, previous to their departure for India.) They start for Marseilles next week—go by steam to Alexandria, traverse the Desert &c; the Bride is a very handsome person of 20.)—Well I rowed them yesterday to the Waterhead; walked them to Rydal, getting y<sup>r</sup> letter by the way,—& read your epistle, every word of it, to M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> W. who were much pleased by the first part, & not a little entertained with most of the rest.—Your friend M<sup>r</sup> Paynter<sup>1</sup> I once breakfasted with at your chambers in the Temple.—Of M<sup>r</sup> Faber we have heard a good deal. He has written several times to Miss Fenwick, & the Benson Harrisons, & the other day came a long yarn to M<sup>r</sup> Carr in *Italian*, from Naples, which he abuses as utterly uninteresting, detestable in climate, & far over-rated even as to beauty of position, the bay being a very fair bay but nothing incomparable! He sighs for his Cara Roma, which he left by medical advice, & so changed climate for the worse. From his Cara Roma the first letter he sent to Miss F. was dated *Rome*, & that one word was all the mention made of Rome: not another allusion to the eternal city: it might as well have been penned from Geneva. But it was full of himself & his religious enthusiasm—for his parish in England! He however got afterwards much among the Cardinals, & seems to have been *all but* converted to the true Faith. This between ourselves, & more of this hereafter: but he has rather retrograded; the Devil pulled him back a step or two from the Pope, & he stands again on the *old new* ground, if a man can be said to *stand* on a quicksand.—What say you who stand on the adamantine rock of d—n on the further shore, the undisputed territory of his Satanic Majesty?—There is a little popery for you to pay you off for your heretical irreverence to the Infalible Pontiff—

What do you mean by my '*PIERCE* mention of Macauley' [*sic*], you Cross-Examiner of gentleness? you advocate of paradox? You Gordian-knotter of simplicities? You puzzler of Innocence? Is calling a flashy bubble-blower a coxcomb '*fierce*'?

<sup>1</sup> An intimate friend of H. C. R., who was at one time on the same circuit. Later Paynter was a stipendiary magistrate.



Or does my protesting against the *moral* character of Pope being placed in *invidious* comparison with Addison's imply 'hate of every one who differs in opinion', &c &c? O ye Powers of Justice listen to this cruel libeller of my patient placable spirit,—I forgive him, but *you* cannot! Your thunderbolts will avenge me.—I will not enter upon the comparative moral worth of Pope & Addison. It is the very comparison by Mr Macauley at this time of day, the begging of so ugly a question, the lifting the skirts of one of his literary fathers that I object to; that I *should* consider even *odious*, if my *tender* heart could egglike be boiled hard.—I will not reveal to you, for you could not comprehend, my *idolatry* of Pope from my boyhood, I might almost say from my infancy, for the first book that ever threw me into a rapture of delight was Pope's *Iliad*. I loved 'the little Nightingale', the Great Alexander, from that day, & made everything that concerned him my *study*, & I have never learned to *unlove* him, though there is not I believe any published particular of his history, whether discussed by friend or foe, that I have not read.—My love of Pope was so notorious among my schoolfellows, that when any malicious boy chose to put me into A FEVER FOR FUN he would point his popgun at Pope. When Lisle Bowles made money of Pope's brains by publishing (in my boyhood) an edition of him in which he had the face to deny that Pope was a poet of a high order, I thought the same Lisle a *mean* 'coxcomb'.†—I had been almost as much dissatisfied with Joseph Warton for his *first* volume of his *Essay*<sup>1</sup>—but Dr Joe's feeble elegance as a versifier was in some sense explanatory of his principles of taste as well as of the mediocrity of his own talents (for poetry)—I had written genius but thumbed it out, for he had none.—My admiration of Pope, the man, the son, the friend, as well as the poet, in no degree diminished as I grew older, & is as vivid now as ever. The living presence of Mr Rogers at his breakfast table hardly more charms me than

† This edition of Pope by Bowles came into my hands while I was passing my holidays at Mr Abbott's my father's partner, in Gower Street London, then a new street. [Quillman's note]

<sup>1</sup> Warton's *Essay on Pope* was the earliest challenge to Pope's position in the 'first class . . . of sublime and pathetic poets.'

the Roubilliac<sup>1</sup> Bust that is one of his precious Lares Urbani ! Eight or nine & twenty years ago at Malvern I used often to visit the house of Sir Thomas Plomer's widow, in her absence, solely to gorge on an excellent original oil-portrait of Pope that hung in her drawing-room. Little more than two years since, on the day before my marriage, the late Bishop Baynes at Prior Park pleased me much by his civilities but most by shewing me the little pencil sketch (often engraved) taken by stealth in that very house when it was Allen's, as Pope was standing talking carelessly, unconscious of the virtue that was stolen from him to make a little bit of paper a venerated relic.—Pope, Sir, taught me to read Montaigne, at an age when I found much of the matter far more difficult to my comprehension than its antiquated vehicle. (By the bye that need not deter any Englishman from making intimate acquaintance with him, while there exists so capital a translation as Cotton's, with copious notes.) Pope also taught me, to read Chaucer & the Fairy Queen—not in his indecent juvenile imitations, which I was unacquainted with in my youth, & would gladly cut out now.<sup>2</sup> He was also the occasion of my seeking the acquaintance of Rabelais far too soon, when I could by no means discover his wit, so that I have ever since sickened somewhat squeamishly at the grossness of his ribaldry when I have endeavoured to study him.—All this, which I know is utterly unimportant to anyone but myself, I inflict upon your notice that you may in some slight measure understand why I *ought* to hate Macauley or any flippant, flashy, clever fellow who demeans his abilities to the service of the Dunces in their war against Pope—Why I *ought* to hate him (mind, I say !) and should but for the meek mulishness of my nature. Pope's character is as sacred to my estimation as the best & wholesomest fruit of his genius—both his moral worth & literary merit are bright enough to make me blink at his faults. His nature was generous. If through 'that long disease his life' he was often more impatient of flies than a philosophical

<sup>1</sup> Roubilliac made this bust of Pope from life.

<sup>2</sup> This sentence has been scratched out, probably by Sadler, who does not include it in his version, though there is no indication of any omission.

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Brahmin, who can wonder? And who can wonder if his high-bred Pegasus<sup>1</sup> was impatient of them too, & flapped them down with his tail by dozens? What do you think his tail was given him for if not to flap away the flies? That so sweet a bee as Addison, a honey-maker whose hyblean murmurs are fit music for the Gods, should have come in for a whisk of that formidable tail is lamentable, but why did he insinuate his subtle sting into the fine flank of the soaring steed?

If you scratch not the Pope, you may fairly & bravely  
Claw Brother Addison, Statesman Macauley.—

By the bye, though there cannot be a greater contrast in style than between Macauley's & Addison's, for Mr Mac's is fussy & ambitious, I did & do very much admire his Notice of the Life of Lord Clive. He put more true & genuine stuff, I think, into those few pages than was contained in the whole work that suggested the essay. P.S. I cut out of the John Bull a letter which I have this moment fallen upon by chance.

On Thursday last, the day after I had written to you, two letters, one from Elton, the other from Brigham, the first alarming Mr & Mrs W. who were with us, as to the state of Miss Hutchinson, the second a summons for Dora, disconcerted our plan of going to the Duddon &c. Professor Wilson & his daughter Miss Wilson dined with us on that day; & we found them very agreeable company: but the cheerfulness of the Professor, I fear, is rather assumed. I understand that he has never recovered the shock of his wife's death. He was in this country a few days only. He is no Bacchanalian now, if he ever were so. He drinks no wine, nor spirits, nor even beer—nothing but water, or tea, or coffee. Both Mr & Mrs W. were very glad to meet so old a friend. Mrs W. has always been admirer & lover of Wilson. Don't be jealous: her husband is not.—On Friday Mr W. accompanied Dora & me by water to Low-wood, whence Dora went to Rydal in a Car, & thence to Brigham with James in her father's phaeton. She went to take care of her brother's children, according to promise, while

<sup>1</sup> Written over an half-erased 'Hippogriff'.

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John & his wife are absent, or such part of the time as may be arranged—very inconvenient & *desolate* for me is her absence, but it was a duty that called her away.—Had she been here, I should [not] have thought I could find time to write you such a 'lengthy' prose.—John & his Wife went to town on Saturday to see Dr Ferguson & then to go to Tonbridge, I believe. Her ability to travel so far is a cheering proof of strength.—Mr W. returned with me to dinner from Low-wood on Friday, & he & Mrs W. went home in the evening. Mrs W. was for going off to Elton at once. But she was persuaded to stay for another post, & it brought a better report & quieted her.

Mr W. again proposes the Duddon for Monday next, & weather permitting, & nothing occurring to put us off again, I believe I am to charioteer him & Miss Fletcher as far as Broughton on that day—see the Duddon the next, & return on Wednesday *morning*; or if we visit Furness, Wednesday *Evening*.—Mrs W. will, if occasion occur go to Elton alone & Mr W. will follow her.—Or they will go together, towards the end of the next week probably, & if they find Miss Hutchinson out of all danger, they will proceed to Herefordshire to see Mr Hutchinson.

Miss Fenwick is at her Brother-in-law's, Mr Popham's, *Bagboro' House*, Taunton, Somersetshire.

This is all I can tell you at present

Your's always faithfully

E. Q.

*Address* : Paid. H. C. Robinson Esq, Russell Square, London.

*Post Marks* · 1. Business Penny Post. 2. H. Paid. 28 Au. 28.

1843. 3. Lancaster Au. 26 1843. 4. Lancaster Au 27 18—.

*Endorsed* : 25<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup> 1843. *Quillman*.

<sup>1843</sup>  
*Nos. 83b. 84a.c.*

337. *H. C. R. to Quillman*

My dear Sir

[August 30<sup>th</sup> 1843.]

Your last very entertaining letter reached me just as I was in the act of nibbling my pen, to write to Mrs Wordsworth—<sup>1</sup> Your letter made me lay that intention aside, as it pointed out

<sup>1</sup> The rest of this paragraph has been scratched through, probably by Sadler, who omits it in his version.

yourself as the only person who was fixed any where, And from whom I could expect an early answer—No very complimentary reason for making choice of you as the recipient of this letter—But it is become I see of very little importance—for my letters appear to be put in hotch potch—It seems that you read the *whole* of my letters to the whole batch of Rydal Mounters Now I doubt whether that is altogether discreet on your part—There is an impression on my mind that on certain subjects—(there are not many of them)—on which not every one 'of that ilk' understands joking as well as you do—And that a light word which you would receive with a giggle others might meet with a frown—*Most* of my last letter *entertained* certain good friends of mine And perhaps the residuum displeased them—To avoid the recurrence of this again—I give you notice that if ever I get rowed for any impropriety of which I may have thro' youthful heedlessness fallen into [sic] I shall throw all the blame on you who had no right to read that—

You have amply apologised for the seemingly contemptuous language you use towards a man who is <sup>1</sup> certainly no personal favourite of mine—but who is at the same time<sup>1</sup> on no account to be despised.—If he has wounded you in your hobby you have a right to your revenge, And I allow it to you ; Only, feel the truth of Montaigne's fine saying And keep within bounds—I want no more—After all, Pope is or rather *was* as great a favorite with me as any one English poet. Perhaps I knew once more of him than of any other English classic. Referring to an early period of my life, before I had heard of the Lyrical ballads, which caused a little revolution in my taste for poetry there were 4 poems which I used to read incessantly. I cannot say which I then read the oftenest or loved the most—They are of a very different kind And I mention them to shew that my taste was *wide* They were—The Rape of the Lock, Comus, The Castle of Indolence & the Traveller—Next to these, were all the Ethic Epistles of Pope—And with respect to all these, they were so familiar to me that I never for years looked into them—I seemed to know them by heart—I ought perhaps to be ashamed to confess that at that period I was much better

<sup>1</sup> Phrase deleted, probably by Sadler, who omits it.

acquainted with the Rambler than the Spectator—But warm admiration of Johnson has been followed by almost disgust—which does not extend to the Johnson of Boswell— . . .

But I must not forget to say what I wanted to hear from Mrs Wordsworth And which in fact you will be able to tell me quite as well as she can—Tho' neither of you can do more than state an intention and a probability. When are the Ws likely to be again at Rydal? I have been asked by two persons to make the enquiry. One of these is a man of some rank in the World of German literature Ranke the historian—It is a proof of eminence certainly that one of his great works—The History of the Popes—has been twice translated into English—And one of the translations<sup>1</sup> (Mrs Austin's) has gone into a second edition—And yet the popularity has not been obtained by any vulgar declamation,<sup>2</sup> such as we hear at Exeter Hall No popery meetings<sup>2</sup>—He is a cool thinker And much more temperate than religionists like writers to be.—I find on chatting with him that he is seriously an *Alarmist* on the occasion of the progress of the Papal power—But it is rather a secular than a spiritual feeling—It is not that he fears the Protestant religion should be undermined so much as that the Protestant states should be disturbed by the usurpations of the priestly authority . . .

p. 5, line 4. . . . But I am in danger of wandering from the occasion of my mentioning Ranke—He is living at Bunsen's—means to travel into the North And is very desirous to see the poet—to whom Bunsen of course will give him a letter—And he wants to know *when* the poet will be returned from his tour westward—

<sup>2</sup> I should wish to know it also on other accounts<sup>2</sup>—Your account of a tour to the Duddon quite fidgets me—Do you know I have never seen the *Duddon*? Another fidgets-producing thought is that of W: making a tour in Wales—My first journey was in that country—I must go again, for I had not then learned to *see*—I fear I have not learned yet—But I have

<sup>1</sup> It was Mrs. Austin's translation that was the subject of Macaulay's *Essay* on Ranke.

<sup>2</sup> Phrase deleted, probably by Sadler, who omits it.

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learned to enjoy, which I know on the highest authority is better than understanding— . . .

*p. 11, line 7.* . . . I was about to say something about Carlyles Past & Present—but tho' you have a tolerably strong stomach I do not think I ought to oppress it So I let you off with the usual greetings. . . .

1843  
No. 85.

338. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

The Island, Windermere  
Sept 1. 1843

My dear Mr Robinson—

The Duddon scheme was a second time put off (sine die this time) by a letter from Elton giving an uncomfortable report of Miss Hutchinson, & renewing Mr<sup>s</sup> W.'s anxiety to be off to see her.—I went on Monday to Brigham instead ; & on Tuesday morning brought away my wife, who left her brother's children to be taken care of by the Governess. At Keswick Mr Wordsworth met us ; he had come to see his nephew John the Ionian who is at home, at his mother's, in a delicate state of health.—

Dora went on to Rydal by the Mail from Keswick, & I drove Mr W (& his man James) back, after calling on the Myerses<sup>1</sup> & Kate Southey & Mr<sup>s</sup> Lovell.—Kate very poorly.—Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> W. started on Wednesday morning for Elton—they took their own carriage over Kirkstone & as far as Mr Marshall's, where they were to sleep. They would proceed by some coach from the neighbourhood of Penrith on their way to Elton the next day, & we shall, no doubt, hear of them tomorrow. Their intention is, if Miss H. should be found well enough to be left to proceed to Brinsop—and be absent altogether 7 or 8 weeks, during which *we*, that is to say, Dora & I & my daughters are to be at *Rydal Mount*, to take care of Miss W.—You may propose a Welsh tour to Mr W— direct to him (or Mr<sup>s</sup> W:)

at G. H. Sutton's Esq.

Elton

near Stockton on Tees.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Myers were cousins of Wordsworth.

<sup>2</sup> The first part of the letter up to this point has been deleted, probably by Sadler, who omits it.

He is so fond of travelling with you, that I dare say, once at Brinsop, he would say 'Done' to your offer.—Dora is at Rydal now. Jemima, Rotha & I go on Saturday next, & very reluctantly shall I leave this *perfect* island, I mean this island that has no imperfections about or on it except ourselves.—Even Rydal Mount is not so charming a 'locality', as the Yankees say; and the house here is excellent, a mansion.—<sup>1</sup> I send Mr W. Mr Richmond's letter, & the slips with a request that he will return them all to you—for you ought to preserve Mr R.'s letter I think—by way of keeping a sort of episcopal thorn in your side, as a substitute for a hair-shirt. Mr R.'s energies may be judiciously applied at home—after what he tells you of Joe Smith & his Turks in Illinois he need not go to the remoter infidels. He will have work enough upon his hands, & may stay with his wife & children & yet be abundantly useful to his neighbours. But I really admire his letter (I mean the one to you): he is a brave kindly-hearted man, & I *honor* him for undertaking the *Negroes*.—I hope Mrs H. N. C. will not convey the impression about Isabelle Wordsworth to Mr & Mrs W.—it w<sup>d</sup> only alarm them: and I am inclined to hope that she is in error. Mrs J. W. has a way (a trick I sh<sup>d</sup> almost call it) of exaggerating her symptoms, & pouring out Jeremiads about her health. She would have been in her grave long since if a tenth part of her statements had been correctly drawn. She partly deceives herself probably. But this tone of exaggerated complaining is her foible. She has kept Mr & Mrs W. in a fever, rarely intermittent, of anxiety about her, from year to year, & frequently, certainly, with comparatively little cause. *Thus* between ourselves. She is in many respects a most excellent person, & God forbid that I should detract from her merits—but that is her foible, & I fully expect to hear of her return home in pretty fair health. Yet, should I be wrong, you must not suppose I have judged her harshly; you know the fable of the Boy & the Wolf.<sup>1</sup>—Any friend of yours, travelling in these regions, who in the absence of the Poet considers it worth his while to look at his home & haunts will be received with all kindness by the poet's daughter for your sake—'a man

<sup>1</sup> This passage is deleted, probably by Sadler, who omits it.



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of Ranke ' your pun, not mine, Sir, like the Historian of the Popes, for his own sake as well as yours. But *he* will scarcely climb the hill to look at the nest among the laurel bushes whence the bird is flown. . . .

. . . I am not answering the best parts of your letter ; nor did I intend when I began this : I have read the humor of it with infinite delight & shall not mar it by taking exceptions. I have cut off the few words about Mr<sup>s</sup> H. N. C. & Isa. W.<sup>1</sup>, & shall by this post bundle it off to Dora & desire her to send it on to Mr W., in spite of all you say of the responsibility I shall incur. They would owe me a grudge if they thought I could keep anything so good to myself.—Your's very truly though very hastily

E. Q.

*Endorsed : 1st Sept 1843. Ans<sup>d</sup> 4 Sep Quillinan, Windermere.*

<sup>1843</sup>  
No 86a.

339. H. C. R. to Quillinan

My dear Sir

[4 Sept. 1843]

You are not to consider this as a letter It is merely an funny this D.Q.<sup>2</sup>

answer to *your suggestion* that I should offer myself to accompany Mr W. on a Welsh journey I cannot do this with propriety—Besides other reasons, I dont want to bring Mr<sup>s</sup> W's *wrath* upon me—Tho' what that is I dont know, for I never saw or heard of it—But I dare say that as her husband makes more Sonnets than she approves of so he makes more journies than she quite likes—I would not by any means seduce him from his poor wife and leave her to pine in his absence ; All I would do is this—If he really wanted to make a little journey of a week or so And was only kept back for want of a companion ; in that case I would very willingly be his companion and would meet him anywhere Now as Mr<sup>s</sup> Q: is in all but daily correspon-

<sup>1</sup> These 'few words' do not occur in H. C. R.'s letter as preserved in Dr. Williams's Library. This consists of three sheets of note paper (= 12 pages), and from the foot of the first sheet Quillinan has trimmed off half an inch.

<sup>2</sup> The underlining of these words and the interlinear note are a further proof (of letter of Oct. 31, 1821) that H C R.'s letters were returned to him by the Wordsworths as soon as they had done with them—occasionally with annotations.

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dence, I daresay, with M<sup>rs</sup> W: ; nothing will be so easy for her as to make known this my state of mind which I hope will be duly appreciated for it's modesty—Only don't let her put it too strong, as if I wanted to be called out in this way—Marry come up ! I'm not a forlorn & destitute creature whom no body will take any notice of— . . .

*p. 4, line 4. . .* To recur again to the Welsh journey. There is this other circumstance not to be overlooked They are not yet at Brinsop—And their journey may be stopped by a fatal termin<sup>n</sup> of Miss H's disease—If I mistake not, she has passed her grand climacteric, after which it is not unlawful to contemplate the possibility of such an issue—It will be quite enough to suggest anything to the party when at B: & when M<sup>r</sup> W: may begin to be unsettled And feel the nomadic disease upon him—And then the hint must be delicately given. . . .

1843  
No 96a.

340. H. C. R. to T. R.

Sep<sup>r</sup> 29/43.

*p. 2, line 5. . .* I may be able to set off on Tuesday—For I firmly believe I shall know before that time whether I am to go to Hereford or<sup>\*</sup> Witham—The Cheltenham magnet is withdrawn—Miss Burney is at Leamington—As to Hereford I expect that my letter to M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth as well as one to M<sup>rs</sup> Hutchinson, will induce W: at once to acquiesce in my not going ; but if I should find that after all they wish to see me at Hereford, go I shall—Therefore I cannot answer a second kind letter from Pattison—But I expect every day a letter from Wordsworth—of course if it be such as I expect I shall go immedtly that is as soon as I have paid my Rent, to Witham. . . .

1843  
Nos. 90a. b.

341. H. C. R. to M. W.

30 Russel Square  
8<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup>. 1843./.

My dear friend.

Thanks for your letter and for that of M<sup>r</sup> W<sup>1</sup>

I may answer both in addressing you—I ought to be doubly

<sup>1</sup> Neither of them in Dr. Williams's Library nor in Knight, *op. cit.*

thankful for his on account of the pain it must have given him so to write—and I can sympathise with him in his trouble, having thick ink—Tomorrow I shall have a supply, but I do not chuse to lose another Post

First on the matter of business—It is not quite clear whether your suggestion about my setting out on a little Welsh tour with Mr W: is quite *original*, or whether it has arisen out of any hint from home—However, I wont be inquisitive on the point And shall content myself with saying that if Mr W: wishes really for a few days journey which of course he would rather make with a companion than alone—And will give me due notice of such his intention, here I am, at his service Or rather I shall be ready to be *there* at his service ; Only there is one thing I beg you to understand in case Mrs Qu: should have dropped a hint on the subject, that I have not indulged a thought of joining Mr W: because I am a poor devil without resources elsewhere—I was a few days ago on the point of writing to my old friend Miss Burney<sup>1</sup> to engage an apartment in the house in which she lives at Cheltenham, but withheld doing so, lest I sho<sup>d</sup> thereby lose the opportunity of making a somewhat more extensive excursion ; but were that idea given up I should do so still—So you will have the goodness to let me know as soon as you have the power of writing with decision—As to the time—The sooner the better, I should say, if it were not that I have a sort of engagement on the 13<sup>th</sup>. My friend Mrs Niven<sup>2</sup> is to be here in town on that day on her way to Italy And relies on my sketching out a plan—As your letter contains no intimation of leaving Elton immediately I presume this will not be later than would suit—

Rail Road travelling makes the meeting so very easy—But this & all other engagements are subject to the possibility of interruption I am happy to say, however, that my brother is going on very comfortably—He is to return from Bury to Yarmouth this day.—By the bye—I copied all that Mr Qu:

<sup>1</sup> F Burney's younger sister, with whom he had become intimate in Italy.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Niven, the lady who, according to H. C. R., came of age only when she was fifty. Until then he was her trustee and she could not touch her capital.

reported from Mr W: about his cousin—for which I was very thankful— . . .

p. 4, line 7. . . . As to my Bishop<sup>1</sup>—Since the slip seems to have pleased you so much I send you another, which I will thank you to return—And then the papers shall all go to Mr Dodsworth his Pussy-friend [*sic*]<sup>2</sup>—I find that it is the case generally that when dissenters go over to the church (R: was a presbyterian) they generally go to the further end of it—Acting under the impression that if they do travel at all And have the trouble of leaving home & packing up &c &c it is quite as well to make a long journey as a short one—All I wonder is that they who go on this tour should ever stop on the way, except to bait In this spiritual excursion you are aware that Canterbury lies<sup>3</sup> between Geneva & Rome The road books differ ; Some represent Canterbury as really almost a suburb to the Holy City

Seriously speaking—I rather wonder that you should feel so much complacency at contemplating R's *sound doctrine*—because his unquestionable sincerity & zeal are mixed up with such intense arrogance & vanity. His intemperate & passionate desire to be made a *bishop* does not savour of Christian humility, Any more than his wanting Mr W. sho<sup>d</sup> write a *Sonnet* on his missionary Scheme, he R: being convinced (this he *said* in terms) that he should do as much for the spread of the gospel as ever S<sup>t</sup> Austin did who converted the English !!!

I shall take good care not to tell him all you have said, for he wo<sup>d</sup> take for granted that you expressed Mr Ws judgement as well as your own And that would set his brain on fire Just as Gothe in his Tasso represents Tasso's madness as being produced by Leonoras putting a Crown of laurel on his head—There certainly are indications of a warm heart in the letter and therefore I sent it—

You are of course a constant correspondent of Miss Fenwick You will oblige me by telling her that I left a letter for her at

<sup>1</sup> *Vide infra*, various letters, Jan. 1850. Richmond, an acquaintance of H. C. R. was a minister of the American Presbyterian Church, who wished to be made an Anglican bishop preparatory to converting the Turks ! He became a great nuisance to H. C. R. who had difficulty in choking him off.

<sup>2</sup> He has crossed out the words 'half way' before 'between'.

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Blandford Square, containing an inclosure for Mr H: Taylor—I thought I sho<sup>d</sup> be in time to give it her myself I expected to hear from him, but have not—I heard of your Sen & Mr<sup>s</sup> John Ws passing through London—both from Mr<sup>s</sup> H. N. Coleridge and from Mr<sup>s</sup> Hoare . . .

p. 6, line 9. . . . I thank Mr W: for his advice about the *Australasian* Stock. . . .

1843  
No. 34a.

342. H. C. R. to W. W. and M. W.

80 Russell Square  
15<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 1843./.

My dear friends.

Thanks to both of you for the kind letter received yesterday.

I write an answer to await your arrival at Brinsop, that I may prevent your writing without knowing precisely how I feel as to the projected or rather suggested excursion—

I do not write to retract the offer made, which on the contrary I repeat, but at the same time I distinctly say that I feel so strongly the force of the three obstacles alleged by Mr W: in the way of making the excursion, that I neither expect nor wish the offer to be made—

When I first felt and threw out the hint on which you have written, circumstances were altogether different from what they are now—There is no longer the same *time* to be got rid of some how or other—Nor the same prospect of fine weather in long days to render travelling most delightful—

Besides, I have been looking into the map of Wales And I do not find any *near* objects of interest, to which Mr W. might wish to make a pilgrimage

All the *great* objects, the famed rough hills of the north and the smoother valleys of the South I have seen—It is true, but little since Anno 1799!!!

In the days of the good old King when the famed English Constitution still stood in its old dress & appurtenances with

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its penal & Rep<sup>l</sup> laws : While that monster Reform was chained & stood in awe of Ex officio informations.

Not that the moral & legal changes which have taken place have much affected the physical condition of the country— And therefore I acknowledge that this allusion to the change of the times is rather irrelevant— . . .

*p. 5, line 14.* . . . I have been writing to Miss Burney to day— Intending at all events to spend a week with her, if there be a vacancy in the boarding house in which she is living at Cheltenham—

I did not tell Mr<sup>s</sup> Hoare absolutely that you were at Brinsop—I said, precisely as I thought and understood the fact to be

‘ Mr. Qu: in his last letter wrote that they were to leave Elton soon—Indeed for ought [*sic*] I now [*sic*] they may be on the journey, Or possibly there by this time—’

Give my very best Remembrances to Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> Hutchinson and Mr Monkhouse I recollect my visit there with great pleasure

As ever affectionately your's

H. C. Robinson.

Mrs. Wordsworth

<sup>1843</sup>  
No 93b.

343. H. C. R. to T. R.

[23 Sept. 1843.]

*p. 7, line 28.* . . . I have only this morning had a letter from Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth—In consequence, I mean to set off on my way to Hereford on Monday.

To which place, in case you should be inclined to write to me—at the post office I shall be glad to hear from you—I shall write to you again, As soon as I know any thing of my future movements, perhaps before the usual time. . . .

1843  
No. 246. d.

344. H. C. R. to T. R.

Brinsop Court n: Hereford  
28<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1843.

p. 8, *line* 1. . . . During my breakfast [at Cheltenham] I had the good fortune to fall into conversation with a very gentlemanly man whom I took for a clergyman, but who soon shewed himself to be a very zealous pious anti-churchman . . . His name is Roper and he is from Bristol. . . .

p. 4, *line* 8. . . . He said he should be at Hereford on Friday—And wo<sup>d</sup> try to see Wordsworth—But how he means to introduce himself I do not know. . . .

*line* 16. . . . Yesterday, (Wedn<sup>y</sup>) morning I rose early and found my way to the Castle Green [Hereford]—an ornamented grass plot overlooking the river, Cathedral &c There I learned that at Eight A.M. a mail coach would start from the hotel And pass thro' Brinsop, where M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth's brother resides—I had compressed my linen & other necessities within my smallest carpet bag, so that I could carry them in my hand for 5 or 6 M: without difficulty, As I intended to do, but I would not reject the unexpected benefit of a lift. Accordingly I swallowed a hasty breakfast and placed myself on the Aberystwith mail which set me down within a mile of Mr Hutchinson's house. The morning was fine And I enjoyed both drive & walk—And I had a cordial reception from this amiable family—It consists of Mr H: A Gent: who was rendered a cripple by a fall of a horse a few years ago, but enjoys as good health as is possible with the entire use of his lower limbs—He enjoyed heartily a rubber of whist last night—M<sup>rs</sup> H: you may recollect—At least my Sisters recollected her some twenty years ago at London when at the Panorama. She visited M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson many years ago as Miss Monkhouse They have two dau<sup>rs</sup>, one a sad invalide who is a sufferer in the spine And whose life is an affliction And there are two Sons, Clergymen, not at home Yesterday was spent in family talk.

This has been a very agreeable day—Spent on a visit to Hereford—Two elderly maiden ladies were proud to entertain the *great poet* at a dinner modestly called a luncheon—Nice old ladies whose formalities were blended with so much kindness

as to permit of no smile but of respect & kindness—We were taken to Dean *Merevether* who devoted more than two hours to a regular survey of the Cathedral with us which is now in a course of repair under the direction of *Cottenham* the projector of our proposed Bury restorations—It was a lesson in anti-quarian architecture—It was amusing to remark how Miss *Whalley* bolted off to whisper to her acquaintance, the great man she was escorting, And I chuckled at the profound bow which I once received being mistaken for the poet. There is something very amusing in thus receiving homage intended for another!

We had a fine drive home this evening—And I am now writing this letter in the presence of a silent family. For the news has just arrived of the death of *Joanna* M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworths sister—The death has been for some time expected—She has been attended by M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> W. for some weeks previous to their coming here—She was a younger sister—And is the *laughing* girl<sup>1</sup> so remarkably described in one of the most characteristic of W's small poems—

This is my short history. I will now tell you what my present intentions are—W: has entirely given up all *idea* of making an excursion into Wales And I shall not remain here beyond Monday—

To morrow, it is the intention of M<sup>r</sup> W. and myself to pay a visit to M<sup>r</sup> Monkhouse, who lives about 12 or 13 miles off—We shall take a coach on the road

M: you know by name I suppose—He is the brother of Thomas M: who accomp<sup>d</sup> us on our Swiss tour in 1820—died many years ago—The present M<sup>r</sup> M has lost his sight—A visit to him is an act of charity. . . .

1843  
No. 106b.

345. H. C. R. to M. W.

My dear friend

24<sup>th</sup> Oct<sup>r</sup> 1843.—

I met yesterday Strickland Cookson who informed me of the sudden death of *Jane*<sup>2</sup> a new & very serious calamity. The death of an old & attached Servant of her description is one

<sup>1</sup> *Poems on the Naming of Places, No. II, To Joanna.*

<sup>2</sup> 'little Jane the housemaid' whose illness Quillman had mentioned on 28th Nov. 1842 as giving rise to much anxiety.



of a very serious character indeed.—And I fear in a degree irreparable—It shews the vanity of our artificial classifications of society.—How indignant you would feel were any one to say by way of consolation or remark on your sorrow that she was *only* your servant—

You have been sadly & often tried of late Let us hope that you will for a time be spared any fresh attack on your spirits & domestic comfort. . . .

p. 2, line 19. . . .<sup>1</sup> I had this morning an anxious letter of enquiry from Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson in consequence of having by accident heard of your Sisters death. I had put off writing to her as I intended.—She says—‘ Do write to me & tell me all you have heard.—I cannot think of the ‘ fair Joanna ’ as otherwise than young. Her artless dry humour never failed to promote cheerfulness & social enjoyment. Many & many a hearty laugh have I had with her—& grieved am I to think that I have nothing to remember of her in later years ’— . . .

p. 4, line 1. . . . Mr<sup>s</sup> Cl: has sent me cut out of an American Abolition paper Orville Dewey’s account of his visit to Rydal Mount—I think you may have seen it, as I had, otherwise I would send it you—The acc<sup>t</sup> is not *well* drawn up<sup>2</sup> And there is something unpleasant in the thought that *one’s* unpremeditated thoughts & expressions are liable to be there *fixed* down<sup>\*</sup> But then it is not every body who is exposed to this liability—It is *another* tax on eminence Now enforced with more rigour than ever—. . . .

\* otherwise there is nothing in this represent<sup>a</sup> which Mr W. would deny He might wish his words had been more faithfully given<sup>1</sup>

1843  
No. 112a.

346. H. C. R. to M. W.

6<sup>th</sup> Nov. [1843]

p. 1, line 18. . . . Let us hope that if ever the threatned R: R: [railroad] come into the vicinity of your beauteous country—(a threat not likely to be executed) the poet will one day have the

<sup>1</sup> From here to the end is deleted in MS.—probably by Sadler.

<sup>2</sup> The account is extant among H. C. R.’s papers. His description of it is justified.

NOVEMBER 1843

consolation of receiv<sup>s</sup> some old friend whom he could not otherwise have seen, And so have some compensation for the wound to his sensibilities so beautifully & feeling[ly] expressed in the recent Anti-R:R: Sonnet—I admire this Sonnet too, but it is not so wise as the philosophical

‘Motions & Means on Land & Sea at war . . .  
with old poetic feeling’

but the new Sonnet will be the general favorite I have no doubt— . . .

p. 8, *line* 12. . . Mr W: in his note to me asked if I had not heard of his plan of building—I had heard very opposite accounts, And I have lately heard what very much alarms me—Viz: that your intention to build had been frustrated by the opposition of the landlady & lady of the Manor Whatever her rights as lady of the Manor may be, there can be no doubt of her power as landlady, And after what she has done towards Mr Carter & the insensibility she manifests to the honour Rydal Mount derives from it's tenant, there is every thing to be apprehended from her—The necessity of removing would be a most grievous evil in every respect—Perhaps her power to prevent the building may be sufficiently uncertain to prevent her turning you out of the Mount—This is your best security—And therefore the abstaining from building will be a prudent compromise But I am sorry that in the mean while Miss Fenwick finds it necessary or advisable to quit your house—

I saw Mary Lamb lately—She was looking comfortable . . .

<sup>1843</sup>  
Nos. 119b. 120b.

347. H. C. R. to M. W.

Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> 1843

p. 6, *line* 17. . . She [H. Martineau] has written to me with great severity of Orville Dewey the Unitarian preacher, Whose account of his visit to Rydal you wrote me word Mr Wordsworth did *not* wish to see—The fact is that H M: with all her mistakes is one of the purest & most high minded persons I ever knew. In spite of her speculative errors a most Christian-hearted creature—This to yourself—It might excite the ire of E: Q:— . . .

p. 7, *line* 17. . . You will probably soon hear that Lord

Jeffrey has followed the example of Sydney Smith & Macauley [sic] in collecting his ar<sup>tes</sup> in the Edinb: Rev:—4 vols: It is something that he has found it advisable to prefix an apologetic note to the reprint of the ar<sup>tes</sup> on the Excursion and the White Doe—This is extorted not by any conscientious misgivings, but by the being aware that his judgem<sup>t</sup> has been reversed by public opinion—Tho the tone is very respectful, yet the note will satisfy none of the friends If he thought it necessary to fix what he would hope is a brand on some half dozen of the objectionable works, he ought not to have contented himself with a *general* acknowledgem<sup>t</sup>, when he must be conscious how many glorious productions *since* his reviews, have been left utterly unnoticed by him However it is something that he has not dared to reprint in utter silence— . . .

1843  
No. 125.

348. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Ambleside—Saturday Night

Decr 9. 1843.

My dear Sir,

We are expecting you here without fail, at the usual time.—  
M<sup>rs</sup> H. N. Coleridge will probably propose, at my suggestion, your putting into your carpet bag 3 unbound 8<sup>vo</sup> vols. (Gil Vicente) which I have requested her to return to me by the first opportunity. If they w<sup>d</sup> be an incumbrance you will not hesitate to decline the charge.—I was very sorry to hear that your Brother had had some return of his malady, though I understood it was not such as greatly to add to the always great anxiety that you feel about him.—

I have been dining at Rydal—after walking about a considerable part of the morning through the waters & the mists with the Bard who seems to defy all weathers; & who called this a beautiful, soft solemn day; & so it was; though somewhat insidiously soft, for a mackintosh was hardly proof against its insinuation. He is in great force, & in great vigour of mind. He has just completed an epitaph on Southey,<sup>1</sup> written at the request of a Committee at Keswick for Crosthwaite Church. I think it will please you.—

<sup>1</sup> *Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite Church in the Vale of Keswick.*

They—all the Rydalites—Mr Wordsworth, Mrs Wordsworth & Miss Fenwick have been quite charmed, affected & instructed by the Invalid's<sup>1</sup> volume, sent down by Moxon who kept his secret like a man: But a Woman found it out for all *that*—found you out, Mr Sly-boots! Mrs Wordsworth after a few pages were read, at once pronounced it to be Miss Martineau's production, & concluded that you knew all about it, & caused it to be sent hither. In some of its most eloquent parts, it stops short of their wishes & expectations; but they all agree that it is a *rare book*, doing honor to the head & heart of your able & interesting Friend. Mr Wordsworth praised it with more unreserve, I may say with more *earnestness*, than is usual with him; the serene & heavenly-minded Miss Fenwick was prodigal of her admiration; but Mrs Wordsworth's was the crowning praise—she said, & you know how she would say it, 'I wish I had read exactly such a book as that, years ago'.

I ought to add that they had not finished the volume, had only got about half through it, as many interruptions occur, & they like to read it together, one of course reading aloud to the rest. It is a *genuine* & touching series of meditations by an Invalid not sick in mind nor heart, & such, they doubt not, they will find it to the end.—When I said *all* the Rydalites, I ought to have excepted poor dear Miss W. who could not bear sustained attention to any book, but who would be quite capable of appreciating a little at a time.

Dora is at Carlisle with her Brother William, to whom she went last Saturday. I mean to join her there on Wednesday, stay at Carlisle two or three days, pay a visit or two with her on the way back (one at Hallsteads, to Mr & Mrs Marshall) & return home, in time to greet you, on or before Christmas Eve.

Jemima & Rotha send you very kind regards & all your friends here look forward to your arrival with a pleasure that I need not tell you of.

Your's dear Mr Robinson

Very sincerely

Edward Quillinan

Good & cheering accounts from Madeira.—

<sup>1</sup> H. Martineau's *Life in a Sick Room*.

DECEMBER 1843

A small, very small, parcel, will be sent to you for me from the City. This *I am sure* you will bring, for it consists of 4 or 5 pair of gloves only I believe—Ladies' gloves of Spanish embroidery, sent from Oporto.—

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 30 Russell Square, London.

*Post Marks* : Ambleside De 10 1843. C 11 De 11 1843.

*Endorsed* : 9<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1843. Mr Quillinan (Life in the Sick Room).

1843  
No. 128a.

349. H. C. R. to M. W.

16<sup>th</sup> Dec 1843

p. 2, line 2. . . . I say only a few minutes ago I parted from Julius Hare who heard with great delight of the report Qu: gives of the bards high health—I told Hare of the ' Life in the Sick room ' I am not at all surprised, he answerd., for I have lately seen several letters from H: M which are among the most beautiful I ever saw—I have a very high opinion of her ' &c &c &c.

I was exceedingly glad to perceive that *all* of you are so alive to the beauties of the book—She wrote it she says with a full conviction that she ought to write it—But with an apprehension that she might be thought to have wanted delicacy in revealing the secrets of the sick room I have written to her that what I above all things love in the book is that tho' the materials are all of necessity taken from herself—she has painted the landscape—the shifting landscape of her windows with the closest exactness ; yet that in the bad sense of the word there is no egotism in it. It is her position, her character of invalid permanent incurable invalid that she exhibits Manifesting no love of herself as herself. . . .

p. 3, line 19. . . . I have already lying in my room two parcels for Mr Quillinan And a thin Vol: of Sermons for Mr Wordsworth from Harness He wrote an accompanying note to me expressing a *hope* that the poet woul[d] approve of them & find something *original* in them—And I, not deeming it necessary to blab, did *not* in answer tell him that Miss Fenwick generously shares with you the toil of reading presentation copies : and that performing the office of *tasters* you would each take two— . . .

<sup>1843</sup>  
No. 132a. 350. H. C. R. to T. R. [and Hab. R.]

Rydal 26<sup>th</sup> Dec /43.

p. 1, line 5. . . . The fact is that I have had a serious accident and have suffered more pain within the last 36 hours than in all my life before But then mine has been a painless life—And I feel that I ought not to complain that in my 69<sup>th</sup> year one of those accidents has occurred which occur to all men sooner or late—Bating this, I am in good health & spirits—I am lodging in a cottage kept by an aged pair who have no servant to wait on them—Here I arrived on Saturday Evening—The Sunday was spent as usual with the Wordsworths—I came in at ten And undressed for bed when I found a book missing which I had left in my sittingroom below—I therefore went to the head of the stairs in the dark to call to the old lady to bring it me when I slipped down the stairs, & receiving a severe concussion on the left side—The impetus was so strong that I was forced head foremost some three or four other steps & received two other concussions, one as near as may be to the heart The good old couple were too much frightened to render me any assistance—

However, I managed I know not how, to get back to my room And I passed a night sleepless & in pain—In the morning early I had the Wordsworths with me who ministerd all the relief friendship & kindness could command—And they were followed by the Surgeon at Ambleside who examined my body And declared there was no inner fracture. . . .

p. 2, line 13. . . . My second night was as bad as the first Therefore I am to be removed up the Mount today, if that can be effected—but I dread the removal . . .

P: S: Rydal Mount

p. 2, line 22. . . . I had written thus far when I was interrupted by Wordsworth &c He was followed by the Doctor & Servants. James dressed me And I managed more easily than I expected to be taken down stairs—There I was put into Miss W's carriage—I was drawn up the Hill & safely deposited in a room

DECEMBER 1843

prepared for me James sleeps near me And will be ready to attend my call at night . . .

Tho I am not substantially better yet the being in this house makes me feel half cured And I trust I shall emulate Thomas's fortitude in whatever I may have to endure I am quite free from fever. . . .

<sup>1843</sup>  
No. 23b.

351. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Rydal Mount 28<sup>th</sup> Dec. [18]43

*p. 1, line 20.* . . . I am utterly helpless And can with difficulty turn myself But I can & do read all day And am continually relieved & refreshed by calls in addition to the affectionate tenderness of Mr<sup>s</sup> W And the constant solicitude of the poet— . . .

*p. 4, line 13.* . . . I hope you have seen Wordsworths poem or monumental inscription for Crosswaite Church Kenyon is indignant at the trick of smuggling a subscri[p]tion for Crossthwaite Church under pretence of doing Southey honour to Southey [*sic*—of whom by the bye it is right to remark that his correspondence with W: Taylor shews that he was very religious from the first And only adopted Jacobinism mistaking it for humanity. . . .

<sup>1843</sup>  
Nos. 135a b.

352. *H. C. R. to W. W.*

n. d. 1843

*p. 1, line 5.* . . . Especially, I have to thank you for the early copy of *Grace Darling*<sup>1</sup> which I have had the satisfaction of reading to the delight of several parties Of none more than the Miss Westons—who desire me to say as much—

Of poor Southey and his death<sup>2</sup>—I could but echo your sentiment without your expression of it And that is not worth while doing— . . .

*p. 2, line 6.* . . . The public are now—that is, a few score of people scatterd over the land—asking one another Who is to be the new Laureat—I rejoice again at the pension having been

<sup>1</sup> The poem is thus entitled. The first line is: 'Among the dwellers in the silent fields'.

<sup>2</sup> Southey died March 21, 1843.

previously granted, which puts it out of the power of the Ministry, or at least relieves them from yielding to the temptation of making an offer where it could not have been rejected or accepted without exciting unpleasant remarks—

There is one old and there is one young poet—Each of whom it is said needs the small provision which the laurel (usually fruitless) brings with it—These are Campbell & Alfred Tennyson—As we hear nothing about it, there is a possibility that the office may be abolished—If so would you apply to the abolition you[r] own

Men are we & must grieve when seen the shade  
Of that which once was great has passed away.?

[*Sonnet on the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.*]

I went to see Rogers soon after the reception of your letter—But M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth had forestalled me by her letter to Miss R : She I am sorry to say is still very feeble—But she is able to go out every Evening—or is in Company at home. These are habits and to give them up would not be advisable—I saw her last night at Barry Cornwall's—(He is now removed into a genteel house And gives large parties) She asked particularly about M<sup>rs</sup> Quillinan's health I could only refer to your letter—We had an *Omnium Gatherum* including H: B: We insignificants were not afraid of his 'Evil eye' Dickens and other young poets & romancers were to be seen—A few mornings back I breakfasted with M<sup>r</sup> Rogers—T. Moore came and related what has since been confirmed. And indeed has since got into print Lord B:[rougham] gave a grand dinner on Sunday And to whom do you suppose? The fact is hardly credible—but is a fact notwithstanding—

The Duke of Wellington & M<sup>r</sup> Roebuck<sup>1</sup>

Sir Robert Peel and Chas<sup>s</sup> Philipps<sup>2</sup>!!!!.

<sup>1</sup> John Arthur Roebuck (1801–1879), M.P. for Bath in the first reformed parliament, 1832. He called himself an independent, but was, in most matters, a thoroughgoing radical. Nevertheless in 1844 he defended Peel's home-secretary from various charges—an inconsistency which nearly involved him in one of the many duels which punctuated his political existence.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Philipps (1787 ?–1859) an Irish Roman Catholic barrister who took considerable part in the movement for Roman Catholic emancipation. Lord Brougham professed admiration for his oratorical ability and appointed him commissioner of the bankrupt court of Liverpool.





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